

LONDON. - II. Sessions
SELECT TRIALS

AT THE

Sessions-House *in the* Old-Bailey,

FOR

MURDER, ROBBERIES, RAPES, SODOMY,
COINING, FRAUDS, BIGAMY, and other
OFFENCES.

To which are added,

Genuine Accounts of the LIVES, BEHAVIOUR,
CONFESSIONS, and DYING SPEECHES of
the most eminent CONVICTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

From the YEAR 1720, to this Time.

VOL. I. From *December* 1720, to *October* 1723.

Amongst a great many other remarkable TRIALS, are,

For Murder.

James Hall, Sarah Malcomb,
T. Billings, T. Wood, and Catherine
Hayes, Capt. John Jayne, Richard
Savage, James Clough, Lewis
Houffart, Major J. Oneby, Burnworth,
Blewit, and their Gang, T. Athoe, and
his Son, &c. &c. &c.

For the Highway.

W. Gordon, W. Wreathock, and
his Gang, T. Carr, and E. Adams,
Mary Young alias Jenny Diver, James
Dalton, &c.

For Forgery.

Richard Brabant, Parson

Kinnersley, and W. Hales, &c.

For Rapes and Attempts to
Ravish.

Arthur Gray, Samuel Street,
Colonel Charteris, William West, &c.

For receiving stolen Goods.

J. Barthelmi, Jonathan Wild, &c.

For Burglary.

John Sheppard, Edgworth
Bess, &c.

For Sodomy and Sodomitical
Practices.

Margaret Clap, Charles
Hitchin, &c.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For G. EWING, and W. SMITH in *Dame Street*, and
G. FAULKNER, in *Essex-street*, M,DCC,XLII.



DUBELI

Printed by S. P. ...

Mr. G. Ewing, and W. Smith in New York, and
O. P. P. in Washington, D. C.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

INSTRUCTION, convey'd by Example, makes a more deep and lasting Impression in the Mind, than that deliver'd by Precept only. By Examples therefore we shall endeavour to dissuade Men from the Pursuit of vicious Courses. Malefactors shall be brought to the Bar of Justice, to receive the Sentence due to their Crimes, that others may see the Consequences of deviating from the plain Paths of Virtue; the Disquietudes, the Infamy, the Terrors, and, in a Word, the long Train of Miseries which naturally attend a Progress in the Labyrinth of Vice: That the first wrong Step is full of Danger, and greater the Continuance in Evil-doing: That one Immorality leads Men on to another, till Destruction suddenly stares them in the Face, and the steep Descent hurries them forward, and precipitates them into her Jaws.

At the same Time we shall expose the Frauds of Cheats and Sharpers, and point out the various Methods practis'd by Felons of every Class, in the Execution of their Villanies, that the Honest and Unwary may be apprised of, and guard against the private, or violent Designs of those Plunderers.

The PREFACE.

And with the Serious we shall intermix the Pleasant, to divert, as well as instruct.

With these Views we publish this Collection of the most remarkable Trials at the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey, with Accounts of the Lives of those who were executed, from the Year 1720, to the present Time. And to make the Work as compleat as possible, no Diligence has been spared in providing proper Materials, nor Care in Composing.

The most considerable Part of the Trials are immediately transcribed from original Notes taken in Court, and are now exhibited more fully and correctly than at their first Appearance, when Abridgments were frequently unavoidable, for want of Room, and Errors escap'd unobserv'd, for want of Leisure.

The rest are selected from the Sessions-Papers; and here we have closely followed the Sense of the printed Copies; though, to render the Matter in Evidence more agreeable and clear, the Depositions, which there are given in the third Person, we have chosen to deliver in the first.

We have examin'd and compar'd a large Collection of Papers, both printed and Manuscript, relating to the Lives of several whose Trials are here publish'd, and have thence extracted such Particulars, as we think deserve Credit, and are likely to be useful or entertaining.



THE CONTENTS of VOL. I.

Murder.

EDWARD Ely, Matthew Clark, Dr. Fabricius, James Shaw, John Smith, Isaac Francis Nicholson, John Nichols, Matthias Brinsden, Robert Wilkinson and James Lincoln, Charles Weaver, Luke and Martin Nunny, William Hawksworth, Thomas Athoe and his Son.

Privately stealing from the Person to the Value of 1 s. is Death.

Sarah Thomson, Sarah Johnson and Mary Price, Mary Roberts, Susan Miller and Eliz. Marsh, Eliz. Angier, Susan Coultis and Margaret Mason, Mary Bunn and Eliz. Mob, Mary Harvey and Ann Parker, alias Peak, Jane Bean, Alice Phenix, Catherine Ward, Margaret Fisher, Mary Bodkin, Calicoe Sarah, Ann Price, Eliz. Mordant.

Privately stealing in the Shop, Warehouse, or Stable, to the Value of 5 s. is Death.

Sir Charles Burton.

Robberies on the Highway, &c.

Tho. Elms, Tho. Butler, William Spiggot, Tho. Phillips, Will. Burroughs and Will. Heater, Will. Barton, John Winship, Will. Wade, James Reading, John Wigley, Martin Mac-Owen and Will. Casey, John, alias Richard, James, John Dykes, Butler Fox, Nathaniel Haws, James Wright, James Shaw and Richard Norton, John James, Tho. Picket and Henry Avery, Tho. Reeves, John Hartley, alias Pokey, and Francis Hackabout, John Casey, John Hawkins and George Simpson, John Molony and James Carrick, Nat. Jackson and John Murphey, Robert Wilkinson, James Lincoln, James Shaw,

The CONTENTS.

Shaw, William Burrridge, Rich. Oakey and Tho. Milk-
sop, Thomas Wilson and Samuel Cole, Thomas Ethe-
ridge, John Casey and Arthur Hughs, Edmund Neal and
William Fincher, John Levee, *alias* Junks and Matthew
Flood, William Burk, William Duce and James Butler.

Stealing in the House, to the Value of 4 s. is Death.

Robert Hunter and George Post, Nathaniel Haws, Charles
Johns and James Bradshaw, Thomas Butlogue, Elizabeth
Angier.

Affaults, Frauds, Riots, and other Misdemeanors.

Barbara Spencer, Benjamin King, Alexander Day, Sally
Salisbury.

Rapes and Attempts to ravish.

Will. Robins, M — L — —, James Booty, Edward
Fox, Charles Maccarty, Gerard Bourn and Jonas Penn,
H — J — —, Arthur Gray.

Single Felonies.

John Thomson, Alexander Day.

Taking Money on Pretence of restoring stolen Goods.

John Thomson.

Coining.

Barbara Spencer, Alice Hall and Elizabeth Bray, Joseph
Cooper and Elizabeth Reeve.

Returning from Transportation.

John Meff, Calicoe Sarah.

Burglary.

John Meff, Arthur Gray, Simon Jacobs, Richard Tran-
tham.

Forgery.

George Nicholas.

Horse Stealing.

William Burrridge.

Sodomy, and Sodomitical Practices.

George Duffus, John Dicks, Thomas Rodin, Charles
Banner.

INDEX.

I N D E X.

N. B. *When there are two or more Numbers to a Name, that Number inclosed thus (), directs to the Prisoner's Trial.*

A.

ASH, Edward, Page 82.
Avery, Henry, 141.
Addis, Samuel, 203.
Angier, Humphry, 204.
Athoe, Thomas, *Father and Son* 335.
Angier, Elizabeth, (70) 344, (351).
Ashworth, Elizabeth, 135.
Anderson, 145.

B

BUTLER, *alias* Becket, Thomas, (11), 201.
Burroughs, William, 19.
Barton, William, 32.
Bishop, John, 61.
Brownsworth, George, 64.
Burridge, William, 64, 65, 115, 122, (134, 140), 253.
Booty, James, 290.
Bradshaw, James, 193.
Blake, *alias* Blueskin, Joseph, 207, 218, 286, 289.
Butloge, Thomas, 211.
Burton, *Sir* Charles, 227.
Brinsden, Matthias, 231.
Beach, Richard, 249.
Burk, William, 299.
Banner, Charles, 315.
Butler, James, 344.
Bourn, Gerard, 353.
Bray, Elizabeth, 39.
Brotherton, Sarah, 61.
Belchier, Elizabeth, 70.
Berry, Ann, 74.
Bun, Mary, 103.

Bean,

I N D E X.

Bean. *alias* Macopny, Jane, 144.

Bowen, 158.

Bright, Mary, 206.

Bodkin, Mary, 278.

C.

CROSS, Thomas, 15.

Coulthouse, *alias* Coltis, 19.

Clark, Matthew, 50

Casely, William, 72, 75.

Casely, John, 292, 153, 229.

Cooper, John, 79.

Carter, Edward, 108, 129, 131, 160, 184, 185.

Child, Benjemin, 155, 190.

Cummerford, 175.

Carrick, James, *alias* Valent. (196), 246, 247, 291.

Carrol, Daniel, 291, 196, 197, 207, 246.

Clemson, George, 203.

Cole, Samuel, 258.

Clayton, Henry, 269.

Cheesbrook, Edmund, 306.

Coultis, Sufan, 71.

Calicoe Sarah, 298.

D.

DICKENSON, Joseph, 36, 43,

Downing, William, 49.

Dykes, John, (88), 122.

Drew, Isaac, 88, 89, 121.

Duffus, George, 101.

Dun, Edward, 150, 151.

Dicks, John, 152.

Dyer, John, 204, 285, 343, 352.

Duval, John, 206,

Day, Alex. *alias* Marmaduke Davenport, *E/q*; 316, 319.

Duce, William, 342.

Darking, 348.

Deanly, *alias* Dingle, Mary, 203.

E.

ELY, Edward, 1.

Elms, Thomas, 10.

Eaton, *alias* James, *alias* John the Grinder, 141.

Eades, *alias* Eaves, Thomas, 141.

Everet, John, 203, 204.

Etheridge, Thomas, 222.

F.

I N D E X.

F.

FABRICIUS, Theodore Christopher, 54.
 Fox, Butler, (106, 129, 133, 172, 182.
 Fuller, William, 162.
 Flood, Matthew, 284.
 Fox, Edward, 296.
 Fenwick, *alias* Phenix, Alice, 145.
 Fisher, Margaret, 268.

G.

GRIMES, John, 33.
 Gray, Arthur, 93
Grinder, John *the*, 141,
 Green, Francis, 160.
 Greatrix, R. 284.
 Garnes, Alexander, 351.
 Gray, Sarah, 52.

H.

HEATER, William, 15.
 Hunter, Robert, 60.
 Harpham, Robert, 62.
 Harrifon, Edward, 74.
 Hawes, Nathaniel, 85, (110, 113,) 294.
 Hawkins, William, 107, 130, 131, 176, 180, 182, 187.
 Hawkins, John, 133, (156).
 Hartley, *alias* Pokey, John, 147.
 Hackabout, Francis, 147.
 Howard, John, 193.
 Hatt, Richard, 224.
 Hughs, Arthur, (229), 291.
 Hide, 247.
 Harvey, 294.
 Hall, *alias* Complin, Alice, 39.
 Harvey, *alias* Coate, Mary, 105.
 Howard, Eliz. 193.

J.

JACK, 12.
 James, John, *alias* Richard, (84), 114.
 Jones, Dick, 86.
 Jones Edward, 116.
 Jones, 246.
 James, John, *alias* Eaton, *alias the Grinder*, 141.
 Johns, Charles, 193.

Jacobs,

I N D E X

Jacobs, Simon, 204.
 Jackson, Nathaniel, 207.
 Junks, *alias* Levee, 229, (284)
 J——, H——, 329.
 Johnson, Sarah, 37.
 Johnson, Mary, 62.

K.

KING, Benjamin, 306.

L.

LINDSEY, *the Reverend* Joseph, 19, 20.
 L——, M——, 24.
 Leonard, Christopher, *alias* Christian, 90, 91.
 Leslie, *the Reverend* Charles, 129.
 Lowder, 127.
 Lupton, 131,
 Leonard, Captain, 175.
 Lincoln, James, 204, (246, 252) 294.
 Lock, William, 204, 246.
 Levee, *alias* Junks, John, 229, 284.
 Lunn, Catherine, 29.

M.

MEFF, *alias* Merth, *alias* Mason, John, 67.
 Mac Owen, Martin, 72.
 Molony, John, (291,) 196, 205, 250.
 Milksp, Thomas, 204, (246,) 253, 294.
 Murphey, John, 207.
 Maccarty, Charles, 306.
 Meads, John, *alias* William, 348.
 Miles, Eliz. 39.
 Miller, Susan, 52.
 Marsh, Eliz. 52.
 Mason, *alias* Hottlestone, Margaret, 68.
 Mitchell, Jane, 74.
 Mob, Eliz. 104.
 Macopny, *alias* Bean, Jane, 144.
 Mordant, *alias* Shields, Eliz. 354.

N.

NICHOLAS, George, 116.
 Norton, *alias* Watkins, Richard, 118.
 Nicholson, Isaac Francis, 214.
 Nichols, John, 216.

Neal,

I N D E X.

Neal, Edmund, 271.
Nunny Luke, *and* Martin, 308.

O.

O AKEY, Richard, 204 (254, 284)
O'Neal, Brian, 207, 210.

P.

P HILLIPS, *alias* Cross, Thomas, 111.
Post, George, 60.

Phillips, John, 111.

Porringer, 131.

Picket, Thomas, 141.

Pain, William, 145.

Pokey, *alias* Hartley, John, 147

Pocock, 176, 180.

Price, Mary, 37.

Parker, Ann, 105, 106.

Phenix, *alias* Fenwick, Alice, 145.

Priest, *alias* Ward, Katherine, 264.

Priddon, Sarah, 322.

Price, Ann, 341.

R.

R OBINS, William, 13.

Reading, James, 32, 35, 43, (65) 121, 122, 138, 295.

Reeves, Thomas, 147.

Reeves, 175.

Ryley, 175.

Ralphson, 177.

Rogers, 189

Redgate, 251.

Rodin, Thomas, 269.

Reps, James, 295.

Rice, Joseph, 343, 347.

Roberts, Mary, 52.

Reeve, Eliz. 79.

S.

S MITH, 12, 201.

Spiggot, William, 15.

Shaw, James, 33, 43, 64, (118, 119, 253).

Shuffle, 43.

Snow, Samuel, 44.

Strut, 45.

Smith, Thomas, 62.

Strickland,

I N D E X.

Strickland, William, 63, 134, 138.
 Sutton, Robert, 82.
 Smith, John, 124.
 Simpson, George, 133, (155), 183, 187.
 Sturges, 194.
 Spigget, Christopher, 322.
 Spencer, *alias* Dawling, Barbara, 39.
 Speed, Kotherine, 52.
 Saile, Margaret, 268.
 Salisbury, Sally, 322.

T.

TYSON, 19.
 Thomson, *alias* Williams, John, 28.
 Trantham, Richard, 313.
 Thomson, Sarah, 30.
 Thornton, Sarah, 329.

W.

WINSHIP, John, 46.
 Wade, William, (43), 190.
 Wigley, John, 65, 138.
 Wild, Jonathan, 64, 65, 85, 88, 108, 115, 122, 131,
 141, 177, 178, 195, 284, 344.
 Watt, Hugh, 74.
 Wilson, Samuel, 74.
 Ward, Bartholomew, 116.
 Woolford, 127.
 Wilson, Ralph, 133, 156, 177.
 Wright, James, 173, 177, 178, 179, 180, 182.
 Woolridge, 175, 177.
 Woolham, Joseph, 203.
 Wilkinson, Robert, 204, 246, 253.
 White, Christopher, 225.
 Williams, 246.
 Wilson, Thomas, 258.
 Wady, 258.
 Weaver, Charles, 280.
 Will. *the Sailor*, 294.
 Wade, Edward, 348.
 Wells, Katherine, 249.
 Ward, Katherine, 264.
 Wright, Margaret, 267.
 Wells, Sarah, 298.

SELECT



SELECT
TRIALS,
AT THE
Sessions-House in the OLD-BAILY,
1720.

Edward Ely, for Murder, December, 1720.

IN July, 1720, the Grand Jury, at the Sessions then held at Justice-Hall in the *OLD-BAILY*, found a Bill of Indictment against *Edward Ely*, for the Murder of Lieutenant, *Charles Bignell*, in the Kingdom of *Sweden*, and a special Commission was issued for his Trial; but upon an Affidavit, that several material Witnesses in that Case were then on board the Fleet in the *Baltick*, under the Command of Sir *John Norris*, the said Commission and Trial were adjourned till the next Sessions, and afterwards to the Sessions in December following. And then,

Edward Ely was indicted by a special Commission, pursuant to the Statute of 33 Hen. 8. Chap. 23. for the Murder of *Charles Bignell*, in a certain Island near the *Dablers*, in the Kingdom of *Sweden*, by giving him, with a drawn Sword, one mortal Wound in the upper Part of his Breast above the left Pap, of the length of half an Inch, and the depth of twelve Inches, on the 27th of Sep. 1719, of which he instantly died.

Clement Courland. I am Master of his Majesty's Ship the *Worcester*.—And about eight o'Clock on Friday

Night, September 25th, I went into my Cabbin, and was followed by the deceased, who was the first Lieutenant; Mr. Cannon the Surgeon, and the Prisoner, who was Surgeon's first Mate. The Prisoner then said to the Deceased, *I have been on board the Defiance, and got the Papers drawn out, and now I desire you to sign 'em*—— These Papers were for a Sale to the Prisoner, of the Deceased's Share of a Prize taken by the *Defiance*, on the Coast of *Scotland*.——The Deceased asked him, if another Time would not do as well; to which the Prisoner answered, *No*——*I will be no longer made a Property of*. The Deceased reply'd, *I don't refuse to sign them, but I won't be buff'd into it; and since you are so peremptory, I desire you to take your Things out of my Cabbin; I have permitted you to lie there for some Time, but now you shall find another Lodging*. Next Morning I heard several abusive Words pass between them upon the Quarter-deck, till at last the Deceased ordered the Prisoner to go off, which he did; but in a Quarter of an Hour he came up again, pull'd off his Hat, and told the Deceased, that he had Leave from Captain Boyle, (the Commander of the *Worcester*) to walk the Quarter-deck whenever he pleas'd; to which the other reply'd, *You may walk and be damn'd*. The Prisoner told me the same Morning, that he had got the Captain's Leave to go on Shore when he would, to do himself Justice. I advis'd him to let the Quarrel die, or at least to defer it till they both came to *England*. He made light of what I said, and turning short went out of the Cabbin. In the Evening he came upon Deck, and told one of my Mates, that the Captain had given him Leave for a Boat to carry him on Shore next Morning. Next Morning being *Sunday*, the Prisoner came into my Cabbin before I was up, and desired me to give him a Dram, which when he had taken, he went out again; and as soon as I arose I was told, that he and the Deceased were gone ashore together: In about a Quarter of an Hour the Boat came aboard again with the dead Body of the Deceased, which had several Wounds in it, and some of them quite thro'. Before this Difference, the Prisoner and the Deceased were intimate Friends, and the former had many Times lent both Money and Necessaries to the other. The Prisoner always appear'd to
he

be a Man of a civil Behaviour, and not in the least inclinable to quarrel; but the Deceased had quite a different Character. He and I had mess'd together for some time; but I at last parted Messes with him, on account of his abusive Language.

William Cannon, Surgeon of the Ship. Being in the Master's Cabbin I heard the Prisoner ask the Deceas'd to sign the Papers. He answer'd, that he would not sign them, for there were Times and Seasons for all Things. The other reply'd, that he would not be made a Property of, and that the Deceas'd should sign the Papers and pay what he ow'd him, before he went out of the Ship. The Deceas'd told him he would pay the Money as soon as he had it, but would not sign the Paper at all, for he was not to be huff'd into it.

Soon after, as I and the Deceased were walking on the Quarter-deck, I saw his Servant and the Prisoner, taking the Prisoner's Things out of the Deceased's Cabbin: After which the Prisoner came up to us, when he and the Deceased began to reproach one another with former Civilities; and among other Things the Deceased told him, that he was highly favour'd in being allow'd to walk the Quarter-deck. To which the Prisoner answer'd, *I have been admitted to the Company of Lieutenants on board other Ships, as well as this, and have received as many Favours from them, as ever I did from you. You indeed are my Officer here, and insist upon Privilege, but what are we when we are ashore?* The Deceased reply'd, *Why then I am Charles Bignell, and you are Ned Ely, I believe,* says the Prisoner, *you are like an old Woman, that can do nothing but scold.*

I went afterwards to the Deceas'd, and advis'd him to sign the Paper, telling him, I believ'd the Prisoner was in drink, or else he would never have used him in such a Manner. To which he answer'd, *Drink is no Excuse for Rudeness——he sha'n't lye in my Cabbin any longer, nor will I forgive him, for he has as good as challeng'd me——Neither will I sign the Paper, for I am not to be huff'd into a Compliance.*

About ten or eleven next Morning, the Deceased was walking on one side of the Quarter-deck, and the Prisoner on the other. I went to the Prisoner and ask'd him, where

he lay last Night. *I lay*, said he, *with Mr. Weston, the second Lieutenant, who gave me a Cann of Flip before we went to Bed.*—*Mr. Bignell has ordered me off the Quarter-deck, but Captain Boyle has not only ordered me on again, but has assur'd me, that I shall do myself Justice if I have a Mind to it.* Then walking away, the Deceased came up to me, and said, that the Prisoner had challenged him before the whole Quarter-deck, and told him, that if he did not do him Justice, he'd post him for a Coward. I assured him, I was sorry for it, and again begg'd of him to sign the Paper, that the Difference might be ended.

Between two and three o'Clock the Prisoner came to me again upon Quarter-deck, and protested that he would do himself Justice, let the Consequence be what it would. *Why To-morrow is Sunday, says I, and I hope you will not do it then.* To which he answer'd, *Do you take me for a Child? To-morrow is my Birth-day, I shall then be thirty Years old, and perhaps it may be the Day of my Death; I have but one Life to lose.* I told him, that if I should prevail with the Deceased to sign the Paper, I hoped it would put an End to the Matter.—*Perhaps it may* (says he) *and perhaps it may not, 'tis as he will.* I afterwards went to the Deceased, and endeavour'd to persuade him to sign the Paper, and thereby prevent the Mischief that might otherwise ensue; *but*, says he, *you spend your Breath in vain, for it is not consistent with my Honour to sign it, because it would be to sign myself a Coward; nor am I to be buff'd and bully'd into a Compliance, my Principles are as honest as any Man's, and I have no Intention to wrong Mr. Ely, but to pay him as soon as I am able, and I had signed the Paper before now, if he had not used me in such a Manner; but now I will never forgive him, nor drink, nor sit in Company with him.* The next Morning I was call'd up about six o'Clock, and found the Deceas'd lying dead on the Quarter-deck; he had eighteen Wounds, one of which was over the left Pap, passing through the left Lobe of the Lungs, and coming out under the Arm-pit, which I judge to be the Cause of his Death. The Prisoner was brought on board about half an Hour after, and I dress'd a Wound that he had receiv'd; and on Saturday, the 10th of October, following, he told me, that the Captain might have prevented what had happened. The
Prisoner

Prisoner was a Man that behav'd himself very well, and was not given to Quarrel. He was intimate with, and very serviceable to the Deceased, who us'd to jangle with the Officers, and once he threaten'd to cane me when he met me on Shore; but I told him, that he should not serve me as he had serv'd Captain Clark.

Daniel Clark, Midshipman. I heard the Deceased say to the Prisoner, *what is the Matter that you are so hasty to have the Paper signed? I don't deny signing it, but another Time will do as well.* The Prisoner answered, *I will not be made a Property of.* And then one (but I know not which of 'em) challenged the other; after which the Deceased said, *The Boat is now hoisting out, and I'll go ashore with you directly.* But the Prisoner reply'd, *No, you are my Officer now, but if you don't see me, I'll post you; for you'll talk and chatter, and that's all you can do.* In a little Time the Deceased bad the Prisoner go look after the sick Men, and he answered, *You are not my Captain now, for Captain Boyle is come on board again.* In the Evening the Prisoner told Mr. Young (the Master's first Mate) that the Captain had given him leave for the Boat in the Morning.

Andrew Whittin. The Prisoner, on the 27th of September, came on the Quarter-deck, went into the Master's Cabbin and fetch'd me a Cann of Flip. He then went to the Cabbin-door of the Deceas'd, and having just open'd it, said something to him, and about half an Hour after five the Boat was lower'd and mann'd for him. He gave his Sword to the Coxswain, bid him take as much Care of it as he would of his Blood, and follow'd him into the Boat, and put off directly. The Deceased came immediately to me, and asked me who was gone ashore? I told him, and he replied, that he would be with him presently; his Coxswain return'd with the Boat, and told the Deceas'd, that the Prisoner gave his Service to him, and desired him to make haste, for it was very cold. *I may be there Time enough to his Cost,* said the Deceas'd, and thereupon stept into the Boat and put off, and in a Quarter of an Hour the Boat was brought back with Mr. Bignell lying in it dead; the Boat was again order'd ashore to fetch the Prisoner on board. I went in it with Mr. Weston, the second Lieutenant, and when we came to

the Prisoner, he freely surrender'd himself. He afterwards told me, that he was put upon it by a certain Person, and pointed to Mr. *Weston's* Cabbin-door, who he said was a Rogue, or else he had not done it.

James Naves, the Coxswain. I was call'd up about five in the Morning to man the Boat, which I did; the Prisoner came into it, and bid me put him ashore on a very small Island, which the Ship lay against. As soon as he was landed, he order'd me to return and give his Service to the Deceas'd, and tell him, it was a very cold Morning, and he could not wait long. When I came on board, I found the Deceas'd walking on the Quarter-deck, and deliver'd my Message to him; he replied, *I may be ashore by and by to his Sorrow*, and then gave me a Pair of Pistols wrapt up in red Bays, to carry into the Boat, which I did; he presently followed, and bid me row him to the Place where the Prisoner was. When we came to land, the Deceas'd unbutton'd his Waistcoat, and desired me to observe that he was naked breasted. He order'd the Boat's Crew to stay in the Boat, and me to follow him with the Pistols. As soon as we came up to the Prisoner, he shook him by the Hand, and ask'd him what he wanted with him; I did not hear the Prisoner answer, but the Deceas'd replied, *we shall decide this Matter presently*, and then gave him some Pistol-cartridges, bidding him take his Choice of the Pistols; thereupon the Deceas'd came to my right Side, and the Prisoner to my Left, in order, as I thought, to take the Pistols from me. The Prisoner's Sword was in his left Hand in the Scabbard, and the Deceas'd stooping, though I know not on what Occasion, the Prisoner drew his Sword, and struck him with it two or three Times on the Head, upon which the Deceas'd leap'd from him to draw, but before he could do it, the Prisoner run him into the Belly and the left Breast, over the left Pap. The Deceas'd having got out his Sword, made two or three Passes at the Prisoner, but the Sword falter'd in his Hand, and the Prisoner continu'd pushing at him till he fell with his Legs under him. This was all done in about three Minutes, and then I call'd the Boat's Crew to take care of the Deceas'd, who said, when they took hold of him, *this Villain hath kill'd me before I drew my Sword*; so he expired.

Edward Ely, for Murder.

pir'd immediately. That the Prisoner struck the Deceas'd over the Head, and stabb'd him two or three times before he could draw, that the Deceas'd said, *the Villain hath killed me before I drew my Sword*, and the most material Particulars of the last Deposition, were confirm'd by *John Burd, William Baker, and John Slade*, they being the Men, who, with the foregoing Witness *James Naves*, row'd the Prisoner and the Deceas'd ashore, and saw all that past. —

Mr. Cannon, the Surgeon, being call'd again, depos'd that the Deceas'd had no Wound in his Belly.

The Prisoner's Defence.

George Weston, the second Lieutenant. I heard the Deceas'd challenge the Prisoner, and tell him, if he lov'd Fighting, he'd give him enough of it; to which the Prisoner answer'd, *No, if ever I quarrel, it shall be on the right Side of the Hedge—You are my Officer*. The Prisoner assur'd the Captain (when he got leave for the Boat) that the Deceas'd and himself were Friends, and that he was only going ashore for his Health. When I went to fetch the Prisoner off from the Island, he readily surrender'd himself, and gave me his Sword and the Pistol-cartridges, and told me that the Deceas'd had spit in his Face, and call'd him Villain. When the Deceas'd was at *Sheerness*, the Prisoner lent him Money to go to *London* with.—The Deceas'd was foul-mouth'd and quarrelsome, and the Prisoner was very good humour'd, and hath made up several Quarrels. It was my Sword that he kill'd the Deceas'd with, for, in coming up the Scuttle, I bent the Point of it, and gave it the Armourer to streighten, but without any View of Fighting; and the Armourer let the Prisoner have it without my Knowledge.

George Young. The Prisoner came upon the Quarter-deck, told me, that he had got leave to take the Boat in the Morning, and desir'd me to call him at four o'Clock; I ask'd him where he was going, he answer'd, on Shore for his Health, and that, when he return'd, he would give me part of a Bottle of Wine, it being his Birth-day.

Mr. Symmonds. The Quarrel, betwixt the Prisoner and the Deceas'd, was about a Prize that was taken on the Coast of *Scotland*, bound from *Rotterdam* to the *Isle of Man*. The Captain having receiv'd a Letter concerning

the Affair, he believ'd it would not be condemn'd as a Prize. The Deceas'd thereupon offer'd to sell his Share of it for two Guineas, which the Prisoner agreed to give him ; but, upon his desiring the Deceas'd to assign it over to him, he refus'd, and call'd the Prisoner all the ill Names imaginable — The Deceas'd was as foul-mouth'd a Fellow as ever God put Guts into. He was very abusive to Captain *Boyle*, to his Friends that fed and cloath'd him, and in short to every Body else. He not only borrow'd the Prisoner's Money, but wore his Shirts too, and ingratiated himself with the Sailors, in order to set them against their Officers.

Richard Chamberlain. The Deceas'd was second Lieutenant on Board the *Gibraltar* for sixteen Months, when I was first Lieutenant of the same Ship, there he affronted and abus'd me, struck and kick'd me so, that I was forc'd to get a Discharge.

Francis Davis. I heard the Deceas'd challenge the Prisoner, who answer'd, *I know better than to fight my superior Officer.*

Richard Armstrong, the Armourer. Mr. *Weston* brought me a Sword to fireighten, and I, having made a little Dent in doing it, took my File to smooth it, but did not sharpen it, and that was the Sword the Prisoner did the Fact with.

Mr. Hunt. I view'd the Body of the Deceas'd twice, and discover'd about eighteen Wounds, but none in the Belly ; that on the left Breast was mortal. The Prisoner had two Wounds, one of which was three Inches and a half deep, and the other four Inches made by a Sword. If the Deceased had received the Wound in the Breast first, I believe he could not have stood to have received the others afterwards ; but he might have made some Resistance.

Mr. Jackson and *Mr. Pool* depos'd, That the Deceased had the Character of a foul-mouth'd, malicious, quarrelsome Person, and they, and four or five other Gentlemen gave a good Character of the Prisoner.

The Court having summ'd up the Evidence on both Sides, the Jury found the Prisoner guilty of the Indictment, and Sentence of Death was pronounc'd accordingly.

Edward

Edward Ely, for Murder.

9

Edward Ely was born in *Bloomsbury, London*. His Father, being a Gentleman of a considerable Estate, gave him (and his other Children) a genteel Education, and put him Apprentice to *Mr. Gibson*, a noted Surgeon in *Ludgate-street*. He went to Sea in Quality of Surgeon's Mate, while he was very young ; but soon return'd Home, and continued in *England* 9 or 10 Years. About the Time of the Battle of *Glench-bill*, when the Marquis of *Huntley*, and the Lord *Tullibardine* were in Arms in *Scotland*, he was in one of the 7 Ships, that lay to oppose the Rebels, and cut them off from their Provisions laid up in the Garrisons on the Sea-shore.

While he was under Condemnation, he frequently spoke of the Friendship that was betwixt himself and the Deceas'd, before their unfortunate Quarrel. He said, that he had us'd the Lieutenant like a Brother, that he lent him ten Guineas, and his best Linnen, when he went to *London*, to make his Application to the Lord High-admiral for Preferment, and that, tho' they quarrel'd about 2 Guineas, yet he never took a Note of *Mr. Bignell* for what he lent him. That they were hardly ever separate, but kept the same Company, and when on Shore were almost continually shooting or hunting together ; their first Acquaintance having been occasion'd by such Kind of Sport.

His Behaviour did not appear to disagree with the melancholy Circumstances he lay under. He shew'd a great Regret for his Offence.

He complain'd much of a Sea-faring Life. He was serious and compos'd, and constantly attended the publick Prayers, and sometimes desir'd the Ordinary (*T. Purney*) to pray with him in private. A few Days before the Execution, he said he was out of Love with the World, and well satisfy'd to die in Expectation of Eternal Life.

He was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1720*, in the 32d. Year of his Age.

Thomas Elmes, for a Robbery, Dec. 1720.

THOMAS ELMES was indicted for assaulting *William Halliwell*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him 10s. O^{*a*}. 10, 1720.

10 Thomas Elmes, for a Robbery.

W. Halliwell. As I was going by the *Savoy*, in the Dusk of the Evening, the Prisoner took hold of me, push'd me under the *Savoy* Gateway, and swore he wanted Money, and if I spoke a Word, or made any Resistance, he would stick me to the Heart. I gave him Half a Crown, but that would not satisfy him, he swore he would have more, or he would mob me; and he held me so fast by the Throat, that I could not cry out. I beckon'd however to two Soldiers but they would not come to my Assistance, and so at last I gave the Prisoner the rest of my Money, which was 7s. 6d. more; he then swearing, that if he should find I knew him, I should be murder'd within 3 Days; he and the other 2 Soldiers went away together into the *Savoy*.

Court. Are you sure the Prisoner is the Man?

Halliwell. Yes, I am positive of it; for he held me so long that I had Opportunity of taking particular Notice of him, and I then remember'd I had seen him once before run out of *Chancery-lane* into the *Temple*, with a Mob after him, who said he had robb'd somebody in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*. I took him in *St. Paul's Church* about three Weeks ago, and carrying him before the Justice, he there own'd he had the Money of me, but said, that I lent it him.

John Parker. I assisted in taking the Prisoner, and heard him own, that he had the Prosecutor's Money, but said, the Prosecutor lent it him, and promised to lend him 30s. more.

Coppinger Cole. When the Prisoner was in Custody in *Foster-lane*, he endeavour'd to escape, and swore we should not keep him without an Officer. He own'd, that he was not acquainted with the Prosecutor, and yet said, that the Prosecutor had lent him 40s.

Prisoner. I happen'd to see the Prosecutor in the Act of *Sodomy*, and as soon as he saw me he ran away; I met him afterwards, and took him to an Alehouse, and there he gave me Half a Crown. I met him again after that, and he gave me more Money, and promis'd, if I would meet him in *St. Paul's*, he would lend me 40s. but instead of that, he took me up for this Robbery.

Court. Have you any Witnesses to prove this?

Prisoner. No.

Court.

Thomas Butler, for a Robbery. 11

Court. Sure, if he was with you in a Publick-house, you might at least have brought somebody that saw you in Company together. — Have you any to your Character?

Prisoner. No, I have no Soul to speak for me.

The Jury found him Guilty, and he receiv'd Sentence of Death; but was afterwards repriev'd.

This is not the only Instance we shall meet with in the Course of these Trials, of a Villain's endeavouring to escape Justice by charging his Prosecutor with this detestable Crime.

As great an Offence as it is to rob a Man of his Money, it appears but a Trifle when compar'd with that of unjustly depriving him of his Reputation.

*Good Name in Man or Woman;
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls:
Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been Slave to Thousands!
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!*

Othello in Shakespear.

Thomas Butler, for a Robbery, Jan. 1720.

THOMAS BUTLER, alias BECKET, Esq; was indicted for assaulting Sir *Justinian Isham*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Gold Watch, a Silk Night-gown, and six Holland Shirts, Jan. 12, 1718-19.

He was a second Time indicted for assaulting *John Whitacre*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver Watch, a Sword, and eight Guineas, the Goods and Money of *John Whitacre*, and 14l. 8s. 6d. the Money of *Edward Freeman*, January 12, 1718-19.

Mr. Whitacre. As I was travelling with Sir *Justinian Isham*, we were attack'd by three Men on the Road near *Dunstable*, in *Hertfordshire*. One of them took Sir *Justinian* out of his Chariot, and another (which I believe was the Prisoner) took me out; they demanded our Money, and I gave them what I had about me. I had hid my Watch

12 Thomas Butler, for a Robbery.

Watch under the Seat of the Chariot, but the Prisoner search'd till he found it. From Sir *Justinian* they took his Pocket-book, and then were going to break open his Trunk, but I gave them the Key; they unlock'd it, and took out a Gold Watch, a Silk Night-gown, six Shirts, a Silver hilted Sword, and 14*l.* in Money.—When the Prisoner was taken, he confess'd, that he had Sir *Justinian's* Gold Watch and Night-gown, and my Watch and Ring, for his Share of the Booty, and that he kept the Gown for his own Wearing.—This is the same Gown: It was found in his Lodging.

The Prisoner's Landlady. The Prisoner lodg'd at my House near *Red-lion-square*, in *Holborn*. He went by the Name of *'Squire Becket*. He wore black Velvet, lac'd Ruffles, and every Thing else answerable.

John Osgood. About Half a Year after the Robbery, I receiv'd a Letter from the Prosecutor to enquire after the Prisoner, and when he was taken he confess'd to me all the Particulars of the Robbery, and that it was committed by himself and *Jack*—, who went for his Footman, and is now in *Ireland*, and—*Smith*, who has since been Executed at *Maidstone*. He told me, it signified nothing to conceal any Thing, for he should be made an Evidence.

The Jury found him guilty of both Indictments. *Death.*

When *Butler* was under Condemnation, he gave the following Account of himself.

I am now about 42 Years old. I was born in *Ireland*. My Father was an Officer there in King *James's* Army, and I follow'd him to *France*.—At the Time of the Rebellion in *Scotland*, I was sent to *Paris* to assist a Person of Honour, by making myself a Spy in the late Duke of *Ormond's* Family; for which Service I was for some Time afterwards allow'd 20*l.* a Year from his Majesty. But by this I lost the Favour of my Friends and Relations, who espous'd a different Interest. From *Paris* I went into *Holland*, in hopes of improving my Fortune; but, instead of that, I spent most of the little Money I carried with me, and then came to *England*.

And here I commenc'd Highwayman. I and my Man *Jack* committed a vast Number of Robberies in *Kent* and *Essex*. I always affected to live generously upon what we got with so much Hazard. I hir'd Lodgings genteelly furnish'd,

Thomas Butler, *for a Robbery.* 13

nish'd, sometimes in *London*, and sometimes in a considerable Country-town. My Dress was commonly rich, I never wanted good Horses, and at proper Times my Companion *Jack* wore a Livery, and attended me in quality of a Footman, and thus wherever I came I appear'd as a Man of Fortune.—I once robb'd a Gentleman of a Medal, and a valuable Picture, which are the only Things I wish had been restor'd to the Owner; but the Picture I lost, and the Medal I presented to a Lady in *Ireland*.—It has been reported, that I have had eight Wives; but the Report is entirely false, for I was never *lawfully* married to One.—I profess myself a Member of the Church of *Rome*; but I have always been a faithful Subject to his present Majesty, and have receiv'd several Wounds in his Service.

To this Account the Ordinary adds, that he appear'd penitent, and receiv'd the Sacrament from one of his own Persuasion, and apprehends, that tho' he said he was never *lawfully* marry'd, yet he might have been marry'd according to the Rites of the Church of *England*, but, being a *Roman Catholick*, did not esteem such Marriages lawful.

We shall seldom hear of a Highwayman who has liv'd a Life of so much apparent Gaiety as *Butler* did, and yet it ended in an infamous Death at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1719 20.*

William Robins, *for a Rape, Jan. 1720:*

WILLIAM ROBINS, of *St. James's, Westminster*, was indicted for assaulting, ravishing, and carnally knowing *Mary Tabor*, a Girl of about 7 Years of Age, on the 24th of *Dec.* last.

Mary Tabor, the Child's Mother. My Husband took the Child out with him on *Christmas Eve*, and when she came Home she seem'd to be very uneasy, and every now and then would be wriggling her Backside about. *Where have you been Hussy, says I? Why, says she, I have been sitting upon our Taylor's Shop-board.* So she said no more to me then; but on *Monday* she complain'd, that she smarted sadly, and could not make Water (and't please your Lordship) and so I wonder'd what a Dickens was the Matter, tho' little did I dream how the *poor Thing* had been serv'd. But however she grew worse on *Tuesday*, and then I began

gan to examine the Case, and found her very much out of Sorts. *Ye young Baggage you,* says I, *how comes this about?*—*Why,* says she, *William, our Taylor, put his Finger into where I make Water. And did he put nothing else there,* *Hussy,* says I? *Yes,* says she, *the Thing that he makes Water with.*

Elizabeth Smith. The Child's Privy-parts were swell'd, and rent downwards, and there had been Force used with her.

Joseph de Layer, Peter du Hamel, and John West, Surgeons, depos'd, that they found those Parts very sore, and much bruis'd; that the Girl had a Running, which still continu'd; that there had been a Penetration, and she had been forc'd by a Man.

John Tabor. The Prisoner confess'd to me, that my Girl had been with him on *Christmas Eve*, but deny'd, that he did any Thing to her. Other Witnesses depos'd, that the Prisoner's Stall is next the Street, that but one Man may work in it at a Time, and that it has a Flap to shut up; that the Child was well before that *Saturday*, and that no Marks were found on her Linnen till afterwards.

The Prisoner, in his Defence, deny'd, that the Child was with him that Day, or that he ever offer'd to do any Thing like what was alledg'd against him,—and then he call'd his Witnesses.

John Brown. I view'd the Child with 2 other Surgeons. It did not appear that a Penetration had been made by Man, for the Passage was not large enough. I try'd to pass my Probe but it would not go up. The Girl was not lacerated, there was a Running indeed; but I have known the like, occasion'd by a Child's riding on a Horse.—Another Surgeon depos'd to the same Effect.

Mary Tomlins. I live over-against the Prisoner, and his Shop, being next the Street, is as publick as the Highway, and somebody or other is always at it. He was hard at work that Day for a Tenant of mine to finish his Coat for *Christmas-day*, and work'd till Midnight, tho' I did not know so much till afterwards.—There is a Window to shut up, when the Prisoner goes out.

Then 5 or 6 Witnesses appear'd to the Prisoner's Reputation, who gave him the Character of an honest, civil Man.

Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies. 15

Man, tho' (as one of them said) he would run after the Girls a little. The Jury acquitted him.

William Spiggot, Thomas Phillips, *alias* Cross, William Burroughs, and William Heater, for Robberies, &c. Jan. 1720.

THERE having been several Bills found by the Grand Jury against *William Spiggot*, and *Thomas Philips*, for Robberies on the Highway, they were brought to the Bar to be arraign'd, when they both declar'd, that they would not plead, till the Court had order'd the Horses, Furniture, Money, and other Things (which were taken from them, when they were apprehended) to be returned. The Court inform'd them, that what they desir'd was more than could be granted; and, for their Satisfaction, order'd the Clerk to read the following Clause in an Act made in the 4th and 5th of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, entitled, *An Act for encouraging the Apprehending of Highwaymen.*

And it is hereby further enacted, That all and every Person or Persons, who shall take, apprehend, prosecute, or commit such Robber or Robbers, as aforesaid, as a farther Reward, shall have and enjoy to his or their proper Use and Beboof, the Horse, Furniture and Arms, Money and other Goods of the said Robber or Robbers, that shall be taken, with him or them.

And their Majesties Right or Title, Bodies Politic or Corporate, or the Right or Title thereunto of the Lord of any Manor, Liberty or Franchise, or of him or them lending or letting the same to hire, to any such Robber or Robbers, in any wise notwithstanding.

Provided always, That this Clause, or any Thing therein contained, shall not be construed to extend to take away the Right of any Person or Persons to such Horses, Furniture and Arms, Money and Goods, from whom the same were before feloniously taken.

But notwithstanding this, the Prisoners still refused to plead, and the Court (having in vain acquainted them with the ill Effects of their Refusal, and endeavour'd to dissuade them from their Obstinacy) gave Orders, that the Judgment should be read, which the Law has appointed to be executed.

16 Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies:

executed upon such Prisoners, as shall stand mute, or refuse to plead to their Indictment. The Judgment was to the following Effect:

That the Prisoner shall be sent to the Prison from whence he came, and put into a mean Room, stopp'd from the Light, and shall there be laid on the bare Ground, without any Litter, Straw or other Covering, and without any Garment about him, except something to hide his Privy Members. He shall lie upon his Back, his Head shall be cover'd, and his Feet shall be bare. One of his Arms shall be drawn with a Cord to one Side of the Room, and the other Arm to the other Side; and his Legs shall be serv'd in the like Manner. Then there shall be laid upon his Body, as much Iron or Stone, as he can bear, and more. And the first Day after he shall have three Morsels of Barley Bread, without any Drink; and the second Day, he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can, at Three Times, of the Water that is next the Prison-Door, except running Water, without any Bread; and this shall be his Diet till he dies: And he, against whom this Judgment shall be given, forfeits his Goods to the King.

This having no effect on the Prisoners, the Executioner (as is usual in such Cases) was ordered to tie their Thumbs together, and draw the Cord as tight as he was able; which was immediately done; but neither this nor all the Admonitions of the Court, being sufficient to bring them to plead, they were sentenc'd to be press'd to Death.

Pursuant to this Judgment, they were carried back to Newgate. As soon as they entred the Press-room Phillips desired, that he might return to the Bar and plead; but Spiggot continuing obstinate was put under the Press. He bore 350 Pounds Weight for half an Hour, but then 50 more being added, he begg'd that he might be carried back to plead, which Favour was granted.

William Spiggot, and Thomas Philips were indicted for assaulting John Watkins, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver Watch, a Holland Gown, a Pair of Stays, a Scarlet Riding-hood, and several other Goods, to the Value of 200 l. and 5 l. in Money, Nov. 12, 1720.

They were a second Time indicted with William Heater, they for assaulting John Turner, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him five Guineas, the Money

Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies. 17

Money of the said *John Turner*, and a Box, a Gold Watch, twelve Holland Shirts, two Pair of lac'd Ruffles, four Turn-overs, two Cambrick Bosoms, two Pair of Stockings, a Hat, a Perriwig, and twelve Guineas, the Goods and Money of *Neal Sheldon*, Esq; on the first Day of *November* last; and *William Heater*, as accessary, in harbouring them, and receiving the said Goods, knowing them to be stollen.

First Indictment.

John Watkins. As I was going to *Monmouth*, with my Pack-horses, between *Brentford*, and *Smalberry-green*, I observ'd that *Phillips* follow'd and watch'd me: and, when I came to *Bishopsgrove*, on *Hounslow-beath*, *Spiggot*, *Phillips*, and another rode up to me. *Spiggot* clapp'd a Pistol to my Breast, bade me stand, took five pounds and my Watch from me; and swore, if I would not tell him which Horse the Money was on, he would kill them all. As for *Phillips*, he stopp'd the *Ostler*, who was with me, and took one of the Pack-horses, with the Goods, while the other Person secur'd my Man. I lost above two hundred Pounds in all. I am certain that the Prisoners, *Phillips*, and *Spiggot*, were two of the three that robb'd me. I knew *Spiggot* a great many Years ago, and had seen him in *Monmouth Jail*.

Second Indictment.

John Turner. I was robb'd. near *Tyburn*, on the first of *November*, by five Men, who were disguis'd with Masks. Four of them were on Horseback, and the other was on Foot. They took Mr. *Sheldon's* Box out of the Waggon, and carried it away, and I following them, they knock'd me down, and went into my Waggon again, but took nothing more out of it; but however, one of them being on Foot, they took my Mare away, and so they all rode off.

Mr. *Sheldon*. Intending to leave *Buckinghamshire*, and thinking my Portmanteau too heavy for my Man to carry behind him, I sent it up with *John Turner*, the *Wendover* Carrier. The Wig, which I have now in my Hand, was Part of the Goods that were in the Box, (or Portmanteau) which I deliver'd to Mr. *Turner*.

Mr. *Bryan*. I went with Mr. *Merrit*, to search *Spiggot's* Lodgings, and there found the Wig that Mr. *Sheldon* has now produc'd.

Mr.

18 Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies.

Mr. Merrit. We found that and several other Things, some of which were taken out of the *Portsmouth* Waggon, and others were taken from Persons that were robb'd under *Tyburn*.

Edward Plummer. I know this to be Mr. *Sheldon's* Wig, I alter'd it for him.

John Merrit again. Mr. *Watkins* came to me, and said, he was ruin'd ; for three Highwaymen had robb'd him on *Hounslow-beath*, having taken away his Money, his Watch, his Goods, and a Pack-horse. Upon this, I made Enquiry after the Prisoners, and finding where they had hired Horses, I desired the Person to stop 'em, or give me Notice if they came to hire any more, and I would reward him. I dogg'd *William Heater* with the Horses from *Finsbury*, to the *George* in *Long-acre*, and thence to Mr. *Rowlet's*, in the *Broadway*, *Westminster*, where he set them up. I and some others plac'd ourselves a while in a House, opposite to the Inn ; but, after a little Consultation, believing, that the *Inn-keeper*, Mr. *Rowlet*, was an honest Man, we went over and acquainted him with our Business. He told us, that we should not only be welcome to sit up in his House to watch, but that he would assist us, which he did. And, about ten o'Clock next Morning, *Spiggot*, *Phillips*, and *Joseph Lindsey* came, and went into the Stables, where, after a strong Resistance, we took them all.

John Rowlet. I follow'd *Spiggot* into the Stable, kick'd up his Heels, and scuffled with him for near half an Hour. He shot me through the left Shoulder, and got me down ; but others coming to help me, they took him off, and then he offer'd me his Sword, and said he had done.

Mr. Bryan again. I went with Mr. Merrit to *Finsbury*, and from thence we dogg'd *William Heater* with the Horses to *Westminster* — *Phillips* flash'd a Pistol at me, in the Stable, but it did not go off. I was then knock'd down, and getting up again, I saw Mr. *Rowlet* was struggling on the Ground with *Spiggot*, and had been wounded by him. *Spiggot's* Sword was half drawn, I drew it quite, and made a Thrust at him ; but unluckily mist my Aim, and run it into a *Butcher's Leg*. — *Spiggot* swore, that he would kill a thousand, before he would be taken.

Mr.

Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies. 19

Mr. *Hill*, the Constable. Mr. *Merrit* came to me, with the Recorder's Warrant, and I went with him, to Mr. *Burton's*, and then cross'd over to Mr. *Rowlet's*. *Lindsey* (who is made an Evidence) came in there about eight in the Morning, and some of our Company were for securing him first; but others were of Opinion, that it might prevent their taking the others, and so we agreed to stay till we could meet with them all three together, which prov'd to be about ten o'Clock the same Morning. They all went into the Stable, and we follow'd them. *Phillips* snapp'd at me with a Musquetoon, loaded with three Bullets; but it only flash'd in the Pan.

——— *Murrel*, a Boy. I was one of them that dogg'd *Heater*; he went from *Finbury* to *Long-acre*, with two Horses, and from thence he took another, and had them all three together to *Westminster*.

John Pritchard. Mr. *Merrit* shewed me the Recorder's Warrant. I went with him to apprehend the Prisoner. *Phillips* snapp'd a Pistol at us, but it did not go off. We afterwards took a Blunderbuss from him. *Spiggot* fired two Pistols, and wounded Mr. *Rowlet*.

James Leaton. *Spiggot*, *Phillips*, and *Lindsey* came to take Horse at *Westminster*, and *Heater* came with them. *Phillips* snapp'd a Pistol, but *Lindsey* surrender'd himself to me.

Joseph Lindsey.——*Spiggot*, *Phillips*, *Coltis*, *Tyson*, and I committed this Robbery,—*Heater* us'd to hire Horses, and carry them backward and forward for us. He received some Buttons and Mohair, which he knew to be stolen: but they are not mentioned in this Indictment.

Richard Burton. *Spiggot* bought a Horse of me, and *Heater* was with him then, and said, that he was his Servant; but when they were taken, he denied he belonged to them.

Anthony Merrit. *Heater* several Times has had *Phillip's* Horse to look after, and used to fetch Sacks, and put them under the Saddles, and have the Goods sold from his House.

Spiggot and *Phillips* had nothing material to say in their own Defence; but they both declar'd, that *Heater* was

20 Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies.

was innocent of the Matter, and acted only as a Porter, in fetching and carrying their Horses.

There not being sufficient Evidence to convict *Heater*, he was acquitted; the Jury found the other two Prisoners guilty of both Indictments. *Death*.

William Spiggot was a third time indicted with *William Burroughs*, for assaulting *Charles Sybbald*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him fifteen Guineas, and ten Shillings, on the 25th of *August* last.

Joseph Lindsey. About last *Bartholomew-tide*, I and the Prisoners met Mr. *Sybbald*, and his Man upon *Finchley common*; one of them was upon a white Horse, and the other on a grey: We stoppt them, and *Spiggot* took a Purse from the *Prosecutor*, with fifteen Guineas in it, as I am since inform'd, though he let me know but of six and a half, so that he sunk the rest.

Charles Sybbald, On the 25th of *August*, I and my Man were assaulted on *Finchley-common*, by three Men on Horseback; one of them secured my Servant, and the two other came up to me (one on each Side) and, presenting their Pistols, made me dismount; when *Lindsey* taking my Horse's Bridle off, turn'd him loose, and the other two rifled me, one beginning at my Head, and the other about my Middle, and so searched downward; I lost fifteen Guineas, some Silver and some Writings. They were tall Men, and like the Prisoners, but I cannot swear positively to either of them, but I had a plain View of *Lindsey*, and remember his Voice. One of the others, whom I take to be *Burroughs*, had a long Wig on, with the Ends of it in his Mouth, and the third, who I believe, (though I cannot be certain) was *Spiggot*, had the Cape of his Coat button'd up about his Chin.

The Prisoners denied, that they knew any Thing of the Fact.

——— *Burroughs*, Brother to *William Burroughs*, the Prisoner.) *Lindsey's* Wife came and told me, that my Brother had been in the Country with her Husband, and was return'd to Town raving mad. So I took him Home to my Mother's for a Fortnight, and was forced to have Men to sit up with him, and at last I got him into *Bedlam*, where he has been ever since my Lord-Mayor's-Day.

The Jury found them both guilty. *Death*.

But

But it afterwards appearing that *Burroughs* was Lunatic, he obtain'd his *Majesty's* Pardon.

Thomas Cross, alias *Phillips*, was 33 Years old, when he made his Exit at *Tyburn*. He was born in *Bristol*, was never taught to write or read, nor put Apprentice, but went to Sea when very young. He served in the War against *France*, and was in the *Dover* Man of War when Admiral *Bing* attacked the *Spanish* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*, after which they took three *Spanish* Ships in the Mouth of *Cales*.

He was the most audacious Rogue that ever stretched a Halter. He took a particular Pride in recounting his Villanies: He swore that once about ten o'Clock at Night, he and *Spiggot* robb'd a hundred Passengers, whom they took out of several Waggon, and, having bound them, set them all a-row in the Road. By no Means would he mind any Thing that the *Ordinary* of *Newgate* said to him, but would swear and curse while the others were at Prayers, and sing ye a reprobate Ballad, when the rest, poor Souls! were humming over a Penitential Stave of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*. He would not willingly suffer any body that was near him to read or pray, or even look serious, and especially towards the last; for, as then the rest of the Prisoners grew more devout, he grew more wicked: Sometimes he would ridicule 'em in the midst of their Duty, and other Times, without any Provocation, would fall into violent Passions, beating some and kicking others, up and down the Condemn'd-hold, and venting the most horrible Expressions imaginable. In fine, he grew so insufferably outrageous, that the rest of the Prisoners unanimously desired that he might be removed from them. He continued obstinate to the last, and yet, when he was under the Gallows, declared, *That he did not fear to die, for he was in no Doubt of going to Heaven*.

William Spiggot was 29 Years old at the Time of his Death. He was born at *Hereford*, in which City his Father was an *Ostler*, and he himself was put Apprentice to a *Cabinet-maker*. He said, that he served his seven Years faithfully, and came out of his Time about eight Years ago, though he had been married above ten Years, and had three Children living, his eldest Daughter being between seven and eight Years old, and his Son about six.

Before

22 Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies.

Before he was put into the Press, the *Ordinary of Newgate* endeavoured to dissuade him from hastening his own Death in such a Manner, and thereby depriving himself of that Time which the Law allowed him to repent in, to which he only answer'd: *If you come to take care of my Soul, I shall regard you, but if you come about my Body, I must desire to be excus'd, for I cannot bear one Word.* At the next Visit the Chaplain found him lying in the Vault, upon the bare Ground, with 350 Pounds Weight upon his Breast, and then pray'd by him, and at several Times asked him why he would hazard his Soul by such an obstinate kind of Self-murder. But all the Answer that he made was, *Pray for me, Pray for me?* He sometimes lay silent under the Pressure, as if insensible of Pain, and then again would fetch his Breath very quick and short. Several Times he complain'd, that they had lain a cruel Weight upon his Face, though it was covered with nothing but a thin Cloth, which was afterwards remov'd and laid more light and hollow, yet he still complained of the prodigious Weight upon his Face, which might be caus'd by the Blood's being forc'd up thither, and pressing the Veins as violently as if the Force had been externally on his Face.

When he had remained half an Hour under this Load, and Fifty Pounds Weight more laid on, being in all four Hundred, he told those that attended him he would plead.

Immediately the Weights were at once taken off, the Cords cut asunder, and he was raised up by two Men, and some Brandy was put into his Mouth to revive him, and so he was carried to take his Trial.

He was very faint, and almost Speechless for two Days, and then he seem'd to recover Strength for a little Time, but afterwards he grew worse, and desired to receive the Sacrament, as thinking he should hardly live 'till Execution-day. But before that Time came, he again recovered Strength, and then he constantly attended the Prayers in the Chappel twice a Day.

The Reasons he gave for enduring the Press were, that his Effects might be preserved for the good of his Family, that none might reproach his Children by telling them their Father was hang'd, and that *Joseph Lindsey* might not triumph in saying, he had sent him to *Tyburn*.
He

Spiggot, Phillips, &c. for Robberies. 23

He seemed to be much incensed against this *Lindsey*, for, says he, *I was once wounded, and in Danger of my Life, by rescuing him when he was near being taken, and yet he afterwards made himself an Evidence against me.*

Spiggot would sometimes wish he had dy'd in the Press, for he said, that, before he was taken out, he was fallen into a kind of Slumber, and had hardly any Sense of Pain left; though at other Times he appear'd glad, that he had not shortened that Time by his Obstinacy, which otherwise the Law allowed him for Repentance.

He said he could not remember, that he ever shed a Tear in his Life but once, and that was since his Condemnation at his final parting with his little Son; but that however, he thought himself as sincerely penitent as those who shew'd their Sorrow by their Tears.

He confest, that he had been guilty of the greatest Sin he could commit, except Murder; and that it was in vain to mention his numerous Robberies on the Highway, which were perhaps about a hundred; that he chiefly robb'd upon *Hounslow-beath*, sometimes towards *Kingston*, and sometimes on the Road to *Ware*, and that there was also one *Tyson*, and one *Coltis* or *Colthouse*, who belonged to their Gang, but not yet taken. He said, that he did not desire to live, for he could hardly fetch his Breath, and could only be a weak and unhealthy Man. He often complain'd, that *Tho. Phillips*, alias *Cross*, was so obdurate in Wickedness, that he not only refused to join with them in Prayers, but would beat out the Candles and rattle his Irons, when ever they prepared to perform their Duty.

Spiggot and *Phillips* were executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, February 8, 1720-1.*

For the Honour of the Cloth, Mr. *Purney*, the Reverend Chaplain of *Newgate*, has prudently omitted to inform us, that *Joseph Lindsey*, the Evidence, was a Clergyman, and had his Education at *Cambridge*. He was (after *Spiggot* and *Phillips* were hang'd) transported to *America*, where he died.

M—— L——r, for a Rape, March, 1720.

M. L. was indicted for assaulting, ravishing, and, against her Will, carnally knowing, *Susannah Gilman*, on the 7th of November, 1720.

Susannah Gilman. I was Servant to Mrs. *Thomasin Jones*, in *Pultney-street*, near *Golden-square*. The Prisoner came to our House, on the 7th of November last, at Night, to enquire for a Gentleman. My Mistress being at a Neighbour's, I sent his Footman to call her, and as soon as he was gone, the Prisoner violently carry'd me from the Parlour into my Mistress's Bed chamber, and in so doing I was burnt with the Candle, which I had in my Hand. I cry'd out, and struggl'd with him as long as I had Breath; but all in vain, for there was no-body in the House to assist me, and so he had his Will of me.

Court. Was you a Virgin till this happen'd?

S. G. Yes.

Court. And not afterwards?

S. G. No.

Court. How old are you?

S. G. About Twenty——

My Mistress and his Servant came back in about half an Hour. I went to the Door without my Head-cloaths, and open'd it, and when they came in, they found the House in a Float: The Prisoner and his Man went away in about three Minutes after.

Prisoner. Did you cry out when your Mistress came to the Door.

S. G. No.

Prisoner. Why?

S. G. Because the Prisoner threatned to kill me if I told her any Thing of the Matter.

Prisoner. What House does your Mistress keep?

S. G. My Mistress kept a private House, and none came there but the Prisoner and another Gentleman.

Prisoner. How long was it before you went to the Justice for a Warrant?

S. G. I cannot tell.

Prisoner. Did not you come to my Chambers afterwards?

S. G.

S. G. Not till you sent for me.

Prisoner. Did you never demand Money of me?

S. G. No, but I went twice indeed to you in *Newgate*, and had some Money given me there.

Prisoner. Did not you sign that Affidavit, made before a Judge, and that Release?

S. G. As for signing the Affidavit, it is none of my Hand-writing, nor was I ever before a Judge in my Life; but I own, that I did set my Name to the Release—— It was a Week before I took out the first Warrant, which I left in the Midwife's Hands, and some how or other it was torn, whereupon I staid six Weeks longer, and then took out a second Warrant, and the Maid told me, if I made it up without the Justice, he would certainly commit me to *Bridewell*.

Thomasin Jones. I was at a Neighbour's House in *Sherard-Street*, when the Prisoner's Servant came for me. I return'd with him immediately, and sent him over the Way for a Pot of Beer for himself. When I rung at the Door it was open'd presently, and, coming in, I found the Prisoner sitting by the Fire, and did not perceive that he was any way disorder'd; but, when he was gone, my Maid (the Prosecutrix) told me, that he had hurt her. He could have but little Time for it; for I was but a few Minutes in coming Home, tho' indeed I found some Disorder both on the Bed and the Floor too; but however, he staid near two Hours afterwards.

Prisoner. How do you live?

T. J. I keep a House of Lodgers, and my House is all let out now, but my back Parlour, which I reserve for my own Use.

Mary Saunderson. Three Weeks ago, *Hannah Bailly* brought the Prosecutrix to lodge at our House, and inform'd me, that the Prisoner sent his Footman and a *Cornchandler* for her, and I and the Prosecutrix went to him in *Newgate*, where he told her, that he found she had sworn a Rape against him, tho' she liv'd in a reputed Bawdy-house, where he would never venture to lie with any Woman, for fear of a Clap; for he could sooner lose his Nose than take Physic.

The Constable of St. Giles's. I had a Warrant against the Prosecutrix, for stealing a Silver Cup from her former

mer Mistress, Mrs. *Brain*, which Warrant was brought to me by the Prisoner's Servant.

The Prisoner's Defence.

I went to enquire for a Nobleman at Mrs. *Jones's*, and the Prosecutrix told me her Mistress was hard by, and so sent my Servant for her, who return'd with her in two Minutes. The Prosecutrix then went down Stairs, and staid two Hours with my Footman, with whom she was very merry. She came to my Lodgings two Days afterwards, with a Message from her Mistress, but made no Complaint of me, nor did I hear any Thing of it, till a Month was past, when a Woman, with Mrs. *Jones's* Maid, brought me a Letter from Mrs. *Jones*, to acquaint me, that the Prosecutrix had sworn a Rape against me, and to advise me to make it up. I had been frequently with the Justice, both at his own house, and the Tavern, and he never offer'd to molest me, till *Friday* was three Weeks, when I was with him, and Mr. *Holmes*, at the *Bedford-head* Tavern, where we were very merry together for a good while ; but differing at last, and Words arising, he committed me to *Newgate*, and a *Habeas Corpus* being brought for me, and the Justice having Notice to attend the Judge who allow'd it, he attended accordingly, shew'd the Depositions, and said, he believ'd I had got the King's Evidence out of the Way, when at the same Time I was credibly inform'd, that the Justice, and Mrs. *Jones* had frequent Correspondence with her : pursuant to which Information, I, on *Wednesday* Morning last, went to the Justice's, under Pretence of a Visit, and, leaving a Constable at the End of the Street, with a Warrant of Felony against her, I took her at the expected Hour in the Justice's House.

Dennis Dean, the Prisoner's Footman. I attended my Master to Mrs. *Jones's*, and she being in the Neighbourhood, not above a hundred Yards off, the Prosecutrix desired me to go for her, which I did, and she came back with me in two Minutes, bade me go over the Way to an Ale-house for a Pot of Beer, and said, I might go down into the Kitchen, and drink it with the Maid (the Prosecutrix) I went down accordingly, and staid two Hours with her ; she gave me some bread and Cheese, was very merry, and made no Complaint. She came three Days afterwards

to my Master's Lodgings, and went into his Chamber while he was a-bed, but did not stay Minute, nor complain any more then, than she did before. My Master went out in his Chariot as usual, and was frequently in Company with the Justice, before he was committed.

Hannah Baily. Mrs. Jones begg'd of me to go for the Prosecutrix, which I did, and when she came, Mrs. Jones said to her, *What's the Reason you han't been here? You must go with me to the Justice.*——The Prosecutrix told me, that they had perswaded her to swear a Rape against the Prisoner, to get Money out of him; but that whatever she got (if it was ten Guineas) she intended to keep it herself. I ask'd her how she could pretend to go on with it, having neither Money nor Friends. O! says she, *the Justice will find Money and stand my Friend too.*——Mrs. Jones told me, that the Justice had sent to know why the Prosecutrix did not proceed in order to bring the Prisoner to a Trial, and assur'd her, that she should be sent to *Bridewell* if she offer'd to make it up.—I saw the Prosecutrix deliver up the first Warrant to the Prisoner, gave him a general Release, and, receive four Guineas from him; and in my hearing, she begg'd his Pardon for the Imposition. The Release, which is now produc'd, is the same that I saw her sign.

Mr. Mackworth. I drew up the Affidavit, (which she made before Mr Justice *Powys*) read it over to her two or three Times, and she own'd, that she had four Guineas.

Then the Release and Affidavit were read in Court. In her Affidavit she begg'd Pardon for her Fault, and said, that Mrs. Jones put her upon it, and went with her to the Justice.

Mr. Goofettry. When the Prosecutrix went to *Hicks's-Hall*, to be sworn to the Indictment, the Justices order'd one of the Grand Jury to be sent for down, and told him, that she was going to swear to an Indictment for a Rape, and that if her Evidence was not sufficient to find the Bill, they should lay it by till the next Morning, and there should be Evidence enough.

Mr. Holmes. I was with the Justice and the Prisoner at the *Bedford Head Tavern*. We had five Pints of Wine, and some Words arising between them, he told the Prisoner he would do him Justice; to which the Prisoner

answer'd, that if he did, it would be the first Time that ever he did Justice in his Life; whereupon the other reply'd, *If I was not a Justice, I would knock ye down, but as I am one, I'll commit ye*; and so he sent for a Constable, and Watchmen, and order'd him to the Round-house, and then made a Mittimus, and sent him to *Newgate*.——I told the Justice that the Prisoner had made it up with the Prosecutor, and shew'd him the Warrant that she had deliver'd up.

The Justice acknowledg'd, that Mr. *Holmes* had sworn the Truth, adding, that the Prisoner's Usage had incens'd him, and he did indeed send him to *Newgate*; but he had two Affidavits which the Prosecutrix had sworn to, and sign'd on her Examinations before, wherein she positively charg'd the Prisoner with the Fact. These he produc'd, and they were read in Court.

Mary Butler. I saw the Prosecutor sign the Release and the Affidavit; I saw the Money paid her, and saw her go along with Mr. *Mackworth* to swear it, and heard her ask Pardon, and own that Mrs. *Jones* and her Accomplices had put her upon it, and that the Prisoner never lay with her in his Life.

Mrs. Willis. I knew the Prosecutor and her Mother, the former of whom had but a very indifferent Character: when she was but a Girl, she would have sworn a Rape against a Gentleman, which I hearing of, went to the Mother, and prevail'd with her to send for a Midwife, who, upon searching her, declar'd it was no such Thing; and that the Daughter was an impudent Slut. The Prosecutor confess'd to me, that the Prisoner never lay with her.

The Jury perceiving the Prosecution to be malicious, acquitted the Prisoner, and the Court order'd him a Copy of his Indictment.

John Thomson, *alias* Williams, for Felony,
April, 1721.

JOHN THOMSON, *alias Williams*, was indicted on the late Act, for receiving twenty Guineas for helping a Person to his Silver Watch and Chain, a
Silver

Silver Snuff box, a Letter-case, and one Guinea, on the 15th of July, 1720, (which were privately stolen from him by a Person unknown) and not apprehending and prosecuting the Felon who stole them.

By this Act, the Person so offending shall be in the Felon's Place, and suffer Punishment according to the Nature of the Felony. 'Tis the same on which *Jonathas Wild* was afterwards try'd.

The Prosecutor. About the middle of last July, I was at a House in *White-fryars* about half an Hour, where, being in Liquor, I fell into ill Company, and my Watch, Snuff box, Letter-case, and a Guinea, were privately taken from me. I believe I saw the Prisoner in the House at the same Time, but I cannot be positive. The next Morning the Prisoner, having found who I was by my Pocket-book, came to me and said, he perceiv'd I had been in ill Company the last Night, and he believ'd he could do me some Service in helping me to my Goods again, but demanded thirty Guineas for his Trouble. I told him, that that was much more than the Goods were worth. At last I agreed with him for twenty Guineas, which I gave him, and then he deliver'd me the Goods. He told me, that he believ'd I lost them at the Corner of the *Old-bailey*, for he saw two Boys busy about me, and he disturb'd them, but did suppose that they afterwards pick'd my Pocket, and that it was his Business to take up such idle People. Sometime afterwards he came to me again, and said he had met with Trouble about this Affair; that he had been in Prison, and at great Expences, and hoped I would contribute something towards defraying his Charges. I offer'd him two Guineas, but he complaining that was too little, I gave him five. After this he came to me again, and told me, that *Katherine Lunn* had sworn a Bastard Child to me, but had entrusted him with the Warrant, and that himself and *John Gale* would be Securities to the Parish, if I would give him a handsome Sum, whereupon I caused him to be apprehended.

Prisoner. I did not know of the Act of Parliament; I did not receive the Money of the Prosecutor, he gave it to another Man, and I had but four Guineas of it.

Prosecutor. I gave twenty Guineas to the Prisoner himself, and a Guinea a-piece to two Men who came with him.

Court. In what Manner had you got your Goods and Money about you before you lost them ?

Prosecutor. My Watch was in my Fob, my Letter-case in one Waistcoat-pocket, my Snuff-box in the other, and the Guinea in my Breeches-pocket, and I am sure that I did not fall down as I went Home. The Jury found the Prisoner guilty. *Death.*

He was a second Time indicted for stealing two Half-guineas, the Money of *John Dennison*, on the 20th of February, 1720-21.

John Dennison. As I was going thro' *Whiter-friars*, I saw the Beadle and a Woman standing together, and seeming to quarrel, when I came nigher, the Beadle went away, and the Woman called to me, pretending to know me ; I went in, and immediately she lock'd and bolted the Door, some Women being there a washing, they ask'd me to make them drink, which I did, and then went up Stairs with *Sarah Thomson*, the Prisoner's Wife, who pick'd my Pocket of my Watch and Money ; but told me that I should have my Watch again, if I brought a Guinea to pay the Reckoning. Whereupon I went and borrow'd two Half-guineas of a Friend, and came back to redeem my Watch, and then I saw the Prisoner there. I held the Money clinking in my Hand, his Wife bid me give the Half-guineas to him, and he should give me the Watch ; but I said I would see the Watch before I parted with the Money, upon which he snatch'd the two Half-guineas out of my Hand ; and several times since he has offer'd to make it up with me.

Mr. Dentworth, the Constable. I saw the Prosecutor in Distress, with one Foot within the Door, and the other without, and going up to his Assistance, he told me that he had been robb'd of his Watch ; but the Woman said he had not been robb'd, but had left it for a Guinea, one half Guinea the Reckoning came to, and the other half Guinea was for Flogging him. However she went and fetch'd the Watch down, and deliver'd it to me.

The Prisoner in his Defence deny'd, that he snatch'd the Money out of the Prosecutor's Hand, and asserted, that he was out all that Day, till ten or eleven at Night, and call'd *Richard Sheppard*, and *Richard Sanders*, to prove that he was in their Company, at the *Parrot in Green-Arbor*.

John Thomson, for Felony. 31

Arbor-court, in the *Old-Bailey*, and in *Smithfield*, all that Time; but, they faultering in their Evidence, the Jury found him guilty. *Death*.

John Thomson was born in a Village in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, where his Parents liv'd for some Time in good Repute; but afterwards, meeting with Misfortunes, they went to *Ireland*, and he was put Apprentice to an *Upholsterer*, with whom he continued five or six Years, and then went to serve the late Queen on Board the *Mediterranean*, against *France* and *Spain*.

He was at the Siege of *Barcelona*, and at the taking of *Gibraltar*. When he had continued eight Years in the Sea-service, he return'd to *England*, and having all his Pay in his Pocket, he appointed a lewd Woman to meet him at an Ale-house in *Smithfield*, but, she not coming, he soon after met with another of the same Character, whom he lik'd so well as to marry her. The Match being consummated, they set up an Ale-house, in which they entertain'd Persons of the most dissolute Lives; but it was not long before his Yoke-fellow forsook him, and he was forc'd to break up House-keeping. After this he attempted to set up his own Trade, but, finding no Encouragement, he entirely dropt that Design, and, meeting with his Wife again, they, in *Thames-street*, took another House, for the Entertainment of lewd and dishonest Company.

They were soon discover'd, and being presented by the Common council of that Ward, he was sent to *Newgate*; afterwards he was discharg'd, and then took a Brandy-shop near *Smithfield*, where the same sort of Riots and Disorders were carry'd on, as at his former Houses.

A few Days before his Execution, he made great Complaints of his Wife, as if she had been the sole Occasion of his Misfortunes. He said, that even she prevented his preparing for another World, by her coming to the Prison and exclaiming against him, and declaring that the Vengeance of God would overtake him, for being the Ruin of her and her Children, and keeping Company with another Woman.

When he found himself included in the dead Warrant, he said he had no Reason to desire Life, for he believ'd that no Man ever past his Time in such a turbulent Hurry, without having Leisure to consider whether he

32 William Barton, *for a Robbery.*

was running to Happiness or Destruction; but the many vicious Women he had conversed with, the riotous Houses he had kept, the Intrigues he had pursued to injure honest People, and the clamorous Mirth which followed their Success, were so far from affording that Happiness which he expected from them, that he found they were very painful, and gave him great Uneasiness; for they were frequently alarmed, many Times suddenly surpriz'd, always in Terror, and under Apprehensions of Danger, and commonly one or other of their Company was in Trouble.

He lamented grievously, that all his Friends had now forsaken him in his Distress, and that tho' he lately had such a numerous Acquaintance, he knew not, that he had one left who would procure a Coffin for him, or take any Care that he should be buried.

He was executed at Tyburn, on Friday May the 12th 1721.

William Barton, *for a Robbery, April, 1721.*

WILLIAM BARTON; of St. Pancras, was indicted for assaulting John Lord Viscount Lisson on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver hilted Sword, value 6 *l.* and 12 *s.* in Money, Feb. 20, 1721.

Prosecutor. On the 20th of February, in the Night, as I was coming in my Chariot from Hamstead, I was attack'd by two Foot-pads. My Man told me there were three, but I saw but two. They took my Sword, and what Silver I had left out of a Guinea, which I had changed at Hamstead, I believe there might be about 12 *s.* but I cannot be positive to the Sum: They took a Snuff-box from a Gentlewoman who was in the Chariot with me.

James Reading. The Prisoner and I, and one Dickenson committed this Robbery. I stopp'd the Coach, my Lord run his Cane at my Face, but I clapp'd a Pistol to his Breast, and threatn'd to shoot him if he made any farther Resistance. Then we took his Sword, and 12 *s.* from him, and a Snuff-box from the Lady. My Lord pray'd us not to take her Wedding Ring, nor to use her ill,

William Barton, for a Robbery. 33

ill, because she was with Child, and I promised him we would not. We sold the Snuff-box for 9 s. and the Hilt of the Sword for 35 s.

Court. Are you sure the Prisoner is the Man?

Reading. Yes, I know him very well, he was transported about six Years ago, and is lately return'd.

Prisoner. I was out of England at the Time the Robbery was committed.

Court. Can you prove that?

Prisoner. The Captain I was then with is now gone to the *Baltick*, and my other Evidences are in the Country. *Reading* has charged others with this Robbery. He took up *John Grimes*, and let him go again, and then he took up *James Shaw*, and had ten Guineas for discharging him.

John Grimes. I went to see *Reading* in *New Prison*, and he charged me with stealing a Silver hilted Sword, and afterwards clear'd me.

Court. What do you say to that *Reading*?

Reading. *Grimes* was just run away from his Master, and came to me and some others in *New-Prison*, and was desirous to enter into our Gang. Upon which I had him secured for that Night, and the next Day I acquainted the Justice with the whole Matter; and he told *Grimes*, that I was the best Friend he had, by preventing his Ruin. And, as to *Shaw*, I did give an Information against him, but the Constable by Mistake took up another *Shaw*, and then sent for me. But I knowing him not to be the right Person, they let him go again without any Reward.

Mr. Robinson, the Constable, confirm'd what *Reading* swore in Relation to *Shaw*. And the Jury found the Prisoner guilty. *Death.*

William Barton was born in *Thames-street*, near the *Custom-house*. Before he was ten Years old, his Father, who was naturally of a roving Disposition, pack'd up his Effects, and shipp'd himself for *Jamaica*, with a Whore he was very fond of, leaving his Wife to provide for herself and her Children, as well as she could.

Young *Barton* upon this was soon taken into the Care of his Grandfather, who kept an Eating-house by *Covent-Garden*. He continued there about two Years, and then

34 William Barton, *for a Robbery.*

(having like his Father a strong Inclination to rambling) he went to Sea. His first Voyage was to *Jamaica*, where he expected to find his Father, but soon heard that he was lately dead, and had left his Effects to the Woman he cohabited with.

Upon this he enter'd in a *Jamaica* Sloop, and after several short Voyages the Vessel was taken by the *Spaniards*, and he with other *Englishmen* was carry'd Prisoners into *Spain*, where they met with very ill Usage for some Time, and were allow'd nothing to live on but Bread and Water: But after a while their Treatment was something better. At last their Keeper employ'd them to repair an old Wall belonging to the Prison, when finding their Passage clear, they made the best of their Way to a neighbouring Convent; the Fryars insisted on the Privileges of their House, that it was a Sanctuary for the Distressed, and therefore, those who had fled thither for Protection, should not be deliver'd up.

He and his Companions were employ'd here as menial Servants, and, tho' they were inform'd the Religious Order intended to give them their Liberty, they were not willing to wait their Time for it, but, taking the first Opportunity, they made their Escape thence, to a small Vessel that was just ready to sail for *England*.

After this he enlisted himself for a Soldier in *Queen Ann's Wars in Flanders*. He was at the Siege of *Douay*, and of other Towns on the Borders of *France*: Having been a considerable Time in the Service, he was disbanded, and return'd once more to *England*.

Here he married before he knew how to maintain himself, and much less a Wife and Children.—But he did not hesitate long before he concluded, that Thieving was the most eligible Way that could be taken by a Man in his Circumstances; and, this Course being resolv'd on, he at first set out by himself, but had not gone far before he fell into the Company of others who were travelling the same Road, and with them he went upon several Adventures, till, bethinking himself that he was got in the Highway to the Gallows, he turn'd back, and, not knowing how to live honestly on the Shore, he went once again to Sea.

But being, it seems, extremely fond of his Wife, he could not bear to live without her. He continually fancied

William Barton, for a Robbery. 35

cied he saw her and his Child reduced to the utmost Necessity, ready to starve, crying for Bread, and upbraiding him for his Absence and Neglect; so that his Affection forced him to return to his native Country, tho' he knew it would be his Ruin.

He found out his Wife to his no small Joy, and, like an indulgent Husband, resolv'd to maintain her at all Hazards. For this Purpose he committed several Felonies, and particularly one in *Covent-Garden*, for which he was try'd, and, being convicted, was transported to *America* for seven Years. He was sold there for 18*l.* but was not used as a Slave, but employed to overlook the Negroes, and to lash them when they neglected their Work.

Here he had no Care to take for himself, he endured no Hardships, but every Thing necessary was provided for him, and this he thought the happiest part of his Life; but yet at six Years End he grew so uneasy for want of his Wife's Company, that he ran away from his Master, and returned a fourth Time to *England*, in *July* last, where he follow'd his former Course of Life, till he was taken on *Reading's* Information.

When the Dead Warrant came down for his Execution, he seem'd to be under a more than ordinary Concern, which arose, he said, from an earnest Desire he had to see his Mother before he died, or at least to know whether she was living or not.

For, after his Father died in *Jamaica*, his Mother, he said, let Lodgings in *St. James's-Street*, and, having the Earl of *Glasgow* in her House, she married one of his Dependants, whom the Earl afterwards prefer'd to a Place in *Scotland* of 200*l.* a Year. She went to *Scotland* with her Husband, who died sometime ago, as he was inform'd; but he had not heard any Thing of his Mother for a long Time.

He said, however, it was a great Satisfaction to him, that his Child would be provided for by a Relation, and that his Wife, who never knew of one of his ill Actions, would retire into the Country where if she liv'd honestly, God would bless her.

How his Wife could be entirely ignorant of his Practices, when he had no visible Method of living honestly, but followed a continual Course of Rapine and Plunder, and

36 William Barton, for a Robbery.

and had been transported for an Offence of that Kind, is a little extraordinary. But such a Protestation, made with his dying Breath, is another unaccountable Instance of his conjugal Affection. Sure it was the predominant Passion of his Soul!

He appear'd very devout, spent most of his Time in reading and praying; and the Evening before he dy'd, he declar'd he was very easy in his Mind, had taken off his Thoughts from this World, and was very ready to suffer the Sentence of the Law; for he hop'd he had made his Peace.

He was executed at Tyburn, with John Thomson, on Friday, May 12, 1721.

The Ordinary says not a Word of his denying or confessing the Fact for which he suffer'd. It is not every Criminal who will confess, and even some will to the last Moment deny their Guilt; for Men are hardly ever so abandoned to Wickedness, but that they have some Regard to the good Opinion of Posterity, and would not willingly leave a worse Character behind them than they deserve. Certainly then, if a Man dies innocent of the Crimes he's accus'd of, he would scarce be silent on that Point; he would at least deny the Charge, though he had no Hopes of a Reprieve by so doing; but only so far clearing his Reputation.

Now it appears probable, that Barton, however guilty of other Robberies, was innocent of this; for James Reading swore, that this Robbery was committed by three Persons, which were himself, the Prisoner, and—Dickenson.

But James Shaw, being afterwards under Sentence of Death, declar'd solemnly (as will be shewn hereafter) that nothing ever gave him so much Concern, as the Death of William Barton, who (says he) *was executed for robbing my Lord Lisbon, when I ought to have dy'd for it; for it was I that was concerned in that Robbery.*

And again, Reading owns, that he did inform against Shaw, but the Constable mistaking the Man, or rather, Reading pretending it was the wrong Man, the Charge was afterwards fixed on Barton.

Then as there is no Pretence that any more than three were concerned in this Robbery, and if Shaw was one of them,

Sarah Johnson, &c. for privately Stealing. 37
them, and *Reading* and *Dickenson* were the other Two, it follows, that *Barton* must be innocent.

And tho' it could be prov'd, that *Dickenson* was not one of the Three, yet even that would not fix the Crime upon *Barton*, but only shew, that *Reading* forswore himself; and, if he swore falsely against one Man, his Oath can be of no Validity against another.

Again, *Reading* himself does not pretend that *Shaw* was not one of the Three, but only that the Man, whom the Constable apprehended, was not the same *Shaw*, against whom he had given his Information upon Oath; and if that same *Shaw* was not in the Robbery, then *Reading* is forsworn in that Particular too; and to this we may add, that no Reason can be given, why *Shaw* should at the Point of Death accuse himself with a Crime he was innocent of.

And yet farther, if it could be made appear, that Four Men were concerned in this Fact, yet still *Reading* must be perjurd by concealing One of them, because his Oath was to speak the whole Truth.

So that, take it which Way we will, no Credit can be given to his Evidence, and there was no other Evidence against *Barton*.

How dangerous then must it be for a Jury to convict a Man upon the single Evidence of one, who, by owning himself to be an Accomplice, owns himself to be a Villain, and whose chief Motive, in accusing another, must be to save himself.

Sarah Johnson and Mary Price, for privately Stealing, May, 1721.

SARAH JOHNSON and *Mary Price* were indicted for privately stealing 4 Guineas from the Person of *Nicholas Higgins*, on the 12th, of *May, 1721.*

Nicholas Higgins. About 12 o'Clock at Night I met the Prisoners at the Corner of *Pall-Mall.* *Mary Price* thrust her Hand into my Breeches, and I presently clapt my Hand to my Fob, to secure the Money I had there; but the four Guineas which I lost were in my Side-pocket. *Sarah Johnson* came up, and us'd me in the same Manner as *Mary Price* did; and when they had both done they went off.
They

38 Sarah Johnson, &c. for privately Stealing.

They were hardly gone from me, before I mist my Money ; upon which I follow'd them, and seiz'd *Johnson*, and calling out to the Watch, they stopt *Price*. I had the Guineas in my Pocket about half an Hour before this, at *Richard's* Coffee-house, at *Temple-Bar*, from whence a Friend came with me, and I had just parted with him, when I met the Prisoners, and I met no Body else by the Way, that could pick my Pocket ; which, if I had, I should have taken Notice of it ; for I was not drunk. The Watchman, who came to my Assistance, carry'd us all three to the Round-house.

The Watchman depos'd to the same Purpose, and added, that it was not the first Time that he had taken the Prisoners into Custody for Night-walking.

Sarah Johnson thus made her Defence. *Moll Price* and I had been to *Chelsea*, and, as we were going Home together, she stopt to tie her Garter, at which Time the Prosecutor came by, and put his Hands up her Coats. Pray, Sir, says I, be civil to the Gentlewoman, for she's with Child ; whereupon what does he do, but comes to me, and whips his Hand under my Coats.—Blood ! says he, you're so fat, a body can't feel what you have got ; whereupon he goes to *Moll* again, and shoves her up against a Door, and begun to do so and so with her ; but somebody opening the Door within-side they had much ado to save themselves from tumbling into the House together. Then he forc'd her to another Door, and another after that, and would fain have been at it ; but, because neither she nor I would let him, he call'd the Watch, and swore we had pick'd his Pocket, which is as false as the Child that's unborn ; but he was very drunk, and would have had to do with a Woman in the Round-house.

Mr. *Trenworth*. I came with the Prosecutor from the Coffee-house, where I saw him have Gold, and he was not drunk.

It appearing that both of them could not take the four Guineas from his Person privately, as laid in the Indictment, the Jury found *Mary Price* guilty of Felony only, for which she was order'd to be transported ; but *Sarah Johnson* they found guilty of the Indictment, and she receiv'd Sentence of Death accordingly. She indeed plead-

ed

Barbara Spencer, &c. for Coining. 39

ed her Belly, but a Jury of Matrons being impannell'd, they found her not quick with Child; tho' she was afterwards repriev'd, with three others condemn'd at the same Time.

Barbara Spencer, Alice Hall, and Elizabeth Bray, for Coining. May, 1721.

BARBARA SPENCER, alias *Dawlin*, *Alice Hall*, alias *Complin*, and *Elizabeth Bray*, were indicted for High-Treason, in counterfeiting the current Coin of this Kingdom, on the 13th of *April*, 1721.

Elizabeth Miles. On *Wednesday* the 12th of *April*, *Spencer* and I went to *Hall's* Lodgings, she was not at Home, but I found *Bray* there, and she made us both fuddled, and then persuaded us to lie down on the Bed, and not go away till she (who was going out) returned; so we lay down and fell a-sleep, and in a little Time she returned back and awak'd us; and about Noon *Alice Hall* and another Woman came Home. We staid there all Night, and next Morning we all went together and drank at a Brandy-shop in *Bishopgate-street*, where *Spencer* called *Hall* a-side, and told her, that she had no more bad Money; to which *Hall* reply'd, *you may go Home to your Room, and make some; and if you have any Occasion for me, I'll meet you at the Bell and Horse-shoe in this Street, at 2 in the Afternoon*. We met accordingly, and *Hall* brought the Metal with her; and after we had drank two or three Pints of Beer and Ale, she bade *Spencer*, *Bray* and myself, go to her Room, and make a Fire, and she would be with us as soon as it was lighted. In the Way, as we were going to her Room, *Bray* went into a Shop and brought the Materials to make the Molds. *Hall* came as soon as the Fire was made, she lock'd the Door, melted and refin'd the Metal, while *Spencer* and *Bray*, made the Molds; which being done, *Spencer* cast forty counterfeit Shillings, and gave half a Crown a-piece to *Bray* and *Hall* for their Trouble.

Then she gave me the Flasks or Molds, with a Shilling in them, to carry off, for fear she should be taken up herself, as being suspected for a Person that dealt that Way: For, says she, if they were found in the House, it would be
enough

40 Barbara Spencer, &c. for Coining:

enough to take twenty People's Lives. The Ladle and File she left in a Cupboard over the Door, in *Hall's* Room; for she said, they could not make any Thing of them, if they found 'em. She kept five of the forty Shillings then made, and gave me the rest wrapt up in a Paper.

Andrew Wild. I being in *Fleet-street*, with Mr. *Fenton* and Mr. *Nichols*, saw *Spencer* and *Miles*, who, as I have heard, put off bad Money for *Spencer*: I told my two Friends that these Women were concern'd in Coining. We carry'd them to a Tavern, and in searching found twenty-eight counterfeit Shillings, and the Molds with a Shilling in them upon *Miles*, but nothing on *Spencer*; the Money was wrapt in a Paper, and the Molds in a piece of Leather and a Handkerchief. When I took the Molds from her, and laid them on the Table, as they were wrapt up, not knowing what they were, *Spencer* snatch'd them up, and said, *You Bitch, are you going to hang us both*; and we struggled a good while, before we could get them from her; after which, she call'd me out, and offer'd me thirty Pounds to let her go.

Mr. *Fenton* and Mr. *Nichols* depos'd to the same Purpose, and added, that *Spencer* likewise offer'd them thirty Pounds a-piece to let her escape.

Mr. *Plumridge.* When *Spencer* was taken, she said she was a dead Woman. The twenty-eight Shillings and the Molds with a Shilling in them were seal'd up before a Justice. I have had them in my Keeping ever since, and these which are now produc'd in Court are the very same.

Robert Bridgman. *Hall* and *Bray* were my Lodgers. The Day they were apprehended, I found a Ladle and a File in the Cupboard over the Door in their Room.

Five counterfeit Shillings, which had been kept by themselves, being shewn to Mr. *Plumridge* he made Oath, that he had them of Mr. *Pinkney*.

Mr. *Pinkney* depos'd, that he had them from *Miles*, and deliver'd them to Mr. *Plumbridge*.

Miles, being call'd up again, swore, that she had them from *Spencer* in Prison, and gave them to Mr. *Pinkney*.

Mrs. *Bunn* gave Evidence, that she saw *Spencer* take five Shillings out of her Bosom in the Prison-yard, and give them to *Miles*, and that she perceiv'd them to be counterfeit.

Barbara Spencer, &c. for Coining. 41

All the Prisoners in their Defence deny'd the Fact, and *Spencer* and *Hall* call'd some to their Reputation. The Jury acquitted *Hall* and *Bray*, and found *Barbara Spencer* guilty of the Indictment, for which she receiv'd Sentence to be burnt at a Stake. She pleaded her Belly, but the Jury of Matrons found her not quick with Child.

Barbara Spencer, by her own Account, was born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* without *Cripple-gate*. She was naturally of a violent Temper, and her Mother was too indulgent to curb her as she ought to have done. To this vicious Fondness it was, that the Daughter imputed all her Misfortunes. When her Mother found she grew too headstrong to be manag'd any longer at Home, she put her out an Apprentice to a *Mantua-maker*. Her Mistress, having known her from an Infant, was little less indulgent to her than her Mother had been. The Girl had served two Years, when, upon a rough Word from her Mistress, she ran Home again to her Mother, and gave her a long Account of the cruel Usage she had met with. The Mother, who then kept a Brandy Shop, taking her Child's Part, would not let her go back to her old Mistress, and thinking, besides, that she might be of Service to her in the Shop, resolv'd to keep her at Home. In a little Time she acquainted her Mother, that she would live no longer with her, except she kept a Maid, and a Maid was hir'd accordingly; but they two happening to quarrel, and the Mother interposing, the Daughter repented it, and left her again. The old Woman then took an Alehouse in *Cripplegate* Parish, where she had not been long, before her Daughter came to her a second Time; but in a little Time after this, the Malefactors being to be hang'd at *Tyburn*, *Barbara* would needs go and see the Execution. Her Mother endeavouring to prevent her, struck her, upon which she left the House, and meeting with an Acquaintance, they went to *Tyburn* together, and from thence to a House by *St. Giles's-Pond*, where, complaining of her Mother's Usage, and vowing never to return Home, she was encourag'd in that Resolution by the Company who gave her Hopes of living much more to her Satisfaction, if she would but come into their Measures.——She quickly comply'd, and they let her into some of their Secrets in Coining. Her first Employment was to utter their counter-

42 Barbara Spencer, &c. for Coining.

counterfeit Money, for which she was apprehended, sent to *Newgate*, convicted, and fined. In *Newgate* she began her Acquaintance with *Miles*, who paid something for her when she was discharg'd; but who afterwards (as we have seen in her Trial) prov'd an Evidence against her.

While she lay under Condemnation, and before the Dead Warrant came down, she was very outrageous and turbulent in her Behaviour, and could not be perswaded to think of Death, and much less of being burnt. Nor was she to be convinced by the Ordinary of *Newgate*, that she had been guilty of any Crime in Coining. She even boasted, that she had never been a Thief, and that she had been but twice in *Newgate*, and no more than once in the *Compter*.

But, when her Hopes of Life were entirely vanish'd, her former Spirit was quite sunk. She said, indeed, that she was not covetous of Life, but could not bear the Thoughts of Burning.

She added, that her Mother, who was lately executed (but for what Crime I know not) suffer'd unjustly, and she little thought it would be her Fate to follow her so soon, in a no less ignominious Manner. She express'd however some Satisfaction, that her Husband was dead, who once liv'd in Credit, and was a *Butcher* by Trade.

When she stood at the Stake she appear'd to have less fear of Death, than on the preceding Day. She was very desirous of Praying, and complain'd of the Dirt and Stones thrown by the Mob behind her, which prevented her thinking sedately on Futurity.—One Time she was beat quite down by them.

She declared, that she had been taught to Coin by a Man and Woman, who had now left it off, and lived reputably, though, when they first began that Trade, they were in very poor Circumstances; but she would not discover who they were, it being, in her Opinion, a Pity that a Family should be ruin'd, who had given over that Practice, and so many hundreds live secure in *London*, who still continued the same; and added, that, tho' she saw the Faggots lie ready to burn her, she would never take away the Life of another, by making herself an Evidence, even if a Magistrate was to come in Person, and offer her a Pardon to do it; and therefore she found it very difficult

W. Wade, *for robbing the Bristol-Mail.* 43

to forgive *Miles*, her old Companion and Accuser. But however, just before the Fire was kindled, she said, she forgave not only her, but all the World, and dy'd in perfect Charity; that she suffer'd justly, and hop'd others would take Warning by her unhappy Exit.

She was burnt at *Tyburn*, July 5, 1721.

William Wade, *for robbing the Bristol-Mail,*
May, 1721.

WILLIAM WADE, was indicted for assaulting *James Hicks*, on the Highway, in the Parish of *Stanwel*, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Bay Gelding, Value ten Pounds, the Property of *Charles Pratley*, two Mails, Value five Pounds, and fifty Leather-Bags, Value five Pounds, the Goods of our Sovereign Lord the King, on the 18th Day of *January* Inst.

James Hicks. Between four and five in the Morning I met the Prisoner on the Road betwixt *Colne-brooke* and *Long-Ford*. He took hold of my Horse's Bridle, and bid me Stand; I told him I was but a poor Post-Boy, going with the *Bristol-Mail*, G—— D——ye, says he 'tis you that I want — Get off — And with that he forc'd me into a Field, and made me go behind a Hay rick, whilst he, on the other Side of it, took the *Bristol-Mail* from the Horse, and two Bags out of the Mail; he opened the Bags by a dark Lanthorn, under the Hay-rick, from whence he took some of the Letters, and left me to put up the rest. He was booted and spurr'd, but had no Horse. He said his Horse was at *Colne-brooke*, I saw his Face several Times by the Light of his Lanthorn, and besides it was a clear Star-Light Morning, and he had no Mask on, nor was in any Disguise, so that I am sure that the Prisoner is the same Person. I saw him afterwards in *New-Prison*, and knew him from the other Men.

James Reading. *Shaw* came to me as I was a Bed, and said, that he had a Thing sent to him, that would be the making of him, for *Shuffle* (which was the Prisoner's Nick-name) had robb'd the *Bristol Mail*. I went with *Shaw* to the Prisoner's Habitation, and there we found *Dickenson*, to whom the Prisoner gave two Letters, taken
out

44 W. Wade, for robbing the Bristol-Mail.

out of the *Bristol-Mail*, in which were some Accounts of Money coming up by the Waggon and Pack-Horses. The Prisoner hir'd a Horse for *Dickenson*, and I procur'd one for *Shaw*, and they two went in quest of the Booty. While they were gone, the Prisoner appear'd very uneasy, that he had trusted them with such an Affair, for fear he should be betray'd, or they should cheat him of his Snack. The next Time that I saw *Dickenson*, he told me they had been over-power'd, and pursued, that his Horse was rid to Death, and that, having got no Money, he was afraid to see *Shuffle*.

Ralph Barlow. I saw the Prisoner in Company with two Highwaymen, while they robb'd the *Exeter Coach*, and then he rode off with them; I have Reason to remember it, for, as I was riding by at the same Time, he came up and knock'd me off my Horse, and swore he had a good Mind to shoot me. I have seen him drinking with * *Snow* on *Turnham-Green*, and several Times on the Road.

Mr. Archer. I went with *Hicks* and *Barlow* to *New-Prison*, that they might see if they knew the Prisoner, and I order'd them not to speak to one another, but to give me their Opinion separate, and they both told me which was the Prisoner, though he was walking with twelve or fourteen others.

Mr. Bell. I was in the Office when the Mail came in on the Eighteenth of *January*; the *Bristol* and *Bath Baga* were broke, and above six hundred Letters taken out.

The Prisoner's Defence.

He deny'd, that he was the Person who committed the Robbery. He said he had been brought up to the Sea, and liv'd in good Credit while he follow'd that Manner of Life, which was 'till he receiv'd a Hurt in the Shoulder about five Years ago, and that disabled him from the Service, and for the same Reason he was unfit to rob on the Highway: That, having saved a little Money, he set up a Chandler's Shop in *Covent-Garden*, and lived there ever since in a reputable Manner.

Then

* *Samuel Snow*, was convicted in *March*, 1720, of Robbing the *Bristol Mail*, on the 29th of *January*, 1719-20, and Executed at *Tyburn*, *April* 13, 1720.

Then he called several Witnesses to invalidate the Evidence of *Reading* and *Hicks*.

One Witness depos'd, that he heard *Reading* say, *That rather than be hang'd himself, he'd hang half the Nation, nay, he'd hang the Devil.* That *Reading* told *Strut*, that he was the King's Evidence, and if he would not give him five Guineas he would hang him; that thereupon *Strut* gave *Reading* three Guineas, and his promissory Note for two more, which not being paid he swore a Felony against him.

— *Johnson*, a Soldier. I heard *Reading* say, when he was in *New-Prison*, that *Wade* had brought it upon himself, and it was his own Fault; for when he met *Wade*, he would not come down to him (meaning he would not give him Hush-Money) and thereupon he Rapt at once, that is, he swore against him.

William Wagland. I was in *New-Prison* when—*Strut* was there, from whom *Reading* got two Guineas, and said he should give him more.

Charles Newman. When *Strut* was in *New-Prison*, he told me, if I did not bail him out, *Reading* would swear his Life away, and thereupon I did as he desired me; but he was apprehended a second Time, the Constable took two Guineas of him, and I gave *Reading* half a Crown, and then *Reading* swore that *Strut* was not the Person.

— *Burroughs*, the Ostler at the *George* in *Hounslow*, I was subpoena'd hither by the Prisoner.—*James Hicks* the Post-Boy has taken Money out of my Pockets several Times. I caught him at it once, and thereupon he returned me my Money; but however I dragg'd him through the Horse-pond for it. And as for the Prisoner I never saw him before.

Mr. Davis. I was acquainted with *Mr. Cheesebrook's* Sons at the Post-Office in the *Hay-Market*, and there I heard *James Hicks*, the Post-Boy, say, That he could not be sure that it was the Prisoner who robb'd the Mail; but he believ'd that he was the Person. He said too, that it was a dark rainy Morning.

James Hicks again. *Mr. Davis* and *Mr. Cheesebrook's* Sons importun'd me for two or three Days, not to swear against the Prisoner—

46 John Winship, *for a Robbery.*

It rain'd just before the Prisoner attack'd me; but it was clear'd up when he took away the Mail.

That Soldier (pointing to *Johnson*) offer'd me twenty Pounds not to swear against the Prisoner. He desir'd me to go to the Prisoner's Wife, and ask'd me, as we went along, Whether, if Mrs. *Wade* would give me ten or twenty Pounds to put me out Apprentice, I would not stifle the Evidence?

Johnson again. I never saw *Hicks* in my Life before this Time.

Hicks again. I am sure, that that *Johnson* is very like the Man who made me that Offer.

Jane Tarvelt. I know the Soldier who came with *Hicks*; but this *Johnson* is not the same Man.

Mr. *Cotton*. I saw the Post-Boy in Company with a Soldier, but it was not this *Johnson*, but another Man whose Name was *Wilks*, and who said to the Boy, *What signifies it to take away his Life? Had you not better take ten or twenty Guineas? Wilks* was an ill Man, and bore the Prisoner a Grudge.

Court. And yet it seems he was willing to save him, by endeavouring to stifle the King's Evidence.

The Prisoner then call'd several of his Neighbours, and others, whom he had Dealings with, who gave him a good Character; and added, That they never saw him in a riding Dress, or wearing either Boots or Spurs. The Jury acquitted him.

John Winship, *for a Robbery, July, 1721.*

JOHN WINSHIP, of St. Pancras, was indicted for assaulting *Christopher Lowther*, Esq; on the Highway, and taking from him a Watch, Value five Pounds, a Purse and ten Guineas, on the 25th of May last.

William Size. Between four and five in the Morning, on Thursday the 25th of May last, as I was driving Mr. *Lowther* in the Coach for *Hatfield*, a Man rode up to me between *Pancras* Church and the Half-way House, with a Pistol in his Hand, and bad me stop, and then, going to the Gentleman in the Coach, he swore, *God damn ye Sir; your Watch! — your Purse! — Deliver!* both which he took away with him. He rode on a grey Horse with a
white

whisk Tail, and wore a Fustian Frock and a black Mask. I cannot swear positively to the Prisoner, because I did not see his Face, but when he put on the Frock, which was found in his Lodgings, he appear'd to be very like the Man that committed the Robbery.

Willam Clark. I took the Prisoner in *Drury-Lane*, and, upon searching his Lodgings, found a white Frock and a long hunting Whip. His Wife was then present, and, falling on her Knees, begg'd of me for God's Sake not to discover, that I had found the Frock.

Mr. Gibson. As I was drinking with a Friend or two hard by *Pancras Church*, the Prisoner, whom I knew before, came up to us, called for half a Quarter of Brandy, and asked me to take a Glass of it, which I did. He told me, that he came to drink the Waters, but the Wells not being open, he would take a Ride up to *Highbate*, and drink the Waters at his Return; but, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, he came riding back towards *London* as fast as he was was able, and hollow'd to me as he past by; it was then turn'd of four o'Clock in the Morning, and the Prisoner at that Time was on a Grey Horse with a whisk Tail, and wore a white Frock button'd up.—I was present at his Lodgings when the Frock and the Whip were found.

Thomas Nottage, about 16 Years old. As I was going to *Highbate*, (where my Father, who is a *Carpenter*, was at Work) I got up behind this Coach, which was going the same Way, and, while I was there, I saw the Prisoner meet the Coach, pass by it a little Way, and turn back again; he came almost close behind the Coach without his Mask, so that I had a full View of his Face, and am certain the Prisoner is the Person; I saw him put on his Mask, draw his Pistol, ride up to the Coachman, whom he bid stand, and then go to the Gentleman in the Coach; upon which I leap'd from behind the Coach, and ran into the Field for fear of him, from whence I saw him take *Pancras Road* for *London*; he rode on a Grey Horse, with a whisk Tail, had a long Hunting Whip in his Hand, and was dress'd in a light colour'd Fustian Frock, with a Bob Wig.

Another Evidence, deposed, that when the Prisoner was examin'd before the Justice, he owned that he went to *Highbate* that Morning, but said that he did not come back the same Way.

When

When the Prisoner came to make his Defence, he deny'd the Fact, and said, that he was not at that Time in a State of Health that was fit for the Performance of such an Enterprize, to prove which called his *Surgeon*.

The *Surgeon*. At the Time this Robbery was committed the Prisoner was so weak, that he could hardly go alone, he being but just come out of a Salivation. I at first advis'd him to take a Walk Morning and Evening, but he told me, that he was not able; I then perswaded him to hire a Horse, and ride out a little for the Air: And on the 25th of *May* last, before four in the Morning, I saw him at the End of *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, in a white Frock upon a grey Horse.

It appear'd, that the Prisoner had heretofore been an Evidence in this Court, and convicted several whom he swore had been concern'd with him in divers Robberies.

The Jury found him guilty, *Death*.

John Winship, was born near *Covent-Garden*. At about fifteen Years old he was put Apprentice to a *Carpenter*; but, as a close Application to Business was by no means agreeable to his Disposition, he soon left his Master, and falling into a Black-guard Way of Life, got acquainted with Hackney-Coachmen, who gave him now and then a Penny, or a Quartern of Gin, for watering their Horses. *Jack* had a penetrating Genius, and observing that many of them spent more than their Wages, he quickly discovered the Secret of their sharing the Profits of the Day with their Masters; and it was not long before one of them being discarded, *Jack* got into his Place; but, as he follow'd the Steps of his Predecessor, in a little Time he was turn'd off in the same manner.

However, he was not much at a loss for Business; he had been inclin'd to Thieving from his Infancy, and now made it his whole Employment. He could blame no Body for seducing him, for he begun an ill Course of Life, not only very early, but of his own Accord, and arrived to a considerable Proficiency without the least Assistance of others. His Abilities in his Calling promoted him to the Honour of an Intimacy with several Gangs of Highwaymen, who, as he said, courted his Company for his uncommon Activity, and dextrous Management, and esteem'd him the principal Man among them.

In

In all his Robberies (which were pretty numerous for one of his Age) he said he never committed any Murder, for which Reason he hoped (tho' he had been guilty of all other Sins) God would be graciously pleased to forgive him.

He appear'd very desirous of Life, and said he would gladly go to any part of the World, even for the whole Remainder of his Days, to avoid the shameful Death his Crimes had merited; not so much for his own Sake, as for the Sake of his antient Mother, who would probably end her Days with Grief, when she heard of his unhappy Exit.

And yet (says the Ordinary of Newgate) if you were at your Liberty again, 'tis very likely your Mind would change as it did sometime ago, when you obtained a Reprieve, tho' you promised the Duke of Chandois to go to Africa.

It was not I (reply'd Winship) who enter'd into that Engagement, but Will. Downing, who was repriev'd at the same Time, and receiv'd 50 l. of the Duke on that Condition. I indeed offer'd his Grace to go, if he would procure me any small Commission, and I had no Occasion to go otherwise, tho' I would have gone notwithstanding; but my Father, Mother and Wife were against it, for I have an Uncle at Kingston in Jamaica, who went over thither a Ship-Carpenter, and has since, by taking Pyrate Vessels, acquir'd a Fortune of 2000 l.

The Ordinary then asked him, if he did not rob a Gentleman in a Chaise, as he was watering his Horse at a Church Door one Sunday in Sermon Time?

Look ye, Sir, (says Winship) If the Thing was done, 'tis no Matter where or when, the Time or Place, makes no Difference in the Action: If I assaulted a Man, and took his Money at the Play-House Door, on a Saturday Night, it was a Robbery; and you can make no more of it, if I did the like at the Church-Door on a Sunday Morning; but whether I did any such Thing or not, it is no Business of yours. I shall confess no particular Fact, nor discover any Robberies to bring one Man to be an Evidence against another; for if I had not been an Evidence formerly, I might have got off at my Trial.

Winship was executed at Tyburn, July 21, 1721, in 22d Year of his Age.

Matthew Clark, for Murder, *July*, 1721.

MATTHEW CLARK, of *Wilsden*, was indicted for the Murder of *Sarah Goldington*, by giving her with a Knife one mortal Wound in the Throat, of the length of five Inches, and depth of one Inch, on the 27th of *May*, 1721, of which she instantly died. To this Indictment he pleaded Guilty, and was sentenc'd to die, and afterwards to be hang'd in Chains.

He was born at *St. Alban's*, his Parents being poor, he had no other Learning bestow'd upon him, than being taught to read indifferently. He was brought up to the Plough and Cart; but having an idle and vicious Disposition, he soon grew weary of that laborious Way of Life. For a considerable Time he skulk'd about *Busby-beath*, near *Watford*, with Design to set upon some Passengers there, among whom he robb'd one Man of Forty five Shillings, and afterwards treated him very cruelly.

What he got by such means, he squandered away carelessly; for, being much in the good Graces of several young Women thereabouts, he spent most of his Money upon them. Among the rest, there was one for whom he pretended to have a particular Kindness, and frequently used to go to *Watford* to be merry with her, till at last he gained her Consent to be marry'd, and accordingly coming with her to *London* they went to a *Goldsmith's* Shop to buy a Ring, but he not having Money enough to pay for it, left her, pretending that a Legacy of Fifteen Pounds was bequeath'd him in the Country, and that he would go and receive it, in order to defray all the Charges of Matrimony. From *London* he went to *Wilsden-Green*, where he had sometime liv'd; he lurk'd about there for two or three Days, intending to rob, till he had got fifteen Pounds; but being alone, and of a cowardly Nature, tho' he often made a Resolution of attacking the next Person that passed, yet his Heart still fail'd him, when he came to the pinch. Here it was that he met the Master of the Ale-house, where he afterwards committed the Murder; who asking him why he loiter'd there in Hay-time, offer'd him Work, and at last hir'd him for a Servant; but instead of going to Work, he begun to consider, that as

it was Hay-time, most of the People would be from Home, and particularly his new Master, and so went to his House, and called for Beer, which was brought him by the Maid, to whom, among others, he had formerly pretended Love. He sat with her about an Hour, renewing his former Pretensions, and talking of the many merry Meetings and Frolicks they had had together, till being assur'd that there was no body in the House but they two, the Devil (as he fancy'd) put it into his Head, that he cou'd not possibly rob the House with Safety, till the Maid was dispatch'd. Upon which, he conceal'd a Knife under his Coat, and rising up to kiss her, intended to cut her Throat, but his Heart misgiving him, he sat down again, without executing his inhumane Purpose. However, awhile afterwards, he went and kissed her again, and at the same Time, suddenly drawing the Knife from under his Coat, he cut her Windpipe, and went from her, but the Knife being very dull, his Design was not instantly effected. She made a Noise in the Throat, as if she called him, and made shift to scrabble to the Door; he, perceiving that she was not dead, return'd, and most barbarously cut her Neck round to the Bone. This execrable Action being perpetrated, he robb'd the House of a little Silver, but was too much shock'd with the Reflection of what he had done, to search for more.

He then went for *London* again, with the little Money he had got; but coming within Sight of *Tyburn*, he was seiz'd with such a Horror and Trembling, that he had not Power to pass by it. Going back, he met a Waggoner, and, the better to avoid Suspicion, he undertook to drive it to *London*. Soon after the Pursuers came up, and ask'd him, if he had seen any one pass by who might be suspected of Murder; upon which, appearing in a Confusion, they examin'd him farther, and perceiv'd the Sleeve of his Shirt to be bloody: They enquir'd how it happen'd, and he affirm'd at first, that he had met a Soldier, who abused him, and that thereupon they fell to fighting; but at last, the Consciousness of Guilt pressing hard upon him, he confessed the Truth.

While he lay in the *Condemn'd-Hold*, he was (as he often said) under the greatest Horror of Mind, and never slept without the most terrifying Dreams imaginable. He

52 Mary Roberts, &c. for private Stealing.

sometimes cry'd out with the utmost Agony, *Can there be any Mercy for me! — How shall I meet the Poor murder'd Creature at the last Day!*

At the Place of Execution he said, he had no Ill-will, but some Love to the Maid he kill'd; that no body was with him when he robb'd the Man on *Busby-Heath*; that he intended to leave the young Woman he was about to marry, but not to sell her to *America* as was reported,

He was executed at *Tyburn* in the 24th Year of his Age, on *Friday, July 28, 1721.*

Mary Roberts, Susanna Miller, and Elizabeth Marsh, for privately Stealing, July, 1728.

MARY ROBERTS, *Susanna Miller*, and *Elizabeth Marsh*, of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, were indicted, for that they, with *Katherine Speed*, (not yet taken) did privately steal a Bag with twenty-five Guineas, one Broad Piece, and five Shillings, from the Person of *Daniel Price*, on the 9th of *May, 1721.*

Daniel Price. As I was going up *Holborn*, by the End of *Drury-Lane*, two Women pick'd me up, and carry'd me to a House in *Newton's-Lane*. I had my Money when I went in. I staid there about half an Hour, and missed it before I came out.

Sarah Gray. *Kate Speed* and I pick'd up the Prosecutor, and took him to the House of *Mary Roberts*. As soon as we came in, *Betty Marsh*, who was *Robert's* Maid, brought up a Quartern of All-fours, which, being short Measure, would not go round. When this was drank, *Betty Marsh* went away, and *Mary Roberts* brought up a second Quartern. By this Time the Prosecutor had got his Hand under *Katherine Speed's* Petticoats, which *Roberts* perceiving, bade me go and sink him, that is, pick his Pocket. I try'd at it, but his Breeches were so stiff, that I could not do it.

Now you must know, it was our Custom, that when any of us had pick'd a Man's Pocket, *Mrs. Roberts*, our Landlady, was to have 5 s. in the Pound, or 3 d. in the Shilling, of what we got; and she being in the Room, and finding that we could not get his Money, told us, that she'd

Mary Roberts, &c. for private Stealing. 53

she'd undertake to get it herself; but that, if she succeeded, she would not take up with 5 s. in the Pound, but would have half Snacks for her self, and I and *Kate Speed* should have the other half betwixt us. We having agreed to this, she pull'd up her Coats, and going to the Prosecutor, bid him feel what *she* had got. They had not been long together, before she said, *she had spoke*, which signify'd, that she had got his Money. This Money she carry'd to an Alehouse hard by, and desir'd the Woman of the House to lay it up. I afterwards went to *Roberts* for my Share, but she told me, that she could not give me any, because she had given thirteen Guineas and a broad Piece to *Susan Miller*, to go and make the Matter up.

Elizabeth Skinner. *Mary Roberts* brought twenty Guineas and a broad Piece to me, and desir'd me to lay them up, because her Maid was drunk.

Thomas Woodward. *Miller* told me, she'd help me to thirteen Guineas and a broad Piece to make it up; but I saw no Money that she had. I afterwards took *Roberts* in *Charter-house-Lane*.

Mr. Robinson confirm'd the Evidence of *Woodward*, and added, that *Roberts* had left her House, and mov'd her Goods; and that, when they went to search for them, the Prosecutor said, that *Betty Marsh* was one of those who robb'd him.

Mary Roberts. The Evidence *Gray* was one of my Lodgers, and said, that she would hang a hundred, before she would be hang'd herself. The Prosecutor said in the Round-house, that it was not I that pick'd his Pocket, but the little Bitch below Stairs; and he would fain have made it up with me. ●

Jasper Battle. When the Prosecutor was in the Round-house, he said, that it was not *Roberts*, but *Gray*, who pick'd his Pocket.

The Prosecutor, being called up again, depose'd, That *Roberts* offer'd him seven Guineas to let her go, which he refus'd, and told her, that if he let her go, he must let 'em all go; he added, That he did not know which of them it was that pick'd his Pocket.

The Evidence not being sufficient against *Miller* and *Marsh*, the Jury acquitted them, but found *Mary Roberts* guilty of the Indictment, and she receiv'd Sentence of Death accordingly.

54 Theod. Christopher Fabricius, *for Murder.*

After Judgment, she pleaded her Belly, and a Jury of Matrons being impanell'd, they found her not with quick Child; but, however, she was afterwards repriev'd.

Theodore Christopher Fabricius, *for Murder,*
July, 1721.

Theodore Christopher Fabricius, of St. Leonard, Shore-ditch, Gent. was indicted for the Murder of Grace Shaw, by striking, wounding, and bruising her, with a wooden Staff, on the Head, Face, Neck, Back and Belly, on the 18^h of June, 1721, of which striking, wounding, and bruising, she languish'd till the 26th of the same Month, and then dy'd. He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquest for the said Murder.

Elizabeth Wilson. I liv'd next Door to the Prisoner, who is a mad Doctor, and the Deceased liv'd with him as a Servant; but I can't tell whether she was under Cure, or not; but thus much I know, that I have often heard her shriek out, and have seen the Doctor beat her several Times a Day, and even upon *Sundays* too; sometimes with his Fist, and sometimes with a Whip; and above all I remember, that, upon the 18th of June last, he us'd her very barbarously, for which I took him to Task; but he up and told me, *That it was no Business of mine, and he'd make me hold my Tongue, that he would.*

Sarah Morris. I saw the Prisoner beat the Deceased severely in the Garden—I think it was with a Whip, and then he took and shov'd her in a Doors, and I heard him give her some Strokes in the House—This was on the 24th of June.

Benjamin Green. About seven or eight Weeks ago I went into the Prisoner's House, with a Couch-bed, and was lock'd in a Room with the Deceas'd. She was black about the Eyes, and told me, that her Master did it, and that he would be the Death of her before he had done.

Katherine Green. I did not see the Prisoner strike the Deceas'd, but (as I verily believe) *I heard* him almost every Day, for two Months together, and particularly on the Sunday before her Death, I heard a great Noise of beating and crying, and then I saw the Deceas'd run out from the Doctor.

Mary

Theod. Christopher Fabricius, *for Murder.* 55

Mary Cowell. My House looks into the Doctor's Garden, and as *Grace Shaw* was weeding in it, about three Weeks before her Death, I saw the Doctor go to her, pull off her Head-cloaths, and strike her with his Hand, seven or eight Times upon her Head.

Elizabeth Ward. On the 20th of *May*, I saw the Deceas'd wheeling a Barrow in the Garden, and the Prisoner go to her, and give her about a dozen Blows with a Broomstick, beat her Hat and Headcloaths off; and almost choak'd her with the Strings of her Hat.

John Deval. Between eleven and twelve o'Clock, on a Sunday Morning (about five Weeks before the Death of the Deceas'd) I heard a dismal Cry in the Doctor's House, and by and by the Deceas'd came running out o' Doors, all over bloody, and crying, *For the Lord's sake beat me no more, for I cannot bear it.*

Francis Frampton. The Thursday before the Deceas'd dy'd, she cry'd out Murder, and ran out of the Kitchen, into another Room, all bloody, with her Cap in her Hand.

Susannah Smithiman. I saw the Prisoner beat the Deceas'd three Times; once he struck her down with his Hand in the Garden, another Time when she let him in, he beat her from the Gate into the House, and the last Time that I remember was on the Sunday seven-night before her Death.

Mr. Troughton. I often visited the Doctor, and once I saw him beat the Deceas'd with a Stick or a Whip, I cannot be certain which, but if it was a Stick, it was a small one, and he did not misuse it at that Time. Another Time he beat her about the Head, because she had killed a Hen with feeding it. I have often saw him beat her about the Face, and every where else with his Hand. She had an Imposthume in her Ear, and being in the Kitchen one Sunday, between eleven and twelve o'Clock, the Doctor broke it with a Blow of his Hand, so that the Blood and Matter ran out. He was not then in a Passion, but what he did was, as I thought, only with a Design to open the Imposthume; she cry'd out indeed, but did not run away. He was very angry with her the Sunday Evening before her Death. She would not work except she

56 Theod. Christopher Fabricius, *for* Murder.

was forc'd to it. She was not in her right Senses, and I have seen him use her both roughly and gently.

Margaret Pike. I went to lay the Deceas'd out, and found that she had black Places on her Head, Face, Arms, Neck, Shoulders, Back and Legs, she had a sad Ear, and her Cap was bloody; I said that she had been us'd barbarously, but they told me, that those Bruises were occasioned by a Fall.

William Hobbs. I was the Prisoner's Gardiner. I have often seen him strike the Deceas'd over the Shoulders, and the small of the Back, with his walking Cane, and sometimes in the Face with his Fist, when I could see no Manner of Occasion for it. Once he beat her with the thick End of a Stick, and, she crying out, he said, *Damn ye, do ye cry out?* and thrust the other End of the Stick into her Mouth, so that the Blood ran out. Another Time, as she was weeding in the Garden, he came up to her, and said, *Damn ye, can't ye kneel?* and then struck her down with his Fist and stamp'd upon her.

Elizabeth Knighting. The Prisoner frequently used to beat the Deceased. I knew her Voice, and have often heard her shriek. And when I have look'd out to see what was the Matter, the Prisoner has put up his Window-shutters. He made her one Day set up a very heavy Ladder, and he went up it, in order to feed his Pidgeons, and call'd her to bring him a Bowl of Water; she accordingly went five or six Steps up the Ladder, gave the Bowl into his Hand, and he at the same Time kick'd her down again. I cannot indeed say that I saw his Foot touch her, but I saw it push'd out when she fell from the Ladder, and besides, he beat her intolerably on the same Day.

Mr. Fremoult. I went to view the Deceas'd, and found her Head, her temporal Muscles, and her Ear contus'd. She had a Bruise too betwixt her Shoulders, a small Wound on her Lip, and had lost a Tooth. 'Tis my Opinion that those Wounds and Bruises were the Occasion of her Death.

Prisoner. Did you see any single Wound or Bruise about her that was mortal?

F. I cannot say that.

Prisoner. Had not she an Imposthume in her Ear?

F. Yes.

P. And

Theod. Christopher Fabricius, *for Murder.* 57

P. And might not that alone have prov'd the Cause of her Death?

F. I can't say but it might.——'Tis true, that her temporal Muscles were much contused, but then I found no Fracture.

Prisoner. Of what Shape are the temporal Muscles?—To this the Witness made no Answer.

Robert Baker. I saw the Body in the Coffin, but view'd the Head only. One of the fore Teeth of the upper Jaw was wanting, there was a Wound on the inner Part of the Lip, and another small one on the Scalp. I believe the Cartilage of the Nose was broke; but there was no Wound that was mortal.

Mr. Wallis. The Deceas'd dy'd on a *Monday*, and I saw the Body on the *Thursday* following I found two Contusions under her Ear, her Nose was broke, and her temporal Muscles were bruised, but I cannot say, that she had any Wound that was mortal.

Mr. Fletcher. I found several Contusions in her Face, the Cartilage of her Nose was broke, a Tooth was out, and her Ear and temporal Muscles bruised, but I cannot say that any of these were the Cause of her Death.

The Prisoner's Defence.

He said that the Deceas'd was brought to him as a Lunatick, and he was to have her Service for her Cure; that she had liv'd with him some Time; that she was bruised by falling down Stairs upon her Face; that if he did but hold up a Stick, she would cry out Murder, and that she was subject to Fits, in which she used to fall down and beat herself very much.——Then he call'd his Witneses.

Jane Grover. The Mother of the Deceas'd desir'd me to speak to the Doctor to take her Daughter in, and let her have her Cure for what Service he found her capable of doing. She had often assaulted her Mother in Bed, and beat her so, that her Life was in danger from her. One Morning she ran away from the Doctor's to her Brother's, from whence her Mother brought her to me, that I might go with her once more to her Master's, but while we were talking, the Doctor himself came in, to enquire after her, and she went to him again willingly. She had some black Marks on her Nose, and other Parts of her Face, and a swelling

58 Theod. Christopher Fabricius, *for Murder*: swelling in her Ear. I ask'd her how she came by them, and sometimes she said by a Fall, and sometimes by a Blast. I acquainted her Mother with it, and she went next Day to the Doctor, and told him she was willing that her Daughter should continue with him, but desir'd him to correct her moderately, and not strike her in the Face. The Deceas'd told me that she fell down a Ladder, but made no Complaint of her Master. She was ill and had a purging upon her for four or five Days before her Death. On *Sunday* I went to see her at her Master's House; she was sitting with her Head leaning on a Chair, and said that she was not well. I left her a-while, and coming in again, I found her a reading to her Master. The next Day I was sent for in haste, and when I came she was dead. The Doctor then told me, that she had had two Convulsion Fits, that he recover'd her from the first, but that she died in the other. He sent me to call her Mother, and said that she should not be mov'd till her Friends came.

Prisoner. Did you never hear her say, that she had another Fall before that from the Ladder?

J. G. Yes, but she did not tell me how it happen'd.

Prisoner. I desire *E. Knighting* may be ask'd, if I did not stop up a Passage in my House, that had been a thorough-fair?

Elizabeth Knighting, again. Yes, the House, the Doctor lives in, had been a public House before, and the Neighbours had a Passage thro' it; but now that Passage is stopp'd up, and they are forc'd to go a great Way about.

Prisoner. And therefore several of the Neighbours have bore me ill ever since.

Alice Rogers. I saw the Deceas'd fall off the Ladder, and when the Doctor took the Bowl from her, he did not stir his Foot; my Eye was intent upon them, and, if he had kick'd her, I must have seen it.

Anne Grover. The Deceas'd was put to the Prisoner to be cur'd, for which he was to have nothing but her Service. She was so stubborn and stomachful at home, that her Mother told me she was forc'd to put her into the Workhouse.

Mr. Seadon.

Theod. Christopher Fabricius, for Murder. 59

Mr. Seadon. The Deceas'd had several inconsiderable Bruises on her Face, Head and Neck; that on the Ear was bad, but whether or no it was from an Imposthume I cannot be certain. There was no Fracture in her Skull, nor any Wound that affected her Life.

Mr. Tanner. I and the Surgeons on the King's Side were present at the same Time.—There were some slight Bruises on her Face, two Stripes across her Shoulders, which might have been made by a Whip, or Rattan. Her temporal Muscles were not contused, her Lips not swelled nor black, there was no Bruise on her Nose, nor any Thing that appear'd fatal or injurious.

Mr. Simmons. I was present with *Mr. Tanner*, and the other Surgeons, and am of the same Opinion with him.

Henry Grutchman. I used to visit the Doctor, and was at his House when the Maid was dead, and both he and I receiv'd very ill Usage from the Neighbours.

Thomas Braithwait. I went to the Doctor's House and saw the Steps of the Ladder, they were not three Foot perpendicular. I saw a Whip which was a very slight one, and a small Stick, which the Neighbours told me, the Doctor us'd about his Patients; they were extremely enrag'd against him, said that he had shut up the Passage; that he was a conjuring Rogue, and dealt with the Devil. *Elizabeth Knighting* in particular rail'd at him excessively.

Joseph Reeves. I was formerly under the Misfortune of Lunacy, the Doctor cur'd me effectually, since which I have been conversant with him at his House, and I never saw any Thing misbecoming, nor did I ever hear the Deceas'd make any Complaint of ill Usage.

Charles Deering. I heard *John Deval* express himself very hotly and maliciously against the Doctor, and complain'd of the stopping up the Passage, which made them go a great Way about.

The Prisoner call'd several others to his Reputation, who gave him the Character of a mild, well-temper'd Man, and mention'd several Cures that he had performed.

The Jury found him guilty of Manslaughter. *Burnt in the Hand.*

R. Hunter,

R. Hunter, and G. Post, for Felony, July,
1721.

ROBERT HUNTER, and George Post, of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, were indicted for stealing a Silver Tankard, two Silver Cups, one Silver Salver, two Silver Castors, two Silver Salts, seven Silver Spoons, a Silver Pepper-box, a Gold Watch, with a Chain and a Seal, and other Goods to the Value of 60*l.* and a worsted Purse, with 6*l.* in Money, the Goods and Money of John Thomas, in the House of the said John Thomas, on the 25th of May last.

At the Request of the Prisoners, the Witnesses were examin'd a-part.

John Thomas. On the 24th of May, 1721, at Night, it being my Turn to be upon Duty, as Constable, I accordingly attended at the Watch-house till between four and five the next Morning, and then went home to my House in Bedford-Court, Covent-Garden, and there I found that my Escutore was broke open, my Goods and Money were taken away, my Maid was in Bed, and my Man gone out.

John Webb. On the 26th of last May, the Prisoner, Hunter, ask'd me, if I could dispose of a Parcel of Plate, for a Friend of his, who was a Bankrupt; but not knowing whether or not it was lawful to dispose of a Bankrupt's Goods, I sent my Wife to a Justice to enquire what would be best for me to do in such a Case, and she brought me Word that the Justice would advise me to endeavour to get the Plate into my Hands. I met Hunter soon after in St. James's-Park, and, walking with him to Rosamond's Pond, we sat down on the Bank together, and there he told me that the Plate, he had spoke to me of before, was taken out of Mr. Thomas's House, that himself and the other Prisoner made Sarah Brotherton drunk, and then broke open the Escutore with a Chissel, and took out the Goods. He then described the Watch, Seal, Chain and Plate, which exactly agreed with the Particulars mentioned in the Indictment. He said, that George Post had the Watch, but that he himself had the Plate, and would send it to me, but he

he never did. I saw him afterwards, and asked him, why he did not send the Plate as he promised? He told me, that *George* was not willing that it should be put into my Hands—*But however* (says he) *my Master and I are going out of Town—the Plate weighs 28 Pounds and a Quarter, and if you can find me a Chap for it, against I come back, I shall be obliged to you.*

John Brown. On the 25th of *May* last, about one in the Morning, I heard somebody knock, and, going to the Door, I found the Prisoners, *Post* and *Hunter*, there. I knew them both, and especially *Post*, who courted *Sarah Brotherton*, and often came to the House at unseasonable Hours, and I had seen *Hunter* pass through the Court with him several Times, when I had let them in, I left them together, went down, and fell fast asleep.

Hunter. Did you never accuse one *Burdon*, or some other Person for the same Fact?

J. B. My Master took me up, and had me before a Justice, but I was then in such an Agony, that I cannot remember what I did there, and as for *Burdon*, I cannot charge him with any Thing.

Post. How could you see the Persons you let in at that Time of the Night.

J. B. There was a Candle set up for my Master in the Room where the Escutore was, and I saw the Prisoners by the Light.

Sarah Brotherton. *George Post* was my Sweetheart, he and *Hunter* came about one in the Morning, and *Brown* let them in. As I was going up to Bed I met them at the Stairs-foot, coming out of the Parlour. I asked them, what they had got? They told me, the Plate, and shew'd me the Chissel with which they broke open the Escutore. I had a Candle in my Hand, and there was another set up in the Parlour for my Master.

The Prisoners deny'd the Fact, and, in order to invalidate the Testimonies of *Webb*, *Brown*, and *Brotherton*, they attempted to prove, by several Witnesses, that they were not near the Prosecutor's House, at the Time the Felony was committed.

John Bishop. On the 24th of *May*, about Ten at Night, I was sent to Colonel *Purser's* Lodgings, to fetch *Hunter* to Mrs. *Beasley*. He came along with me, and went up to

to her, without paying me, so that I waited till he came down again, because I was not willing to go without my Money. When he came down, he said, he would have me stay, for he had something for me to do, and so he took me up Stairs with him, into Mrs. *Beafely's* Room. She was very ill, and said, she was going into the Country; that she had no Friends but her Cousin *Hunter*, and therefore would have him take an Account of what she had there. I wrote the Inventory, and know by the Date of it, that it was on the same Night as Mr. *Thomas* was robbed. I staid till past twelve o'Clock, and then went away, and left *Hunter* behind.

Mary Johnson. It was I who sent *Bishop* for *Hunter*, and after *Bishop* was gone, *Hunter* sat down by Mrs. *Beafely's* Bed-side, took her by the Hand, and staid there till between six and seven in the Morning.—Mrs. *Beafely* is now in the Country, she is ancient, and very ill, and not able to come to Town to be a Witness on this Occasion.

Thomas Smith. I lay with *George Post* all that Night, on which the Fact was committed —

Court. Who are you? And how came you to take such Notice of the Day of the Month?

T. S. I had been six Months a Servant to Sir *Robert Davers*, a Member of Parliament, and came away from him on that Day, when Sir *Robert* gave me a Letter of Recommendation, which I have here to produce.

Court. Where is your Master now? And what Place is he Member for?

T. S. Sir *Robert* is now at *Froome*, in *Somersetshire*; but I cannot tell what Place he is Member for.

There being some Persons in Court, who knew Sir *Robert Davers* (Knight of the Shire for *Suffolk*) better than this Evidence, they examin'd his Letter of Recommendation, by which he was soon detected, the Letter being sign'd *Davis* instead of *Davers*, and being compar'd with *Bishop's* Inventory, they appear'd both to be writ by the same Hand, upon which the Court order'd him and *Bishop* to be taken into Custody. The Prisoners, however, call'd several Gentlemen to their Reputation, who gave them a very good Character. But the Fact being plainly prov'd upon them, the Jury found them both Guilty. *Death.*

When

James Reading, for a Robbery. 63

When they came to the Bar to receive Sentence of Death, they confess'd that *John Bishop* and *Thomas Smith* had been guilty of Forgery and Perjury. They said, however, that they had no Thoughts of endeavouring to clear themselves by any such Method, till one *Strickland* came to them in *Newgate*, and told them, there was no other Way to come off, and that he would take Care to procure Persons, who would swear any Thing that was required of 'em.

After Condemnation.

They both confess'd the Fact, and behav'd themselves seriously; but they exclaim'd bitterly against *Strickland*, who, they said, had greatly contributed to their Ruin. They were both born in *Ireland*, and were each about twenty four Years old.

Robert Hunter thought but little of dying, he having some Assurances given him of being reprieved; but whatever Hopes he flatter'd himself with, it did not appear that he at all neglected his Devotions on that Account.

George Post declar'd, that the first Step to his Ruin was his being unlawfully familiar with *Sarah Brotherton*, who afterwards appear'd a Witness against him. That he had never lain with her but twice, and the first Time he was decoy'd to her Bed being drunk, and did not know where he was till he wak'd in the Morning.

At *Tyburn*, the Place of their Execution, on *Friday, July 28, 1721*, each of them gave a Paper to the Ordinary, importing, that they were both Protestants, were born of honest Parents; that this was their first Fact of this Kind, and that lewd Women had brought them to Destruction; that they were glad they were far distant from their Friends, and hop'd the World would forgive them, and pray for 'em.

James Reading, for a Robbery, *August, 1721.*

JAMES READING, of *St. Mary*, at *Islington*, was indicted for assaulting *George Brownsworth* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver Watch, a Pair of Silver Spurs, a Pair of Silver Buckles, two Guineas, and ten Shillings, *July 22, 1721.*

G. Brownsworth. I was robb'd July 22, about nine at Night, between the Turnpike and *Issington*, by three Men, but I cannot swear to their Persons. Two of them stopp'd me, and the third came out of a Ditch, and pull'd me off my Horse. They took from me this Watch and Seal, besides a pair of Silver Spurs, a Pair of Silver Buckles, two Guineas and ten Shillings. The Prisoner has since told me, that the Spurs were pawn'd for fifteen Shillings.

Jonathan Wild. This Watch and Seal I had from *William Burridge*, who made himself an Evidence. Mr. *Brownsworth* describ'd the Watch and Seal to me before he saw them, and told me, that he was pull'd off his Horse, and that his Spurs were cut from his Boots.

William Burridge. The Prisoner, I, and *Sharw* committed this Fact, as the Prosecutor has depos'd. We took from him a Watch, a Seal, two Guineas, a Pair of Buckles and Spurs. The Spurs we cut from his Boots.

The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and said, he was an unfortunate Man, just come out of *New-Prison*, and had been an Evidence against others. * The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

After Sentence he gave the following Account of himself.

I kept (says he) very ill Company in *London*, some of which I impeach'd to save myself. I chiefly follow'd the Business of a Foodpad, and often robb'd in *Hampstead Road*; and two of my Accomplices in these Robberies have already been executed, but *Burridge* and *Sharw* have hitherto escap'd. I was privy to the Murder of Captain *Hedges* of *Mile-End*, but I got none of the 50 *l.* he was carrying Home from the Bank, nor did I know where his Body was laid. There were three Men concern'd in the Murder of Mr. *Philpot* [*Philip Pots*] Surveyor of the Window-Lights, and they will in Time be brought to Justice. I hope I have made sure of Heaven. I die a Member of the *Romish* Church.

He was executed at *Tyburn* on Monday, Sept. 11, 1721, in the 35th Year of his Age.

* See the *Trial* of William Barton, p. 28. and William Wade, p. 33.

John Wigley, for a Robbery, August, 1721.

JOHAN WIGLEY of *Islington*, was indicted for assaulting *Symbol Conyers* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver Watch, a Pair of Silver Spurs, a Silk Handkerchief, a Penknife, and four Shillings, on the 7th of *August*.

Symbol Conyers. On the 7th Instant, about nine at Night, I was attack'd by three Footpads, within 300 Yards of *Islington*. One of them cry'd, *Knock him down*, and the other two held Pistols to my Breast, and, making me dismount, they took away my Watch, my Spurs, a Handkerchief, a Penknife, and four Shillings. Hearing afterwards that *William Burridge* was in *New-Prison*, I went to him, and he describ'd to me the Manner of the Robbery, and what Things were taken from me, and told me, that one *Elizabeth Thompson* had my Spurs.

Jonathan Wild. *William Burridge* told me, that himself, *James Shaw*, and the Prisoner, committed this Fact, and took a Pair of Spurs lin'd with Steel, a Watch and some Money. I know the Prisoner, for he has been in *Newgate* before now, and I know that he and *Burridge* were acquainted.

William Burridge. The Prisoner, I, and *James Shaw*, robb'd Mr. *Conyers*, and we robb'd a Coach at the same Time. I have known the Prisoner three Years. He was the first Man who took me out a Robbing.

Court. Mr. *Conyers*, I think you say your Spurs were Silver.

Mr. *Conyers*. They were Silver lin'd with Steel.

Court. Did you see any Coach attack'd?

Mr. *Conyers*. Yes; the same Men robb'd a Coach, as soon as they had done with me.

Prisoner. This is a malicious Prosecution, brought against me by *Burridge*, because I advis'd a young Woman he courted, not to have him, and I can prove, I was in another Place when this Robbery was done.

Court. Call your Witnesses.

Alice Hunt. The Prisoner is my Brother. He came to my House in *Popin's court* in *Fleet-street*, on the 7th of *August*.

66 John Wigley, *for a Robbery.*

August, about five in the Afternoon, and staid there till Seven next Morning.

Court. How came he to stay there all Night?

Alice Hunt. His Wife and he were at Variance, and going to part, and I having no-body but myself and Children at Home, and he being to go to work at *Camberwell* next Day, I ask'd him to tarry that Night, and told him, he should not want for any Thing that I could assist him with.

Court. How came you to remember the Day of the Month?

A. Hunt. Because the same Day I set down eight Bushels of Malt for Captain *Busby's* Maid; for when the Captain was out of Town, she us'd to come to me, to set down what she sold, because she could not write herself.

Court. Is that Maid here?

A. Hunt. No. — But here is the Accompt.

Court. This is an Almanack?

A. Hunt. Yes; but there is a Cross against the Day of the Month, and at the Bottom of the Leaf there is writ eight Bushels of Malt.

Court. A very odd Way of keeping Accompts.

Burridge. Do you know *George-Alley*?

A. Hunt. No.

Burridge. What? Not the Place where your Brother liv'd? That's strange indeed.

A. Hunt. I know the Place, but not the Name of it.

Rebecca Stuart. I was at Mrs. *Hunt's* that Day, the 7th of *August*, and dined with the * Prisoner.

The Prisoner called several to his Reputation; but they only said, They knew no ill of him; that he was a *Plasterer*, and had work'd a Month for Mr. *Weymour* in *Hatton-Garden*.

The Jury found him Guilty, *Death*.

He gave the following Account of himself while he lay under Condemnation.

I served five Years to a *Plasterer*, but did not much follow that Business till lately, but lived with an old Woman who sold Brandy, in a little Place on *Finchley-Com-*

* Then they din'd late, for he did not come till five in the Afternoon.

mon.

mon. It was thought by some, that she advised and directed me in my ill practices; and that I was concern'd in murdering the old Man her Husband, in the Fields, as he was coming Home from *London*; both of which are false: Indeed, I liv'd with her in an unlawful Manner, but as for the old Man, he was not murder'd at all; but, as he was a great Brandy-drinker, he had impair'd his Constitution, and being drunk, and be-nighted, he took up his Lodging in a Barn near *Hornsey*, and there dy'd.

I have committed many Robberies, and in particular, I very lately robb'd a Coach and four Gentlemen on Horseback near *Islington*. But it was not my common Method to rob with Comrades; for tho' they swore to be true to each other, and there was sometimes found some Faith among 'em, when their Interest was not too nearly concern'd; yet when their Lives were in Danger, they grew regardless of their Oaths, and would betray and impeach their most intimate Friends.

I could never find any real Pleasure in a vicious Life, but was always under Uneasinesses, and full of Fears; and yet, when I had once begun, I knew not how to leave off. I had contracted a Habit of Idleness and Debauchery, my Credit was lost, and I had no way to support my Extravagancies, but by invading the Properties of others; and If I had got much more this Way than I did, I should never have laid up any Thing against a gloomy Day, but still have been in as necessitous Circumstances as when I first set out. 'Tis however some Comfort to me, that I have no Children to inherit my Vices, and consequently my Misfortunes.

He made his Exit at *Tyburn* on *Monday, Sept. 11. 1721.* in the 40th Year of his Age, with the greatest Signs of Regret for the many Sins of his past Life.

John Meff, for Burglary, *August, 1721.*

JOHN MEFF was apprehended for committing a Robbery near *London*, but the Time when it was done, being within the Limits of his Majesty's late Act of Grace, the Court thought it unnecessary to bring him to a Trial for that Offence; so that of Course he would have been discharged at the Goal-Delivery; but that a Bill of Indict-

Indictment on the late Act, *For the more effectual Transportation of Felons*, was found against him by the Grand Jury. And thereupon,

John Meff, alias *Merth*, alias *Mason*, was indicted, for that he having been convicted of Felony and Burglary, and ordered to be transported for the same, to some of his Majesty's Plantations in *America*, for the Space of seven Years, was afterwards found at large in *Great-Britain*, without any lawful Cause, before the Expiration of the said Term.

The Record of his Conviction, and of the Order of Court thereupon being read, the Witnesses for the King were sworn, and deposed, that the Prisoner was the same Man, who in *October*, 1717, was in this Court try'd for and convicted of breaking the House of *John Westerbans*, on the 17th of *September*, 1717, in the Night-time, with an Intent to steal his Goods; and the House of *Roger Grant*, on the 29th of *August* 1717, in the Night-time, and stealing his Goods. The Jury found him guilty. *Death*.

While he lay under Sentence of Death in *Newgate*, he gave the following Account of himself.

I was born in *London* of *French* Parents, who fled hither for Protection, when the *French* Protestants were driven out of *France* by *Lewis XIV*.

I was put Apprentice to a *Weaver*, my Father having continued about twelve Years in *England*, went with the rest of his Family to *Holland*. I served my Time faithfully, and with the Approbation of my Master. Soon after I came to work for my self I married; but my Business not being sufficient to maintain myself, my Wife, and Children, I was willing to try what I could do at Thieving.

I followed this Practice till I was apprehended, try'd and condemn'd for House-breaking; but, as I was going to the Place of Execution, the Hangman was arrested, and I was brought back to *Newgate*. It was thought, that this was my Contrivance, to put a Stop to publick Justice; but I was so far from being any ways concerned in it, that I knew nothing of it till it was done. This might have been a happy Turn for me, if I had made a right Use of it; for my Sentence of Death was changed for
that

that of Transportation. And indeed I took up a solemn Resolution to lead an honest and regular Course of Life, and to resist all the Persuasions of my Comrades to the contrary. But this Resolution continued but a short Time after the Fear of Death was vanished.

I believe however, that, if I had been safe landed in *America*, my Ruin might have been prevented; but the Ship, which carried me and the other Convicts, was taken by the Pirates. They would have persuaded me and some others to sign a Paper, in order to become Pirates; but we refusing, they put me and eight more ashore, on a desert uninhabited Island, where we must have perish'd with Hunger, if by good Fortune an *Indian* Canoe had not arrived there. We waited till the *Indians* were gone up the Island, and then, getting into their Vessel, we sailed from one small Island to another, till we reach'd the Coast of *America*.

Not chusing to settle in any of the Plantations there, but preferring the Life of a Sailor, I ship'd myself on Board a Vessel that carried Merchandize from *Virginia* and *South-Carolina* to *Barbadoes*, *Jamaica*, and other of his Majesty's Islands. And thus I lived a considerable Time; but at last, being over desirous to see how my Wife and Children far'd in *England*, I was resolved to return at all Adventures.

Upon my Arrival here I quickly fell into my former wicked Practices, and it was not long before I was committed to *Newgate*, on Suspicion of robbing a Person near *London*; but, by the Assistance of a certain *Bricklayer*, I broke out of Prison and went to *Hatfield*, where I lay concealed for some Time; but at last was discover'd, and taken again by the same *Bricklayer* who had procured my Escape. Some evil Genius attended me, I was certainly infatuated, or I had never continued in a Place where I was so likely to be discovered.

My Father is now a *Gardener* at *Amsterdam*. 'Tis an Addition to my Misfortune, that I cannot see him and my Mother before I die; but I hope when he hears of my unhappy End he will keep my Children by my first Wife from starving. My present Wife is able by her Industry to bring up her own Offspring; for she has been an honest careful Woman, during the nine Months I have been

70 Elizabeth Angier, *for privately Stealing*

been married to her, and as often pressed me to go over to *Ireland* and lead a regular and sober Life. It had been well for me if I had taken her Advice.

I have had enough of this restless and tumultuous World, and I hope I am now going to a better. I am very easy and resign'd to the Will of Providence, not doubting but I have made my Peace with Heaven. I thank God that I have not been molested by my Fellow-Prisoners, with the least Cursing or Swearing in the *Condemn'd-Hold*; but have had an Opportunity of employing every Moment of my Time in preparing for a future State.

He was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Monday, Sept. 11, 1721*, in the 40th Year of his Age.

Elizabeth Angier, *for privately stealing, May,*
1721.

ELIZABETH ANGIER, of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, was indicted for privately stealing a Silver hilted Sword, Value 4*l.* from the Person of *William Murrock*, on the 10th of *May* last.

William Murrock. I met *Elizabeth Belchier*, who ask'd me to give her a Mug of Drink. I went with her to an Ale-house, and, after we had drank a Pint or two together, she took me Home to her Lodgings in *Short's-Gardens*, and invited me to lie with her; but, I having no Money, she told me I might leave my Sword in Pawn, which not being willing to do, I went away. I was not gone far before she followed me in another Habit, and pick'd me up again, and had me to the farther End of *Cucumber-Alley* in *Princes-street*, where she laid herself down upon her Back, and I was going to lie with her, but she complaining that the Guard of my Sword hurt her Shoulder, I took it from under her, at which Time another Woman came, and run away with it.

Elizabeth Belchier. The Protecutor pick'd me up, and went with me to my Lodgings at the Prisoner's House, where he would have lain with me, but I would not let him, except he'd give me Six-Pence first; he said, he would give me one Shilling afterwards; but I told him, that *Whore's Wages, and Hackney Horse hire, were always paid*

Susan Coultis, &c. for privately Stealing. 71

paid before Hand, and so he went away. As soon as he was gone, the Prisoner said to me, *We will trick him out of his Sword for all this*; and so we changed Ridings-hoods, and went after him. I pick'd him up, and had him into the Alley, and as soon as he had remov'd his Sword from under my Back, the Prisoner drew it out, and ran away with it. She kept it five Days, and then sold it, and I had Part of the Money.

The Prisoner denied the Fact, and said, it was a malicious Prosecution, because she had arrested *Belchier* for Money she ow'd her, and called the Officer she employ'd to prove it.

The Officer deposed, that he arrested *Belchier* for 5 *l.* at the Prisoner's Suit, that *Belchier* then swore she would have the Prisoner's Life, and that, if swearing one Robbery would not be sufficient, she would swear ten. The Prisoner called several to her Reputation, and the Jury acquitted her.

Susan Coultis and Margaret Mason, alias Hottelstone, for privately Stealing, Sept. 1721.

SUSAN COULTIS and Margaret Mason, alias *Hottelstone*, of St. Brides, were indicted for privately stealing a Silver Watch, Value 5 *l.* from the Person of *William Kirby*, on the 17th of July, 1721.

William Kirby. As I was going along *Fleet street*, the Prisoners pick'd me up, and carried me into *Hanging-Sword Alley*, and there they ask'd me to lie with them, but I would not, and so *Coultis* took the Watch out of my Fob, and gave it to *Mason*, who went out of the Room with it. I lost some Money too, but I don't know how much, for I was got pretty well in for't, and could not remember what I had in my Pocket; I went thither again next Morning, and had my Watch deliver'd to me upon paying five Shillings.

Susan Coultis. The Prosecutor pick'd us up, and gave us Six pence a-piece, telling us, it was all the Money that he had. We drank some Liquors, and he, wanting Money to pay the Reckoning, left his Watch in Pawn for five Shillings, and took a Note where to call again next Morning to redeem it. He would have pawn'd it for a Guinea,

72 Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery.

Guinea, if we would have let him have lain between us.

Joanna Hower. The Prosecutor and his Wife came to my House, and his Wife told me, that he had been with two Whores, and lost his Watch, *two great ugly Whores*, says she, *for if they had been handsome, it would never have vexed me.* I asked him, how he came to let them take his Watch? And he told me, that he and they were upon the Bed together, and he left it with them for five Shillings; but that the *Thief-taker* coming after him to extort Money from him, he was forced to prosecute them.

Elizabeth Saunders. I went to Mrs. *Mason's* House, and there I saw the Prisoners and the Prosecutor come in, and go up Stairs together, and while I stay'd there, a Person came down for a Pen and Ink, and said, it was to write a Note for the Gentleman, to direct him where he might come next Day for his Watch, which he left in Pawn for five Shillings. The Prosecutor appear'd very courteous when he came down, he wish'd them a good Night, and they parted in a friendly Manner.

The Jury acquitted them.

Martin Mac-Owen, and William Casey, for
a Robbery, Sept. 1721.

MARTIN MAC-OWEN, and William Casey, of St. James's, Westminster, were indicted for assaulting *Joseph Stone* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Hat, Value 6 s. a Wig, Value 3 s. a Muslin Neckcloth, Value 1 s. and 14 s. in Money, on the 10th of July last.

Joseph Stone. About eleven o'Clock on Monday Night, the 10th of July, as I was going over the Park, in the Walk betwixt the Mall and the Road, at that End that is nearest Whitehall, I was knocked down, and robb'd of my Hat, Wig, and Money by four Men, of whom Casey the Prisoner was one. I knew him both by his Face and Voice, for I had seen him drinking in *Thieving-Lane* several Times. He almost choak'd me with my Neckcloth, and told me, if I cry'd out, they'd swear Buggery against me. But however, I cry'd out Murder! soon after they had left me, upon which Casey came back, and stamp'd upon me, saying, *Damn ye, are not ye dead yet?*

Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery. 73

yet? I was much bruised and wounded; one of my Ribs was broke, and I lost a great deal of Blood. As soon as I was a little recover'd, I got to the Centry in the Cock-pit, and went into the Guard-Room. I had not been there long, before another Man cry'd out, Murder! upon which *Mac-Owen*, the other Prisoner, was brought into the Guard-Room. I presently knew him again, and charg'd him with being one of those who robb'd me.

Mr. *Longueville*. Between twelve and one in the Morning, as I was going thro' the Park, I saw three Soldiers at the lower End, and, turning off to the left to avoid 'em, *Mac-Owen* stept up, and took Hold of me. I drew my Sword, call'd to the Centry, and cry'd out, Murder! upon which he went off; but, while I was looking for my Scabbard, he came up again, and I presently put myself upon my Guard, and told him, if he did not keep off, I would run him thro'; but, before any Mischief was done, the Centry came and secured him, and I surrender'd my Sword. He had neither Sword nor Stick, but, as we were going to the Guard, he laid hold of my Sword, and threaten'd to kill the Centry if he would not let him go; but I tripp'd up his Heels, and we carried him to the Guard-Room, where I found Mr. *Stone* very bloody. As soon as he saw *Mac-Owen*, he charged him with being one of those that robb'd him, to which *Mac-Owen* answer'd, *It was not I, but Casey, with another Soldier, and a Shoe-cleaner that robb'd ye, for I was only a Stander by.* — Before the Centry came up to us, *Mac-Owen* told me, that there was a Man murder'd a little Way off.

— *Montgomery*, the Centinel. I heard Murder cry'd out several Times, I went to Mr. *Longueville*'s Assistance, and found him dodg'd by *Mac-Owen*, who said, that Mr. *Longueville* had bugger'd a Man, and killed him. I carried *Owen* to the Guard-Room, tho' as we were going along, he threaten'd and attempted to murder me, but Mr. *Longueville* tripp'd up his Heels. We found Mr. *Stone* in the Guard Room, he was bloody, and charg'd *Mac-Owen* with robbing him. *Mac-Owen* confessed his being in Company when the Robbery was committed, and he impeach'd *Casey*.

74 Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Will. Casey. I neither robb'd the Prosecutor, nor was present when the Robbery was committed, and I have several Witnesses to prove, that I was in another Place at that Time.

Ann Berry. I was Chair-woman at Mr. *Vickars's*, at the *Angel and Crow* in *Hedge-Lane*, and *Casey* was drinking there from five in the Afternoon, to near twelve at Night, on the 10th of *July* last.

Court. How came you to remember the Day of the Month?

A. B. Mr. *Vickars* hearing next Day, that *Casey* was taken up, he look'd in the Almanack, that he might be able to testify where he was at that Time.

Court. And where is Mr. *Vickars* now?

A. B. He is now gone to *Holland*.

Court. Who was in Company with *Casey* at *Vickars's*?

A. B. I cannot tell.

This Deposition was confirm'd by *Jane Mitchel*, a Servant to Mr. *Vickars*.

Hugh Watts. On the 10th of *July*, at Night, I saw *Casey* staggering by my Cellar-Door in *Hedge-Lane*, after the Watch had gone twelve.

Court. How came you to take Notice of the Day of the Month?

H. W. Because I mounted the Guard next Day.

Samuel Wilson. A little after twelve that Night, *Casey* came to my Cellar with a Watchman, and drank with Mr. *Harrison*.

Edward Harrison. I was at *Wilson's* Cellar, and saw *Casey* come in about one o'Clock in the Morning.

— *Swinney.* I hearing that *Casey* was like to come into Trouble, I went to him, and advised him to keep out of the Way, but he answer'd, he had done no Harm, and therefore he would not.

Mac Owen thus made his Defence. I was got fuddled, and, going over the *Park* with Mr. *Hall*, I heard Murder cry'd out, and went up to see what was the Matter; then I found *Casey*, one *Carefoot*, and a *Shoe-cleaner*, a beating Mr. *Stone*, who lay on his Back on the Ground. I heard *Casey* say to *Carefoot*, You have the Money, and
Carefoot,

Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery. 75

Carefoot answer'd, *No, you have it.* I was not at all concern'd with them, but went by accidentally.

—*Hall.* I drank with *Mac-Owen* at *Charing-Cross*, from whence we went into the *Park* together. I heard a Cry of Murder, and he would needs go and see what was the Matter. I advis'd him not to go, but he was resolute, and so we parted—I heard *Cassey's* Voice.

This Deposition was corroborated by another, and then *Mac-Owen* call'd several to his Reputation, who gave him the Character of an honest Man, and one who work'd hard at his Trade.

The Jury acquitted *Mac-Owen*, and found *Cassey* guilty, *Death.*

William Cassey, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, was a second Time indicted, for assaulting *Gregory Turner* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Cork-screw, Value 6 *d.* and 2 *d.* in Money, on the 18th of *March* last.

Gregory Turner. Going over the *Park* about eight at Night, the Prisoner and another follow'd me; the Prisoner laid hold of me, and took the Money and the Cork-screw out of my Pocket, and the other Man searched the Knees of my Breeches. They struck me over the Head, and I going to cry out, they knock'd me down, and ran away. I have seen the Prisoner several Times since, and know him to be the Man.

Court. And why then did not you prosecute sooner?

G. T. What I lost was so trifling, that I did not think it worth while to prosecute, and had not done it now, but that, happening to see him when he was taken up for the other Robbery, I said, *That's the Man who robbed me*, which being told before the Justice, I was sent for, and bound over to prosecute.

Mr. Hall and *Mrs. Tourton* deposed, That the Prosecutor had told them a pretty while ago, that *Cassey* had beat him, and robb'd him of a Cork-screw, which belonged to his fellow Servant.

The Jury found him guilty.

Sentence being pass'd upon *Cassey*, he grew very serious, and constantly attended Prayers in Chapel. He said, he was about twenty Years of Age, and had been four Years a Soldier, most Part of which Time he had served his

76 Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery.

Majesty in Spain. He complained of a Corporal who had been very busy in managing the Evidence against him. *And this he did, says Casey, not from any Knowledge of my Guilt, but meerly on Account of an old Grudge, tho' he himself was the Aggressor: For some Years ago he ravish'd a young Sister of mine, which he afterwards partly acknowledg'd, in a Letter to my Father, and my Father threatening to prosecute him for the Abuse, he swore he would be reveng'd of our Family, to the third and fourth Generation. I happen'd to be in Spain when this was done, or I should have call'd upon him for Satisfaction.*

When Casey was brought to the Place of Execution, he told the People, that he had been suspected of robbing and murdering a Woman in the Park. He said nothing of his Innocence as to the Robbery, but declar'd that he was not the Person who murder'd her; for that he had never murder'd any Person whatever. Before he was turn'd off he deliver'd a Paper to the Ordinary of Newgate, who assures you, that it contain'd the following Words.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I AM now brought to this Place to suffer a shameful and ignominious Death, and of all such unhappy Persons, 'tis expected by the World they should either say something at their Death, or leave some Account behind them, and having that which more nearly concerns me, viz. the Care of my immortal Soul, I chose rather to leave these Lines behind me, than to waste my precious Minutes in talking to the Multitude. And first, I declare I die a Member (tho' a very unworthy one) of the Church of England, as by Law established. The Principles of which my now unhappy Father took an early Care to instruct me in. And next, for the Robbery of Mr. Stone, for which I am brought to this fatal Place, I solemnly declare to God, and the World, that I never had the Value of one Half-penny from him, and that the Occasion of his being so ill used was, that he offer'd to me that detestable and crying Sin of Sodomy.

I take this Opportunity with almost my last Breath, to give my hearty Thanks to the Honourable Colonel Pitts, and Colonel Pagill, for their Endeavours to save

my

Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery. 77

my Life : And indeed, I had some small Hopes that
his Majesty (in Consideration of the Services of my
whole Family, having all been faithful Soldiers, and
Servants to the Crown of *England*) would have extended
one Branch of his Mercy to me, and have sent me to
have serv'd him in another Country ; but, welcome be
the Grace of God, I am resign'd to his Will, and die
in Charity with all Men, forgiving, and hoping to be
forgiven myself, thro' the Merits of our blessed Saviour
Jesus Christ. I hope, and make it my earnest Request,
no body will be so ill Christians, as to reflect on my
aged Parents, Wife, Brothers or Sisters, for my untimely
End. And I pray God, into whose Hands I commend
my Spirit, that the great Number of Sodomites,
in and about this City and Suburbs, may not bring
down the same Judgment from Heaven, as fell on *Sodom*
and *Gomorrah*.

William Casey.

He was executed at *Tyburn* on Monday the 11th of *Sept.*
1721.

There is hardly a Day of Execution passes without an
Instance of some condemn'd Criminal, who, by solemn Pro-
testations in the last Moments of his Life does not endeavour
to persuade the World that he dies innocent. At such a
Time, and merely because it is such a Time, he expects
to gain Credit in whatever he thinks fit to say, tho' by
his former Course of Life he had made it evident, that he
had not the least Regard to his Words, his Oaths, or his
Actions.

'Tis true, it has now and then happen'd, that, by means
of some unlucky and unaccountable Circumstances, a Man
has been condemn'd undeservedly ; but such Cases are far
from being common, and are so unlikely to happen, that
we daily see on the contrary, for want of a positive, strong,
clear, and full Evidence, even the Guilty are acquitted, and
for a while escape the Hands of Justice.

But when such Evidence is given by Persons of good
Credit, it is certainly sufficient to over-balance the bare
Protestations of a harden'd and thorow-pac'd Villain, when
he comes to the Gallows. His flattering Hopes of a Re-
prieve, which seldom expire but with his Life ; his Re-
pentment against his Prosecutor, which he commonly keeps

78 Martin Mac-Owen, &c. for a Robbery.

up to the last, notwithstanding his formal Pretences of forgiving all the World ; the natural Desire of being pitied, and a Passion for his own Reputation, or that of his Kindred, which there is scarce any Man so vicious as to be entirely free from, are so many Motives to induce him to make his Exit with a Lie.

Thus it is in general, but the Paper delivered by *Casey*, is yet farther liable to Exception.

It begins with a very odd Reason for committing his Words to Writing, which is, *because he could not waste his precious Minutes in Talking*. As if a Man could write any Thing in less Time than speak it. But hence it is likely, that *Casey* himself did not write this Paper, but employed some *Dying-speech-maker* to draw it up for him.

On his Trial he deny'd, that he was present when Mr. *Stone* was assaulted, and brought five Witnesses to swear, that he was in another Place at that time ; so that Mr. *Stone* could by no means make a sodomitical Attempt on him ; and yet here he confesses, not only that he was present but did assault Mr. *Stone*. But then he says, that he never had the Value of a Half-penny from him, and that he beat him, only because he offered to commit Sodomy with him. What Credit can be given to a Man who made no Scruple of suborning so many false Evidences ? This charging Men with Sodomy is grown a common Practice with such Villains, in order to keep the Person they design to rob, from crying out for Help when they attack him, or from prosecuting them afterwards, for fear of being suspected of so detestable a Crime, or perhaps of having it sworn against them. We see in the same Trial, *Mac-Owen* (who this Time has had the good Luck to escape hanging) harping upon the same String. He tells *Montgomery* (the Centinel who seiz'd him for assaulting Mr. *Longueville*) that truly Mr. *Longueville* had bugger'd a Man, and murdered him : And though by no means he would have ye think, that he had any Design to rob that Gentleman, yet, when he was brought to the Guard-room, he confesses that he was in company when Mr. *Stone* was robb'd, and at the same Time impeaches *Casey*. And — *Hall* too, who was *Mac-Owen's* Friend, went so far with him towards the Place where Mr. *Stone* cry'd out Murder, that

that he heard *Cassey's* Voice at the same Time: How comes it to pass, that neither *Cassey* nor *Mac-Owen*, cry'd out *Sodomy!* 'till the Men they assaulted cry'd out *Murder!* and why did *Cassey* make off, and not stay to prove his Charge, or indeed when he had two or three on his Side, and consequently Strength enough, why did he not bring *Mr. Stone* to the Guard-house, that he might have been punish'd legally?

Mac Owen, when he makes his Defence, tells us, that *Cassey* and *Carefoot* charged one another with having *Mr. Stone's* Money. Now, supposing this to be true, and farther, that *Carefoot* defrauded *Cassey* of his Share of the Booty; *Cassey* might indeed say, that he had none of the Money; but this will by no means extenuate his Guilt.

In the like Manner he seems to prevaricate in what he speaks at the Gallows. He says he was suspected of robbing and murdering a Woman in the Park. He does not deny, (which in such a Case is a tacit Acknowledgment) that he was guilty of the Robbery; but what he insists upon is, that he was not the *very Person* who committed the Murder. Now as the poor Woman was murdered at the same time as she was robb'd, and if he was then present and assisting, he was equally guilty (however he might flatter himself) whether the fatal Stroke was given by him, or any of his Companions. Then he says not a Word of his robbing *Gregory Turner*, which was plainly prov'd upon him. If he had not made his Escape after that Fact, 'tis very likely, that *Turner* too had been accused of Sodomy.

John Cooper and Elizabeth Reeve, for Coining, Sept. 1721.

JOHNN COOPER and *Elizabeth Reeve*, of *St. Dunstan's in the West*, were indicted for counterfeiting twenty Pieces of Gold, of the current Coin of *Portugal*, call'd *Moidores*, on the 3^d of *July* last, intending thereby to defraud his Majesty's Subjects.

Mr. Westley. The Widow *Holmes* came to me for two Pounds of Soap; she gave me a Moidore, and I gave her the Change out of it. She came next Week with another,

ther, and I stopt her upon Suspicion; the Moidore was try'd by a *Goldsmith*, and found to be counterfeit. She told me she had it from *Reeve*, who work'd at *Cooper's*. Upon which *Cooper's* House was search'd, and five false Moidores, and a Silver Piece, were found in a little Drawer, and *Aqua-fortis*, Quick silver, and Crucibles in other Places. *Cooper* acknowledged, that the five Moidores, which we there found, were his, and that *Reeve* had those of him which she gave to *Holmes*.

Margaret Holmes. *Reeve* gave me the two Moidores that I carried to Mr. *Westley*. I have had ten more of her at different Times. She sometimes gave me Drink, and sometimes Six-pence, for changing them.

Richard Ware. When *Holmes* was stopt, she said, she had the first Moidore from a Gentleman in the *Temple*, and the other from *Reeve*. I went to *Cooper's* House to talk with him on this Occasion. He told me that he had taken sixteen Moidores of a *Jew* for a Watch, and that he had given them to *Reeve* to change. *Reeve* said, she had given them to *Holmes* for the same Purpose, and was sorry the poor Woman was come into Trouble about it; upon which *Cooper* said, he would go and clear her.

Mr. Sparks. I went with Mr. *Pinkney*, to search *Cooper's* House, we found there some Quicksilver and flatted Gold, these two Dies, these Crucibles, this Vice, and other Implements proper for Coining.

Mr. Bellasis. Mr. *Westley* desir'd me to try a Moidore. My Man weigh'd it and touch'd it, and concluded it to be good; but I to be fully satisfy'd, turn'd it up with my Graver, and discover'd the Silver underneath. I try'd, in the like Manner the five which were afterwards found in the Drawer; and they all prov'd to be of the same Kind. They were made of the finest Silver, scal'd over with Gold, and were of equal Weight with the true Moidores. They bore the Touch; and I try'd them with *Aqua-fortis*, and they bore that too. Mr. *Cooper* told me, that he took sixteen of a *Jew*, and that he gave some of them to *Reeve* to change.—*Reeve* said, that *Cooper* took seven or eight of a Captain.

Mr. Bembridge. These are three of the five counterfeit Moidores, that were deliver'd to my Lord Mayor; a
Silver

John Cooper, &c. for Coining. 81

Silver Crusade, and two other Moidores, were deliver'd to Mr. *Pinkney*; and one of those Moidores was cut, to make an Assay, and prov'd to be Silver plated.

Mr. *Smith*. The Prisoner, *Cooper*, us'd to buy fine Silver of me, for which he gave fix Shillings an Ounce. At three times, within these two or three Months, he has bought eighty-nine Ounces; and, I believe, I have sold him, at several times, about an hundred and eight Ounces in all; and one Ounce would make three of these counterfeit Moidores.

Mr. *Pearce*. *Cooper* has sometimes bought fine flatted Gold of me; and once he ask'd for some of an Inch and Quarter wide, for a Whim that he and another had.

Mr. *Green*. *Cooper* has several times bought fine beaten Gold of me, some thicker, and some thinner, to the Value of about one hundred Pounds, since last *March*, and *Reeve* us'd to come and see if it was ready. This was confirm'd by Mr. *Rogers*, who worked with Mr. *Green*.

Cooper. Did not I tell you I bought the Gold for * Mr. *Harpham*?

Green. *Harpham* was a Stranger to me; I have indeed seen him once or twice in your Company, and I remember you told me, that he made use of the beaten Gold in gilding Clock-cases.

Mr. *Bowman*. About two Months ago, *Cooper* came to the *Wool-pack*, in *Foster-lane*, pull'd out an Ingot of Silver, about a Foot long and near an Inch broad; and being ask'd, what he did with it? he said, he should send it abroad. I took it to be fine Silver, because it bent; and asking him, how he ventur'd to carry it about him? he said, that another was to call upon him for it.

Samuel Wood. I had formerly made a Press to strike off Watch-keys, for one Mr. *Buntin*; but I believe it was hardly strong enough for Coining. About three Months ago, *Cooper* sent for me to the *Wool-pack*, and ask'd me, if

E 5

* Robert Harpham was afterwards (in May, 1725) capitally convicted for Coining. We shall insert his Trial as it comes in Course.

82 John Cooper, &c. for Coining.

if I could not make him such another Press for Watch-keys ; but I did not make one for him ; we had only some Discourse about it, without coming to any Agreement.

Mr. *Pinkney*. I was present when that Press of Mr. *Buntin's* was taken, and, in the Opinion of all the Workmen, it was of use in Coining. These Moidores could not be made without a Press, and the Silver of which they are made, is fifteen penny-weights better than Standard.

Robert Sutton. *Cooper* made a Proposal to me, that I should marry Mrs. *Reeve*. He told me, that she was a very ingenious Woman ; that it had cost him five Pounds to teach her to coin ; that when I was married to her, he would let me into the Secret ; and that I might make my Fortune by it, and come to wear a long Wig and a Sword, in three Years time. I know his Garret, and have seen in it, Iron Ladles, white Filings, and yellow Filings. I was coming down Stairs one Day, and had left the Garret Door open ; upon which he was very angry, and bade me shut it ; telling me, that if I did not take more Care, he should be robbed one Day or another.

Court. When was this Discourse about marrying ?

Sutton. It was two Years ago.

Edward Ash. As *Cooper* and I were talking together, — It was ——— Let me see ——— About three Years ago — *Ned*, says he, *you know all my Affairs but one, as well as Reeve. You see that I have sometimes but a Crown, and at other times twenty Pounds in my Pocket.* — About a Year after this, he promis'd me, that I should be let into the Secret in a little time. *You know how to cast*, says he ; *Reeve can gild, and I'll put 'em off.* — But then, says I, *there's the Danger of coming to be hang'd.* No, says he, *there's nothing in that ; 'tis Death, indeed to coin English Money ; but for coining foreign, 'tis only a Pillory Business and the Scandal of that will quickly blow off.*

The Prisoner's Defence.

Cooper. I was so far from being concerned in making those Moidores, that I did not so much as know they were counterfeit. — I took them of Mr. *Harpham*, with whom I had large Dealings for Watches, and fine Silver, which
he

he sent to *Norway*. And as for the Tools produc'd in Court, they are only such as are common in the Watch Trade. *Sutton* and *Asb* have sworn against me out of Malice, there being a Difference betwixt us.

Elizabeth Owen. I saw *Cooper* take a Parcel of Money of *Harpham*, I believe there might be about fifty Pounds of it in all. There were three or four Sorts of it, Shillings, guineas, broad Pieces, and some with Crosses upon them.

Mr. Sessions. I went into the Room just as the last Witness was coming out, and saw lying upon *Mr. Cooper's* Table, a Parcel of Gold, amongst which were some Pieces with Crosses upon them.

Mr. Williams. One Evening, at the *Wool-pack* in *Foster-Lane*, I saw *Cooper* publickly take out a Bar of fine Silver, and bend it, and he said, it was to go to *Norway*.

George Harris. I instructed *Reeve* in Watch-gilding: I work'd for *Cooper*, and took a great deal of Money from him, but none that was bad. The Tools produc'd in Court, are such as we make use of in the Watch Trade, and we cannot gild without them: We use the finest Gold for Gilding; and I give six Shillings an Ounce for my Silver.

Several other *Watchmakers* and *Gilders* depos'd, That they had had considerable Dealings with *Cooper*, and that he always paid them honestly, and with good Money; That they could not gild without such Tools as those produc'd in Court: That they made use of Quick-silver and *Aqua-fortis*; and that the Piece of flatted Gold, which was found in his Garret, and expos'd in Court, was the same Sort as that which they buy at *Captain Pearce's* Shop.

Cooper. I desire *Mr. Pinkney* may be ask'd, if I did not tell him, where I might find the Man of whom I had the Moidores.

Mr. Pinkney. *Cooper* did, indeed, give me Intelligence of *Harpham*, but he was gone before I came to the Place. However, I took his Brother at *Greenwich*, and *Harpham* himself was afterwards taken at *Yarmouth*, with fifty false Moidores upon him.—When *Cooper* was in the *Compter*, he said, that he took seventeen Moidores of a Jew, for Watches.

Cooper.

84 John, *alias* Richard James, for a Robbery.

Cooper. Will the Tools that are now produced in Court, do for Coining, without others?

Mr. Pinkney. No.

Arthur Cross. About six Weeks ago, as I was reading a News-Paper, (in which *Cooper's* Name was mentioned) at the *Black Raven*, in *Fetter-lane*, *Mr. Sutton*, who sat in the next Box to me, said, *I know that Cooper very well, I was in Holland with him, and he cheated me in some Spanish Wool, that we were concerned in together; but he is got into Newgate now, and I shall have him hang'd.*

Mr. Smart. I know there was a Difference between *Cooper* and *Sutton*.

William Walker. I have grav'd Watches for *Cooper*, and he has paid me honestly. *Ned Ash* is a Man of a base Character.

Job Harris. I lodged in *Cooper's* House four Years. I have frequently seen *Reeves* a working in the Garret, at the Watch Trade. I never found the Door lock'd, and any of the Lodgers might go in.

To the same Effect deposed *Mrs. Bennet*, and many others appeared to *Cooper's* Reputation.

The Jury acquitted both the Prisoners of this Indictment; but there being another Bill found against them for High Treason, the Court ordered, that they should remain till next Sessions.

October, 1721.

John Cooper, and *Elizabeth* his Wife, *alias Elizabeth Reeve*, Spinster, of *St. Dunstan in the West*, were indicted for High-Treason, in counterfeiting the current Coin of this Kingdom. But no Witnesses appearing against them, they were acquitted by the Jury.

John, *alias* Richard James, for a Robbery,
October, 1721.

JOH^N, *alias Richard James*, of the Parish of *Ealing*, in the County of *Middlesex*, was indicted for assaulting *Collet Marwood*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Gold Ring with a Blue Stone in it, value 20 s, and 10 s. in Money, on the 28th of August, 1721.

Collet

John, *alias* Richard James, for a Robbery. 85

Collet Marwood. About five in the Afternoon, on the 28th of *August* last, I was attacked by two Highwaymen near *Henwell-beath*. I am certain that the Prisoner was one of them, and * *Nathaniel Haws* has confest, that he was the other. They took from me ten Shillings, and this Gold Ring set with a blue Stone. As I very much valued the Ring, for the Sake of a Friend who left it me, I begg'd of them to let me have it again; and telling them my Name, and where I liv'd, I promis'd to make them any reasonable Satisfaction for the Favour. *Nat. Haws* very civilly returned me the Ring; but the Prisoner, swearing and threatening to shoot me, took it from me a second Time.

Jonathan Wild. *Nat. Haws* sent for me, and, when I came to him, he said, he would *come in*, and make himself an Evidence. Amongst other Things he informed me of this Robbery, and discover'd the Prisoner: And when I took the Prisoner, I found the Ring, which is now produc'd, in his Pocket. He begg'd hard to have it again, but I refus'd to give it him, as knowing it would be a good Evidence against him at his Trial.

Nathaniel Haws. I and the Prisoner committed this Fact. I returned the Ring to the Prosecutor, but the Prisoner took it from him again. We hired our Horses in *Bedfordbury*, and had committed eleven Robberies together within a Fortnight's Time.

The Prisoner in his Defence said, that he being arrested for Debt, his Wife brought this Ring to him in Prison, and that she had it of *Haws*, who gave it her to lye with her.

The Jury found him guilty, and he received Sentence of Death.

After Condemnation, he gave the following Account of himself,

I was born in *St. Anne's, Westminster*; my Father was a Nobleman's Cook. He left me to shift for myself when I was very young. In about the twelfth Year of my Age I went to Sea; and, being at *Jamaica*, I and

* *Nat. Haws* was afterwards (in December, 1721) condemned for robbing Richard Hall. His Trial will follow in Course

many

86 John, *alias* Richard James, *for a Robbery.*

many others were taken Prisoners by the *Spaniards*; but one of the *Spainards*, who was a House-Painter, taking a fancy to me, carry'd me to *New-Spain*, and instructed me in his Trade. I lived very well with this Master; but, longing to see the Place of my Birth, and to talk in my own Language, I returned to *England*; I was then about seventeen Years old, and marry'd a Wife much younger than myself; at which her Friends were so provok'd, that she was turn'd out from her Father's House, and I was oblig'd to go again to Sea. In this Voyage I was taken by the Pirates, who put me on Shore on some Part of the Coast of *America*; from whence I travell'd to *Boston* in *New-England*, and so to *Maryland*. After I had been three Years abroad, I once more came back to my native Country, where I found that my Wife was married to another Husband, she having heard that I was dead in *America*. I could not persuade her to leave her second Husband, because she had two Children by him; and this put me upon keeping Company with other Women.

I confess myself guilty of the Fact I am charg'd with, and I deserve to die for it. The Defence I made at my Trial was false, for *Haws* never gave my Wife the Stone Ring to let him lie with her.

If I may judge of others by myself, I believe, that the Execution of Malefactors has but little Effect upon their old Companions, or others, who have inur'd themselves to the like vicious Course of Life. For I have been often present at such a Time, without feeling the least Concern or Uneasiness, or being any ways alarm'd at the Sight of Death.

I acknowledge it with Grief, that I was generally cruel to those I robb'd, as in particular when I, *Nat. Haws*, and *Dick Jones*, by the Lord *Portland's* Park-wall, beyond *Uxbridge*, attack'd Mr. *March's* Waggon (which goes from the *Bell* in *Warwick-lane*, to *Chiner*, at *Thame* in *Oxfordshire*) there being one Man and three Women in the Waggon, besides the Waggoner. And when *Haws* and myself robb'd a Gentleman and a Lady in a Chaise, beyond *Acton*, for which I am now condemned. For when *Haws*, by the Gentleman's Intreaty, had restor'd to him the Stone-Ring, which the Gentleman had a particular Value for, I

turn'd

John, *alias* Richard James, for a Robbery. 87

turn'd my Horse about, and swore, that *I'd shoot him thro' the Head, if he did not immediately give me the Ring a second time.* At another Robbery I was in a violent Passion with my Comrade, for giving the Travellers two Shillings to cross the Water. Being once at an Inn at *Harrow on the Hill*, two Ladies, and their Footman, call'd in. We found upon Enquiry, that they were travelling a-cross the Country to *Mortlack*. I and my Companions waited for them about a Mile on this Side *Oxford Road*, and attack'd 'em as soon as they came up; and among other Things we took away a Whip, which one of the Ladies was very desirous to have returned; my Comrades were willing enough to comply, but I obstinately refused. She then begged for a Paper of Snuff out of her Silver Box, that we had robb'd her of, to which indeed I made no Objection.

In *August* last I robb'd two Men on Horseback, on *Finchley-common*, at nine o'Clock in the Evening. 2. Some Gentlemen going for *Mortlack*. 3. A Man with a Woman behind him near *Tottenham Turnpike*. 4. A Man and a Woman on *Finchley-common*. 5. A *Quaker's* Coach, about four Miles beyond *Acton*, in which were one Man and three Women, from whom I took a Gold Chain, four Guineas, and eight Shillings, on the 28th Day of the Month, besides which, I committed four or five other Robberies at the same Time.

But whatever Cruelty I might be guilty of, I never carry'd it so far as to commit Murder. And once I behav'd differently from my usual Method; it was in robbing a Man and Woman betwixt *Hampstead* and *London*, and it was the only Time that I ever attack'd any body in that Road. I took no more than a Crown from 'em, and the Woman being with Child, I treated them so civilly, that, hearing I was a Prisoner in *Newgate*, they came thither to return me Thanks for it.

I thank God for taking me so soon off from Sin, and giving me Time for Repentance. And whatever the World may say of my dying a shameful Death, it will not at all affect my Soul, if I am but happy in Heaven, while they remain among the Clamours, Cares and Disquietudes of this World.

He

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, October 23, 1721, in the 30th Year of his Age.

John Dykes, for a Robbery, October, 1721.

JOHAN DYKES, of Stepney, was indicted for assaulting Charles Wright, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Penknife, value 4*d.* a Steel Seal, value 6*d.* and five Shillings and Eight-pence in Money, on the 5th of August last.

C. Wright. As I was going Home from London, I was stopp'd by Isaac Drew, and the Prisoner. The Prisoner clapp'd a Pistol to my Breast, and swore, if I would not stand quietly, he would shoot me. I am sure that that Prisoner is the Man, for it was a fine Star-light Night, and I saw him plainly. Then they took my Penknife, my Seal, and my Money from me.

Isaac Drew. The Prisoner and myself stopp'd the Prosecutor and robb'd him. The Prisoner clapp'd a Pistol to his Breast. I took the Seal, the Penknife, and Eighteen-pence Half-penny, and the Prisoner took the rest, but he *junk* it—that is, he conceal'd it from me.

Jonathan Wild. Being informed that Dykes and Drew went out on the Footpad, I dogg'd 'em, and took 'em together. Dykes would fain have been an Evidence against Drew, and said, he could make some Discoveries; but those he made were but Trifles, and of little Importance.

The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and call'd a Woman to prove, that he was elsewhere, when the Robbery was committed. She depos'd, That on the Friday or Saturday before Bartholomew-tide, the Prisoner was very ill, and that his Sister sent for her to attend him; but this Oath was of no Service to him, by being so widely different in Point of Time. He then call'd some others to discredit Drew's Evidence. They depos'd, that they heard Drew say, that he would hang a hundred before he would be hang'd himself. The Jury found him Guilty. *Death.* After Condemnation, he gave the following Account of himself.

I am the eldest Child of my Parents, who while I was young, sent me to School, where I was taught to read and write;

write ; but I have since by my Negligence forgot both. I could never be persuaded to be bound Apprentice to any Trade for seven Years ; and having a too indulgent Father, he would never compel me to it : However, I sometimes work'd with my Brother at the *Carpenter's* Trade. My Ruin was begun by the Delight I took in Gaming, and when I had lost most of my Money that way I us'd to play with Boys in the Street, for Farthings and Halfpence, by which Means I sometimes pretty well recruited my Stock ; but at other Times was quite broke ; and, then being afraid to acquaint my Father with it, I turn'd my Hand to picking Pockets, in which, being often detected, I was sometimes sent to *Bridewell*. During my Confinement there, it was my constant Custom to make many Promises to my Friends, that I would mend my Course of Life, and go to Sea ; but when they had got me discharg'd, fitted me out for a Voyage, and I was even enter'd in his Majesty's Service, they found themselves disappointed. Perceiving that nothing would prevail on me to go to Sea, they gave me what Encouragement they could to live honestly at Home, by buying good Cloaths for me, and providing me with the common Necessaries of Life ; but all their Endeavours to reclaim me prov'd in vain, I still follow'd my old Courses, tho' for a pretty while I deceiv'd them into a better Opinion of me, by frequently pretending to go to Church, when, instead of so doing, I went to my old Companions, and took Care to return Home very orderly about the Time that Church was done.

I not only robb'd on the Highway as a Footpad, but broke into several Houses about *Mile end Bow*, and *Hackney*, and particularly I and *Isaac Drew*, in the Night-time, forcibly enter'd a House near the School-house, going to *Bow*, from whence we carry'd off some Apparel, and a little plate. But what most troubles me is, that, near the Men hanging in Chains, by *Bow*, I met a poor *Gardener*, as he was going Home, late at Night, and robb'd him of all his Wages.

While the Prisoner was in the condemn'd Hold he would, at particular Times in the Night, start up, tear his Hair, and cry out in a very odd Manner ; and at other Times would sing Psalms, and pray for several Hours together.

90 John Trantham, &c. for Burglaries.

gether, but a little before his Death, he appear'd more compos'd, and easy, at the Thoughts of leaving the World, having, as he said, a good Assurance that his Peace was made with God.

He was executed at Tyburn, on Monday, October 23, 1721, aged 23.

John Trantham, alias Trantum, and Philip Storey, for several Burglaries and Felonies, October, 1721.

JOHN TRANTHAM, was indicted for breaking and entering the House of *Jacob de Villa*, and stealing two Gowns and Petticoats, and twenty Guineas, October 4, 1721, in the Night.

He was a second Time indicted, for breaking and entering the House of *William Hammond*, and stealing a large Quantity of Plate and Linnen, June 16, 1721, in the Night.

He was a third Time indicted for stealing a Silver Watch and a Camblet Ridinghood.

And a fourth Time for breaking the House of *Randolph Walstead*, and stealing his Goods.

To all which Indictments, except the second, he pleaded guilty, and of that the Jury found him guilty. Death.

Philip Storey, was indicted for breaking and entering the House of *Edmund Juby*, and stealing twenty Hats, Sept. 18, 1721, to which he pleaded Guilty. Death.

John Trantum, and *Philip Storey*, were indicted (with *Christian Leonard*, not then taken) for stealing a Silver Pepper-box, Strainer and Tongs, two hundred Yards of Holland. twenty Turn-overs and other Goods, in the House of *John Coverly*. Guilty.

They were a second Time indicted for breaking the House of *Samuel Haddock*, Esq; and stealing his Goods.

They were a third Time indicted for breaking and entering the House of *Mary Roberts*, and stealing her Goods.

To these three Indictments *Trantum* pleaded Guilty, and the Jury found *Storey* Guilty.

They

John Trantham, &c. for Burglaries. 91

They were a fourth Time indicted for breaking and entering the House of *Richard Nicholson*, and stealing his Goods.

They were a fifth Time indicted for breaking and entering the House of *William Gascoign*, and stealing his Goods, *Sept. 14, 1721.*

And a sixth Time for breaking and entering the House of *Thomas Omans*, and stealing his Goods, to which three last Indictments they both pleaded Guilty.

Philip Storey was of *French* Parentage. His Father was a Weaver, and continued several Years in *England*, but, having a greater Charge of Children than he could maintain by his Business, he left them and his Wife, and return'd to *France*.

Philip was now put to his shifts, he was not fond of working, and the little he sometimes got from his Mother-in-law, was far from being sufficient for him to live on, and so he turned his Hand to picking Pockets, in which he had tolerable Success, tho' now and then it brought him under the discipline of the Horse-pond. But, as he was one of an aspiring Genius, he could not long confine himself to so low a Branch of Felony, but ventur'd higher, and at last advanc'd to House-breaking; but, as it was difficult to attain this Height of his Ambition, without some Assistance, he entered into Confederacy with *Jack Trantum*, *Kit Leonard*, and others, no less daring than himself, and with these he carried on his Designs triumphantly, till Justice overtook him, and stopt his Career.

While he was under Condemnation his Conscience was puzzl'd with a Scruple not very common with Men of his Profession. He had taken it into his Head, that the most heinous Offence, a Man could be guilty of, was Sacrilege, and thereupon was very inquisitive to know whether picking Pockets in a Church was a Species of that Crime or not.

To this the Ordinary of *Newgate* (who was a profound Casuist) answer'd affirmatively, *Picking Pockets in a Church*, says that ghostly Father, *is certainly one Sort of Sacrilege, and may perhaps be more offensive in the Sight of God, than what is generally call'd by that Name, because it may possibly deter some from frequenting God's Temple, or make those who*
are

92 John Trantham, &c. for Burglarics.

are there so cautious and uneasy, for fear of losing their Money, as to take their Thoughts off from Heaven, and damp their Devotion: And certainly it must be the greatest Affront to God, for any one to interrupt those who are making their Application to him by Prayer. Now stealing the Vessels or Ornaments of the Church can have none of these Effects, and consequently picking Pockets there must be the greater Sin.

The Prisoner confess the Justice of his Sentence, and said that he had no Hopes of Life from the Time he was apprehended, and therefore had endeavour'd to make his Peace with God, not only since his Conviction, but before his Trial.

At the Place of Execution he said, he had been bad enough himself, but his Accomplice, *Kit Leonard*, was worse. He was hang'd at *Tyburn* in the 28th Year of his Age.

John Trantum was born in *London*, and, being brought up to no Trade, a few Years ago, went a Voyage to the *East-Indies*, and, tho' in no better a Station than that of a Servant, he brought home with him above fourscore Pounds; but, being fond of an idle and debauch'd Life, he presently squander'd it all away, and then made bold with the Property of others, to support his Extravagancies; but this instead of mending his Circumstances, involv'd him in greater Difficulties, and added the continual Hazard of Liberty and Life to his other Misfortunes, so naturally does Unhappiness attend Vice. In a little Time, his ill Conduct brought him to *New-prison*; and while he was there, he was, as he said, so often disturb'd in his Sleep, with Dreams of Halters, Hangmen, Gibbets, Prisons and Devils, that he took up a Resolution to reform his Manners, if ever he obtain'd his Liberty. But the Vows of Men in Distress are seldom regarded after their Deliverance, and vicious Habits are not easily forsaken. His Resolutions vanish'd with his Danger; he presently return'd to his old Courses, and made a large Addition to his former Catalogue of Sins.

While he lay under Sentence, he said, as he had no hopes of a Reprieve, he was very desirous to be directed in the Way to Heaven. His spiritual Guide assur'd him, that no Sins were too great for God's Mercies, and advis'd him to rely wholly on the Merits and Sufferings of Christ,

Arthur Gray, for a Burglary. 93

Christ, and hope for the Remission of his Sins with the penitent Thief on the Cross.

He was executed at *Tyburn*, in the 24th Year of his Age, on *Monday, October 23, 1721.*

Arthur Gray, for a Burglary, *December, 1721.*

ARTHUR GRAY was indicted for breaking and entering the Dwelling house of *George Baillie, Esq;* in the Parish of *St. James's, Westminster*, with an Intent to ravish, and against her Will, carnally know *Grizel*, the Wife of *Alexander Murray*, on the first of *October, 1721*, in the Night.

Council. The Prisoner stands indicted for a Burglary, in breaking the House of *George Baillie, Esq;* with an Intent to ravish *Mrs. Murray*. The breaking and entering a Mansion-house in the Night, with an Intent to commit a Felony, is Burglary, whether the Felony is committed or not.—I am instructed, that the Prisoner, (a Servant to the Lord *Bennyng*) on the 14th of *October* last, about four in the Morning, broke open and enter'd the Chamber of *Mrs. Murray*, went to her Bed-side, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other, and told her, he had long had a violent Passion for her, but there being a vast Disparity in their Fortunes, he had no hopes of succeeding in his Wishes, any other Way than by Force, and therefore he was fully resolved to obtain his Desires, or to kill her. The Lady in a great Surprize, endeavour'd to dissuade him from his Purpose, but all in vain. He laid down his Sword, in order to remove the Bed-cloaths, but she prevented him by suddenly catching hold of his Pistol with one Hand, and ringing the Bell with the other, which alarming the Family, the Prisoner ran away, but was afterwards taken, and confess his Guilt.

[*Mrs. Murray* sworn.]

Mrs. Murray. On the 14th of *Oct.* about four in the Morning, the Prisoner enter'd my Room, with a Pistol in one Hand, and a drawn Sword in the other. And coming up to my Bed-side, he threatned to kill me if I made the least Noise. I asked him what he meant by coming into my Chamber in such a Manner? *Madam*, says he, *I mean*

to ravish ye, for I have entertain'd a violent Love for you a long Time, but as there is so great a Difference betwixt your Fortune and mine, I despair of enjoying my Wishes by any Means but force. I try'd what I could do to put him off, but still persisting in his Design, he laid the Sword upon the Bolster, and endeavour'd to pull down the Bed-cloaths. I begg'd him to delay till I had spoke with him farther. I us'd all the Entreaties I could think of, and ask'd him if nothing would prevail with him to desist. No, says he, I have ventur'd my Life for your Sake already, and therefore am resolutely bent to go thro' with my Design, let the Consequence be what it will.—All the rest of the Family are asleep, and if I lose this Opportunity, I can never expect another. Your making a Noise will signify nothing.—I must and will.—And with that he once more attempted to take off the Bed-cloaths: But I suddenly pushed him against the Wall, wrenched the Pistol out of his Hand, and rung the Bell, and thereupon he ran out. I follow'd him to the Door, and cry'd Murder.

Court. How long was he in your Chamber, Madam?

Mrs. Murray. About three Quarters of an Hour, for upon my calling out, my Father and Mother immediately came up, and then it wanted a Quarter of Five.

Prisoner. Pray, Madam, did—never come into your Chamber, when all the Family was a Bed?

Mrs. Murray. No, never.

Court. If you have any Question to ask, you ought to direct it to the Court, and the Court, if the Question is proper, will require an Answer from the Witness. Your present Question is not at all proper, nor do I see of what Service it can be to you.—The Lady has given you a positive Answer, but it was more than she needed to have done.

Prisoner. My Lord, I shall ask nothing but what I think may do me some Service, when I come to make my Defence.—I beg your Lordship would ask Mrs. Murray, If her Chamber-door was constantly lock'd a-nights?

Court. You hear the Question, Madam.

Mrs. Murray. It was always shut, but not always lock'd.

Prisoner. Did you never rise out of Bed to lock it, when——has been in the Room?

Court.

Court. You must not go on thus.

Mrs. Murray. I have told you already that—never was in the Room.

[*Elizabeth Trimnel* sworn.]

Elizabeth Trimnel. I waited on *Mrs. Murray* to bed, about one in the Morning, and shut the Door after me. But going by about three I found it open: I shut it again, and left it shut, and I believe it was fast.

Prisoner. What kind of Lock was it?

E. T. A Brass spring Lock.

Prisoner. Was there a Key in it?

E. T. No; it open'd and shut with a brass Knob.

Prisoner. But don't you know that the Lock was faulty, was difficult to be made fast, and would after slip back and open of itself?

E. T. The Spring indeed was bad.

Prisoner. And might not that be the Occasion of the Door's being open, when you came to it the second Time?

E. T. I can't say but it might—But I am pretty sure that I lockt it fast at the second Time.

Prisoner. I suppose you thought you had made it as fast the first Time.

E. T. I can't be so certain of that.

Prisoner. Don't you know that—has taken leave of the Ladies, and waited in a dark Room, till the rest of the Company were a-bed, and then go into—Chamber, and staid there two or three Hours?

Council. You will do yourself no Service by this Behaviour—You have been told, that you ought to propose your Questions to the Court.

[*James Parks* sworn.]

James Parks. I heard a Noise about five o'Clock in the Morning, and thought there had been Thieves in the House, and so I jump't out of Bed, and run down Stairs in my Shirt; but finding no body below, I went up again, and met my Lady *Grizel Baillie*, and *Mrs. Murray*, at the Stairs-head, and *Mrs. Murray* said, *The Rogue is just gone out of the Room, and run down Stairs*, and my Lady *Baillie* told me, that *Arthur* had endeavour'd to ravish her Daughter *Mrs. Murray*: I went afterwards to look for the Prisoner, and so met *Mr. Hays*: He shew'd me a Key, and asked me if I knew it. I said, *Yes*, and then said

96 Arthur Gray, for a Burglary.

said Hays, *If you'll come along with me, I'll bring ye to the owner of it.* I follow'd him into a Room in his House, and, upon his Bed, I found the Prisoner lying without his Hat and Shoes. *Thomas Hughs* came in soon after me. I asked the Prisoner, if he went into Mrs. Murray's Chamber with an Intent to lye with her? He said, *Yes. And what possessest ye to do it?* says I. *Why,* says he again, *I believe the Devil possessest me. What was ye drunk?* says I, No, says he, *I can't say that I was.*

Prisoner. Did ——— never come to you early in the Morning, and desire you to let him lie in your Bed?

Parks. Go look!

Prisoner. My Lord, this Evidence was so drunk that Night, that he went out and vomited.

[*Thomas Hughs* sworn.]

Thomas Hughs. I got up at hearing the Noise, and took a Blunderbuis in my Hand, as thinking some Rogues were got into the House; but I was soon inform'd, that the Prisoner had made the Disturbance, by going into Mrs. Murray's Room with a Sword and Pistol. I went in search of him, and, between eight and nine in the Morning, I found him upon Mr. Hay's Bed, with neither Shoes nor Hat. I heard him own, that he went into Mrs. Murray's Room, and that he was sorry for it, but I don't remember that he said he went in, with an Intent to ravish her, or that I heard *Parks* ask him on what Account he went in.

Then the Prisoner's Confession before Justice Blagney was read, in which he acknowledged, that, *He opened and entered the Chamber of Mrs. Murray, with a Design to ravish her, and that he brought the Sword and Pistol to put her in Fear, and oblige her to comply.* And several of his Letters were produc'd in Court, in one of which, directed To the Honourable and most Christian Lady Bennying, in Great Marlborough street, he says: "I must acknowledge my Fault, and pray Forgiveness of God, and the Lady of the Family whom I have offended.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. I had been making merry abroad with some of my Fellow-servants, and came home much disorder'd with Liquor, and going up Stairs to Bed without my Shoes, (as I usually did) I thought I heard a Noise of somebody in Mrs. Murray's Room, upon which I went down and fetch'd

fetch'd up a Sword and Pistol, and Mrs. Murray's Door standing a-jar, I went in, and laying down my Arms to look behind the Bed, Mrs. Murray rung the Bell and alarm'd the Family.

[*John Vandercome* sworn.]

John Vandercome. The Prisoner and seven or eight more were a merry-making at my House the Night before the 14th of October: They drank four Pints and a half of Brandy, and four Quarts of Beer. *Parks, Williams* and the Prisoner went home together, between three and four in the Morning, not quite drunk, but very mellow. Before they went away *Parks* went out and vomited, and I went to hold him, but he said, *Fye! don't hold me, for then they'll think I am fuddled, and I would not have them take notice of it.*

[*Jane Russhfield* sworn.]

Jane Russhfield. I took notice that the Cook was very drunk over Night; but I had no Talk with any of the others, and therefore can't say what Condition they were in. During the half Year that I lived with my Lady *Baillie*, I never knew Mrs. Murray's Door to be lock'd fast at Night, for I used to go every Morning into her Chamber to light a Fire. The Lock was very faulty, it was a Brass Spring Lock, that was never used to be made fast with a Key; for we had but one Key to all the Rooms in the House.

Prisoner. My Lord, by what has been sworn both by this Witness and *Elizabeth Trimnel*, I think there is a Probability that the Door was open, at least there appears no Proof of the contrary, and if it was open, I cannot be guilty of breaking into the Room; my Life depends upon this one Circumstance, and therefore I humbly hope your Lordship and the Jury will take it into Consideration.

All the Witnesses for the Prisoner gave him the Character of a Youth of a civil and modest Behaviour, The Jury, after about an Hour's Consideration, brought in their Verdict guilty of the Indictment. *Death.*

After he had receiv'd Sentence, he declared at the Bar, that what he had insinuated at the Time of his Trial, concerning—was entirely false and groundless, and that he

98 Arthur Gray, *for a Burglary.*

had been advised to ask those Questions by some who
persuaded him that it would prove to his Advantage.
He was afterwards reprieved.

*VIRTUE in Danger: Or, a Lamentable Story
how a virtuous LADY had like to have been
ravish'd by her Sister's Footman.*

To the Tune of, The Children in the Wood.

WRITTEN by a LADY.

NOW ponder well, ye Ladies fair,
These Words that I shall write:
I'll tell a Tale shall make you stare,
Of a poor Lady's fright.

She laid her down all in her bed,
And soon began to snore,
It never came into her Head
To lock her Chamber-door.

A Footman of her Sister dear,
A sturdy Scot was he,
Without a Sense of godly fear,
Bethought him wickedly.

Thought he this Lady lies alone,
I like her comely Face;
It would most gallantly be done,
Her Body to embrace.

In order to this bold Attempt,
He ran up Stairs apace;
While she, poor Lady, nothing dreamt,
Or, dreamt it was *his* Grace.

The Candle flaming in her Eyes,
Made her full soon awake:
He scorn'd to do it by surprize,
Or her a-sleeping take.

A Sword he had, and hard by it,
A Thing appear'd withal,
Which we, for very modesty,
A Pistol chuse to call.

This Pistol in one Hand he took,
And thus began to woo her.
Oh ! how this tender Creature shook,
When he presented to her.

Lady, quoth he, I must obtain,
For I have lov'd thee long :
Would you know how my Heart you gain'd,
You had it for a Song.

Resolve to quench my present flame,
Or you shall murder'd be ;
It was those pretty Eyes, fair Dame,
That first have murder'd me.

The Lady look'd with fear, around,
As in her Bed she lay ;
And tho' half dying in a Swoon,
Thus to herself did say :

' Who rashly judge, (it is a rule)
' Do often judge amiss :
' I thought this Fellow was a Fool ;
' But there's some Sense in this.

She then recover'd Heart of Grace,
And did to him reply,
' Sure *Arthur*, you've forgot your Place,
' Or know not that 'tis I.

' Do you consider who it is,
' That you thus rudely treat ?
' 'Tis not for scoundrel Scrubs to wish
' To taste their master's Meat.

Tut, tut, quoth he, I do not care ;
 And so pull'd down the Cloaths :
 Uncover'd lay this Lady fair,
 From Bubbies down to Toes.

' Oh! *Arthur*, cover me (she said)
 ' Or sure I shall get cold :
 Which presently the Rogue obey'd ;
 He could not hear her scold.

He laid his Sword close by her Side ;
 Her Heart went pit-apat :
 ' You've but one Weapon left, (she cry'd)
 ' Sure I can deal with that.'

She saw the Looby frightened stand,
 Out of the Bed jump'd she,
 Catch'd hold of his so furious Hand ;
 A Sight it was to see !

His Pistol-hand she held fast clos'd,
 As she remembers well ;
 But how the other was dispos'd
 There's none alive can tell.

The Sword full to his Heart she laid,
 But yet did not him slay ;
 For when he saw the shining Blade,
 God wot, he ran away.

When she was sure the Knave was gone,
 Out of her Father's hall,
 This virtuous Lady straight began
 Most grievously to bawl.

In came Pawpaw, and Mawmaw dear,
 Who wonder'd to behold :
 ' Oot * *Grisee*, what a Noise is here,
 ' Why stond you in the Cold ?

* *The Lady's Name was Grissel.*

* Mawmaw,

- ‘ Mawmaw, she said, (and then she wept).
- ‘ I have a Battle won ;
- ‘ But if that I had soundly slept,
- ‘ My honour had been gone.
- ‘ A Footman of my Sister, he
- ‘ A Footman ! cry’d Mawmaw,
- ‘ Dear Daughter this must never be,
- ‘ And we not go to Law.

This Lady’s Fame shall ever last,
 And live in *British* Song ;
 For she was, like *Lucretia* chaste,
 And eke was much more strong.

George Duffus, *for Sodomy, December, 1721.*

GEORGE Duffus was indicted for assaulting and committing in and upon the Body of *Nicholas Leader*, the unnatural Sin of Sodomy, on the 9th of *October* last.

Nicholas Leader. The first Time of my seeing the Prisoner was at a Meeting-house in *Old Gravel-lane*. When Service was ended, he came to me, and appearing very devout, began some Discourse in Commendation of the Minister, by which Means, for three or four *Sundays* successively, he endeavour’d to insinuate himself into my good Opinion, and indeed I took him to be a religious young Man. He invited me to drink with him at Mr. *Powel’s*, in the *Minories* ; I comply’d ; and at parting, he asked me where he might hear of me another Time ; I told him, at the *three merry Potters*, at the *Hermitage*. He promised to come and see me in a few Days, and was as good as his Word ; we sat together drinking and talking ’till it was pretty late, when he told me that he lived a great Way off, and therefore should be glad if I’d let him lie with me that Night. As I mistrusted nothing, I made no Objection to it ; but as soon as we were got into Bed, he began to hug me and kiss me, and call me his Dear. I asked him what he meant by it ? He answer’d, *No Harm, nothing*.

thing but Love, and presently got upon me, and thrust his Tongue into my Mouth. I threw him off. He got on again three or four Times, and I as often served him as before, and told him if he would not lie still, I would kick him out of Bed. With that he suddenly seized me by the Throat, so that he had almost strangled me, turned me upon my Face, and forcibly enter'd my Body about an Inch, as near as I can guess; but in struggling, I threw him off once more, before he had made an Emission, and having thus forced him to withdraw, he emitted in his own Hand, and clapping it on the Tail of my Shirt, said, *Now you have it!* I had then turned him out of Door, but for fear of disturbing my antient Grandmother, who lay sick in the next Room. Next Morning he told me, that I need not be so concerned at what he had done to me, for he had done the same to several others, and named in particular, a Cabbin-boy. In a few Days after, I acquainted some of my Friends with it, and they advised me to prosecute him. Upon which, I procured a Warrant from Justice Tiller, and, taking a Constable with me, went on Sunday Morning to the same Meeting as before, where we found the Prisoner. The Constable whispering me, and then sitting down by him, he suspected, I suppose, that we had some Design against him, and so took his Hat and went out, and we followed him, and he perceiving it, began to run; but we pursued, and soon overtook him. He cry'd for Mercy, and begg'd that we would not expose him to public Shame; adding, that we were all Sinners, and it was hard for a Man to suffer for the first Fault.

Mr. *Powell*. The first Time I saw the Prisoner was at a Lecture, he follow'd me out, and began to tell me what an excellent Discourse we had had, how affecting it was, and what Comfort and Refreshment his Soul had felt under the precious Teachings of such a heavenly Man. This occasioned a pretty deal of religious Conference between us, at the End of which he said, he should be glad to drink with me at any other Time; but it being the Lord's-Day, he did not care to go into a Publick-House then. So we made an Agreement to meet at my Father's in the *Minorities*, on the 12th of *October* last. We met accordingly, and spent the Evening in religious Discourse. When it grew late, he told me his Wife was out of Town,
and

and he had a pretty Way Home, and therefore wished I would let him lie with me for one Night. I readily consented, as I not at all suspecting his Design; but we had not been long in Bed, before he began to kiss me, and take hold of my Privities. *How lean you be!* says he, *Do but feel how fat I am!* and so he endeavour'd to convey my Hand to his Privities. I turned from him, and lay upon my Back; he got upon me, kept me down, and thrust his Yard betwixt my Thighs, and emitted. He told me, that I need not be troubled, or wonder at what he had done, for it was what was very common, and he had often practised it with others. At the same Time, he desired me to act the same with him; but I refused, and told him, I was a Stranger to all such Practices, and if I had known what a sort of a Man he had been, I would never have lain in the same Bed with him.

The Spermatic Injection not being prov'd, the Court directed the Jury to bring in their Verdict *Special*.

The Judges meeting afterwards to consider of this Verdict, they agreed in their Opinion, that the Prisoner had not compleated the Felony of which he stood indicted. But that he might not escape the Hands of Justice entirely, a Bill of Indictment against him for attempting to commit Sodomy with *Nicholas Leader*, was laid before the Grand Jury of *Middlesex*, who finding it *Billa vera*, he was brought upon his Trial at the Sessions in *March* following, when *Nicholas Leader* deposed, that, being in Bed with the Prisoner, the Prisoner seized him by the Throat, forcibly turned him on his Face, and endeavour'd to commit Sodomy with him.

The Jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to pay a Fine of twenty Marks, to suffer two Months Imprisonment, and to stand upon the Pillory near *Old Gravel-Lane*.

Mary Bun and Elizabeth Mob, *for privately Stealing,* Dec. 1721.

MARY BUN and Elizabeth Mob were indicted for privately stealing a Linnen Bag, one Guinea, and

104 Mary Bun, &c. for privately Stealing:

and 3 *l.* 19*s.* in Silver, from the Person of *John Foster*, on the 16th of *October*, 1721.

John Foster. About ten at Night, as I was going to my Inn (the *Vine* within *Bishopsgate*) I met the two Prisoners at the Bar, and one of them——that little fresh color'd Wench—I think they caal her *Naom Mab*—tuck huold of my Airm, and asked me to give her a Pint of Wine; but I tould her I shaddent, and so I went an; but it sennifyed nawing, for they bouth followed me, and said, as how they wad give me a Pint, an I waddent give them one. Thuot I to myself, *theas Lassies are main good humour'd by their talk, I'll ee'n try what they are maod an.* And so Sir, I went wi' 'em to the *Queen's-Head Tavern*, and presently they begun to be mortal fond an me. That little Tuad *Mab* flung her Airms ruond my Neck, and fell a hugging and kissing an me like a Devil, and would neads lay huold of what I had, and I must o oan, that I dud maok free with her in the saom Way; but, a Murrain an her, for a wheedling Jead as she was, while she pretended to be so woundy loving, she picked the Bag of Money out of my Pockut. I duddent see the Baggage taok it, but I see her give it to *Bun*, and *Bun* put it up her Coats, and thear I thuot to find it; but while I was sealing abuot *Bun*, *Bun* was too cunning for me, and handed it back to *Mab*, *A Devil an 'em* (thuot I) *if theas be their Tricks*, and so I begun to maok a plaguy Upruor in the House, and some of the Foke bruot a Constable, and he found the Bag of Mony in *Mab's* Pockut; and here the Bag is, and this is my Mairk, *J.* for *John*, and *F.* for *Foster*. I can taok my Bible Ooath to the Bag, and the Mony too, if nead bee, for there is one Shilling that is nowght, and that I can swear to.

——*Larkin*, the Constable. I was sent for to the *Queen's-Head-Tavern* about Midnight. The Prosecutor charged the Prisoners with picking his Pocket of 5*l.* they both denied it; but, upon searching them, I found the Money in *Mob's* Pocket.

Daniel Ford. I was called into the Room where the Prosecutor, the Prisoners, and the Constable were, and I saw the Constable take the Bag of Money from *Mob*.

The Defence of the Prisoners.

Mary Bun. I was not in the Room when the Money was

Mary Harvey, &c. for privately Stealing. 105

was lost; for the Prosecutor promised to give me a Pint of Wine to go out, while he and *Betty Mob* did their private Concerns together.

Elizabeth Mob did not deny that she had the Money; but said, the Prosecutor gave it her freely, to let him spit in her Mouth.

The Jury acquitted *Bun*, and found *Mob* guilty of the Indictment, and she receiv'd Sentence of Death; but she pleaded her Belly, and a Jury of Matrons being impanel'd, they found her quick with Child. She was afterwards repriev'd.

This was *Bun's* second Escape; for she was indicted in *October* last, for picking *Thomas Smith's* Pocket, of a Silk Purse and nine Guineas; but no Evidence appearing against her, she was acquitted.

Mary Harvey, &c. for privately Stealing,
Dec. 1721.

MARY HARVEY, alias Coate, and Ann Parker, of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, were indicted for privately Stealing from the Person of *Daniel Cassel*, a Silver Watch, Value 7*l.* on the 18th of Nov. 1721.

Daniel Cassel. As I was going along von Night, vary mary vid de Leequor, dese two Vomans, (de Preesonars at de Bar) fall in mine vay, and *Mary Harvey* ask me, *Ah mine Dear! How you do? wat will you go vid me to mine Loshing? Vid all mine Art*, told I, and so ve go togader, but ven ve come dare, she no find de Key of de Door. Vel, vat sal ve do now? *Vy*, told de oder Voman, *Ann Parker*, *Me ave got von Loshing in de Petty France, we will go dare*: So me go vid 'em to dat Loshing, up von pair of Stairs, and dare *Mary Harvey* and me tumball upon the Bed togader, and den she pick a mine Vash out of mine Pockate, and give it to *Parker*, and *Parker* run away vid de Vash, and *Harvey* got off de de Bed, and run away too.

Court. And did you run after them?

D. C. No.

Court. How so?

D. C. Ah begare! dare vas de Raisong for dat—
mine Breeshes vare down about mine Foots—Vell! den

anoder Voman come in and ask a me, *Vat will you give for your Vash again? Vy, me says, me ave a more l' Argent, but me give a you von Pot of de Beer.* She tell a me, *Dat is too leetel,* and so she go away again. Den I make de Uproar, and de Vashamans, and the Coonestauble come in, and dese two Vomans at de Bar come in after dem. *Vell, ask a de Coonstauble, Vy make a you dis very must Noise? Vy, Maitre Coonstauble, me say, dese Vomans ave steal a my Vash out of mine Pockate.* And den the Coonestauble and de Vashamans take ve all tree to the Coontaur.

The Defence of the Prisoners.

Mary Harvey. I met the Prosecutor and a Woman with him in *Bishopsgate-street*, he asked me to go and drink, and then carried me to this House in *Petty-France*. He went up with this other Woman, but would not let me go with 'em, and so I staid below in the Kitchen. In a little Time he sent me down a Shilling to fetch two Pennyworth of Rods, and when I came back, I found the Constable and Watchmen there. One of the Watchmen told me, that the Prosecutor said he had lost his Watch, but could not be positive who had got it.

Elizabeth Jenkins. I saw the Prosecutor and *Harvey*, and another Woman, known by the Name of *Squinting Abigail*, go into my Neighbour's House in *Petty-France*, and go up Stairs together. *Ann Parker* was a Servant in the House, and did not go up with them, but staid below to tend the Child. The Watchmen coming in, the Prosecutor said that *Harvey* had picked his Pocket of his Watch, and had given it to *Abigail*. I know *Ann Parker* to be a good honest Woman; but she has had the Misfortune to have a Husband that was acquainted with a Pack of Brimstone Bitches.

The Jury acquitted *Parker*, and found *Harvey* guilty of Felony. Transportation.

Butler Fox, for a Robbery, Dec. 1721.

BUTLER FOX, of St. Giles's, *Cripplegate*, was indicted for assaulting Sir *Edward Lawrence* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silk Purse, one Guinea, half a Guinea, six Pounds of Chocolate, sixteen Yards of Fustian, three Yards of blue Cloth,

Cloth, a Set of Pewter Buttons, a Pocket-Book, two Holland Shirts, a Scotch Plod Night Gown, a Perriwig, two Turnovers, a blue Cloth Coat, half a Pound of Tea, *Rifby's* Miscellanies, two Handkerchiefs, and the two last Volumes of *Pope's Homer*, on the 2d of Nov. 1721.

Sir Edward Laurence. On the 2d of November, being in the *Huntingdon* Coach, I was robb'd at *Mount-Mill*, of the Goods mentioned in the Indictment, by two Highwaymen in Disguise. *William Hawkins*, upon his offering to sell the two Shirts to a Friend of mine, was apprehended, upon which he impeached the Prisoner, and when the Prisoner was taken, there were found upon him some of the Buttons which I was robb'd of. He said he had 'em of *Hawkins*, and that *Hawkins* had likewise let him have my Night Gown to pawn.

Will. Hawkins. On the 1st of November, the Prisoner hired a Horse of Mr. *Norris* at *Finsbury*, in order to go on the Highway with me, and rob the * *Ciffeter* Stage-Coach, which he did, between twelve and one the next Morning; and riding thro' *Kensington*, came to a Night-Cellar in the *Strand*, where we agreed to rob the *Huntingdon* Coach. I went before-hand to the Inn the Coach sets out from, to see what Passengers were going in that Coach, and left the Prisoner to walk the Horses till I came back. Having got what Intelligence I wanted, we rode to *Mount-Mill* together, and there waited till the Coach came up. The Prisoner stopp'd it, and I robbed *Sir Edward*. We made off, and came to *Bunghill fields*, where I took Charge of the Goods, and sent him away with the Horses. I met him again at *Moore-gate*, and asked him, what Stable he had carried them to, and he said to Mr. *Norris's*. I told him he was wrong in that; because *Norris* knew my Horse, and therefore I bid him go back, and take the Horse to another Stable, which he did. We carried the Things to Mr. *Carter's* at *London-Wall*, and there we shar'd them betwixt us; but *Carter*, having some Suspicion of us, would not let the Goods be left at his House:—I sold a Piece of Muslin to *Carter* for 28 s. and the Prisoner and I shar'd the Money. The Prisoner was a *Porter*, and used to ply in *Milk-street*; and

* *Cirencester.*

he has told me, that he has robb'd several of his Masters, tho' they never suspected him; and in particular, that his Pistol, which we attack'd Sir *Edward* with, he stole from Mr. *Snee* in *Aldermanbury*.

Edward Carter. On the 2d of *November*, the Prisoner, and *Hawkins* who follow'd him, came to my House, and brought a Piece of Fustian, some blue Cloth and Buttons, three Books, and other Things; but, I suspecting they were stolen, would not suffer 'em to leave them there, but threaten'd to throw them out of Doors. However, I let them make some Chocolate, which they likewise brought with them, and *Hawkins* owing me some Money, he offer'd me seven Yards of Muslin, which he said he brought from *Holland*. I bought it of him at 4 s. a Yard; 14 s. I paid to the Prisoner, and the other half I rubb'd off of *Hawkins's* Score.

— *Stone*, the *Pawnbroker*. The Prisoner brought me this Piece of Fustian, this Piece of blue Cloth, and some other Things, which I lent him 15 s. upon. He said, he came from a Gentleman that was under Misfortunes, and I did not suspect him, because he was a Ticket-Porter.

Mr. Norris. The Prisoner hired a Horse of me, on the 5th of *Nov.* to go, as he said, to *Croydon*, for one of his Masters; and, about four o'Clock next Morning, he return'd with that Horse and another, which other he fetch'd away again in about a Quarter of an Hour.

Jonathan Wild. Upon the Information of *Hawkins*, I went o'Sunday to the Prisoner's House, and found him at Home with his two Brothers, and two other Men. I knew him by his black Eye, and by the Buttons on his Breeches, which *Hawkins* had described to me, and told me, that they were the same they took from Sir *Edward Lawrence*. The Prisoner at first was very obstropulus, and swore he would not go with me; but I pulled out a Pistol, and swore as fast as he, that if they made any more Resistance, I'd fire among them; and with that, he grew as quiet as a Lamb: For God Sake Mr. Wild, says he, Tell me how the Case is — Ay, you Rogue, says his Wife, This is your Friend *Hawkins's* Doings — 'Tis even so, says I, Your Friend *Hawkins* has impeach'd ye. Then I carried him to Sir *Edward*, who took him before the Justice, where some
of

of the Goods, which he had pawn'd, being produced, he owned that he had them of *Hawkins*.

Mr. Snee. I employ'd the Prisoner three Years, and never had the least Suspicion of him, till Sir *Edward Lawrence* stopp'd at my Door in *Aldermanbury*, and ask'd me, if I had lost a Pistol? and at the same Time shewed me one. I knew it to be mine, tho' I had never missed it: and Sir *Edward* told me, that he had it from *Will Hawkins*.

Hawkins. And I had it from the Prisoner.

The Prisoner's Defence.

I own that I hired the Horse of Mr. *Norris*; but it was not for myself, but for *Hawkins*, and I have been in his Company, but never on the Highway. That Morning the Robbery was committed, I met him near *Mooregate*, with a Parcel of Goods, and he ask'd me to go and drink with him at *Carter's*, which I did. I had hir'd Horses for him before that Time, but, not having paid for them I was threatned to be arrested. I told him of it then, and he said, if I'd pawn some of those Goods, he'd pay me the Money for the Horse-hire, which I agreed to; for I was very uneasy till it was paid. The 14^s. that I had of *Carter* was due to me on the same Account. When *Hawkins* was in the Compter, he sent to me for some Money, which I refusing, he swore, that he would be even with me. And as for *Jonathan Wild*, he has been to all the Masters that I have worked with, and desired them not to appear in my Behalf; for he said, he was afraid he should not hang me.

A great Number of Gentlemen and Shop-keepers' appeared to the Prisoner's Reputation: They gave him an extraordinary good Character; several for whom he had worked many Years deposed, That he always behaved, to the best of their Knowledge, like an industrious, honest, and faithful Servant. That *Jonathan Wild* had said, he could prove, that the Prisoner had follow'd the Highway for three or four Years; but afterwards confessed, he believed this was the first Fact, and, that *Hawkins* was the greater Rogue, and only swore against the Prisoner to save himself.

The Jury acquitted the Prisoner, but *Hawkins* having laid an information against him for two other Robberies, he

110 Nathaniel Hawes, *for a Robbery.*

he was ordered to remain in Custody. We shall see the Success of this Information in the next Sessions.

Nathaniel Hawes, *for a Robbery, Dec. 1721.*

NATHANIEL HAWES, of Finchley, was indicted for assaulting *Richard Hall*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him 4 s. in Money, on the 24th of *November* last.

When the Prisoner was arraign'd, he stood mute, and being asked the Reason of it by the Court, he said, that as he had always lived like a Man, he was resolved to die like one; and not to go to the Gallows in such a shabby Coat as he then appeared in. That when he was apprehended, he had a handsome Suit of Cloaths at his Lodgings, which was then seized, and had been ever since detained from him; but if that Favour was denied him, he was resolutely bent not to plead to the Indictment. The Court then informed him, what would be the Consequence of persisting in such a Resolution; but he affecting to appear unconcerned about that, his Thumbs were ordered to be tied together, which was done, and the Cord pull'd by two Officers till it broke. This was repeated several Times; but still remaining obstinate, the Court passed Sentence on him to be pressed. * When he had lain about seven Minutes in the Press, under a Weight of 250 lb. he desired to be carried back, which the Court granting, he was brought again to the Bar, and pleaded, Not guilty.

Richard Hall. On the 24th of *November* last in the Evening, the Prisoner came up to me, and, holding a Pistol to my Breast, bade me dismount. I thereupon gave him 4 s. but, not satisfied with that, he again repeated, *Dismount*, with a *Damn ye, don't stand trifling with me*; and at the same Time he was going to alight himself, in order (as I suppose) to search me, which I observing, while his Back was towards me, I took the Opportunity, and suddenly seized his Hand, and wrench'd the Pistol from him, and then clapping it to his Breast, bid him sur-

* See the Form of his Sentence, and the manner of executing it, in the Case of William Spiggot, &c. Pag. 14.
render,

Nathaniel Hawes, *for a Robbery.* 111

render, which he did. A Drayman coming by, assisted me to carry him to *Highgate*, where he was secured. While he was in Custody there, he complained, that he had very hard Fortune in being taken so soon, he having broke out of *New-Prison* but the *Sunday* before.

The Prisoner said nothing in his Defence, and only insisted upon having his Cloaths returned. The Jury found him Guilty, *Death*.

Nathaniel Hawes was born in *Norfolk*, his Father was a *Grafter*, of good Repute in that County, and one who by his Industry had acquired a moderate Fortune, and was in a fair Way to improve it, if Death had not prevented him. He died in the first Year of his Son's Age, and left him to the Care of some Relations in *Hertfordshire*, by whom he was brought up, and put Apprentice to *Mr. Gladwell Peyton*, an *Upholsterer*. He had not been there long, before he robb'd his Master, for which he was apprehended and tryed at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Bailey*. To give a just Account of that Fact, we shall here insert, both his Trial for the Theft, and the Trial of *John Phillips* for receiving the stolen Goods.

October, 1720.

Nathaniel Hawes, of *St. Clement's Danes*, was indicted for stealing seven Yards and a half of Sattin, Value 18*s.* five Yards of Mohair, Value, 28*s.* forty-seven Yards of Camblet, Value 6*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* eight Yards of Burdet, and four Yards of Ticking, in the Dwelling-House of *James Gronas*, and *Gladwell Peyton*, on the 9th of *Sept.* 1720.

Mr. Peyton. The Prisoner come to me upon liking, in order to be bound Apprentice : He lived with me three Months, and during that Time, I frequently missed my Goods of one Sort or other, and at last I began to make a strict Enquiry after them, upon which the Prisoner went away the next Morning, (being *Saturday*) and left Word, that he was gone to another Master. His going away in such a Manner, gave me a great Suspicion of him, and what encreased it was, my being told, that he was afterwards seen to be very flush of Money, and to appear in new Cloaths and laced Ruffles. I was informed too, that he used often to go to one *Phillips* a Piece-broker ; upon which I got a Warrant, and searched *Phillip's House*, and there

112 Nathaniel Hawes, *for a Robbery.*

there I found as much Mohair, Damask, Camblets, and other Goods of mine, as were worth 10 *l.* 14 *s.* which the Prisoner (as he afterwards confessed) had sold to this *Phillips* for 24 *s.* 6 *d.*

Mr. Green. When I served the Warrant on the Prisoner, he owned, that he stole those Goods from his Master, and sold them to the Piece-broker.

Mr. Brown. I went to the Prisoner in the Round-House, and he confessed to me there, that he had stolen those Goods from *Mr. Peyton*, and sold them to *Phillips*, who bid him bring whatever he could get, and he would buy it of him. He told me, the several Particulars of the Prices that he sold them for, which I set down from his own Mouth, and he afterwards signed his Name to the Paper.

This Paper was read in Court, and the Prisoner acknowledged that he set his Hand to it. The Jury found him Guilty to the Value of 39 *s.* and he was ordered for Transportation.

But as a criminal Convict cannot be a legal Evidence against another Person, till he has either obtain'd a Pardon, or satisfied Justice, by undergoing the Punishment appointed for his Offence; and as it would have been difficult to have convicted *Phillips*, except *Hawes* was made a Witness, the Order for Transportation was changed for that of being burnt in the Hand, which was executed in *March* following.

In *April*, 1721.

John Phillips of *St. Clement's Dunes*, was indicted as accessory to a Felony; for that whereas *Nathaniel Hawes* was in *October* last indicted for feloniously stealing divers Goods in the House of *James Gronas*, and *Gladwell Peyton*, of which Indictment he was found guilty to the Value of 39 *s.* he the said *John Phillips* did receive the same, knowing them to be stolen.

Mr. Peyton. Having several Times missed my Goods, and made Enquiry after them, I was inform'd, that my Servant *Nat. Hawes*, went frequently to my Neighbour *Phillip's* Shop, to sell such Goods as I dealt in. Whereupon I got a Search Warrant, and went thither. The Prisoner refused to let me search 'till the Warrant was produc'd, and then upon examining I found several of my Goods

Goods there. The Prisoner upon that laid them together, and told me, they were all mine, and desired me to be easy, and not prosecute him. He bought some Things for about 30 s. which cost me 6 l. He at last confessed, that he had them of *Hawes*, tho' at first he said, that he bought the Mohair half a Year before of an old Woman; but being told, that it had not been lost so long, he then said, that it was within three Weeks.

John Green and *William Brown* confirmed that Part of Mr. *Peyton's* Evidence, which related to finding the Goods in the Prisoner's Shop.

Nat. Hawes. I had got a Habit of keeping idle Company, and, wanting Money one Time, I stole a few Remnants of my Masters, and carry'd them to the Prisoner, who took me down into his Kitchen, and bought them of me. I carried Goods to him several Times after, and he always had me into his Kitchen, or into a back Room, and bolted the Door, and bid me speak softly, that the People in the Shop might not hear. I sold him four Yards of Mohair, which cost 7 s. 6 d. for half a Crown: a Piece of Camblet for a Guinea and half * cost 6 l. and several other Things at the like Rates. I reckon I sold him in the whole, as many Goods as were worth upwards of 10 l. He gave me Encouragement, by bidding me bring what Goods I wou'd, and he'd buy them of me. I told him where I lived, but did not tell him, that they were my Master's Goods, but my own.

The Prisoner in his Defence did not deny that he bought the Goods, but denied that he knew they were stolen.

Mary Wargen. I was the Prisoner's Servant, and was always in the Shop when *Hawes* came, and I used to call my Master down to him. I heard him examine *Hawes* if he came honestly by the Goods, and *Hawes* told him yes, they were his own. My Master *always* bought them in the Shop, and *never* in the Cellar. Those Goods (naming several Particulars) were brought by *Hawes* at four or five Times,

* *Here Hawes confesses, that he received 34 s. for but Part of the Goods, tho' at first (as appears in the foregoing Trial) he told his Master, that he had but 24 s. 6 d. for the whole. A Sign of a bad Memory!*

114 Nathaniel Hawes, *for a Robbery.*

Times, and were *all that ever* my Master bought of him †. At the Time of the Search, my Master took down the Goods freely, and I heard Mr *Peyton* say, that he believed my Master came honestly by them.—Here Mr. *Peyton* was called up again, and deposed, that the Prisoner did not voluntarily deliver up the Goods, but equivocated.

Mary Chaplain and *Richard Atkinson* deposed, that they heard the Prisoner examine *Hawes*, whether he came honestly by the Goods or not.

Several other Witnesses gave the Prisoner the Character of an honest industrious Man. The Jury found him guilty. *Transportation.*

Newgate makes but few Converts. *Hawes*, having now obtained his Liberty, was so far from reforming his Manners, by a just Reflection on the late Consequences of his vicious Courses, that he presently took up a Resolution of collecting Money on the Highway, and the better to effect it, he entered into Partnership with *John James*. These two in Company, made such a close Application to Business, that in about a Fortnight's time they met with no less than || eighteen pretty good Bargains, which made a considerable Advance in their Stock. But, when they came to settle their Accompts, they could not agree about dividing the Profits, and so the Co-partnership broke off, and each Man determined to deal on his own Bottom.

This Quarrel made them jealous of one another; and *Hawes*, imagining that *James* in revenge would come in and impeach him, was resolved to be before-hand with him, and therefore immediately surrender'd himself to *Jonathan Wild*,

† According to this Deposition of the Prisoner's Maid, it was utterly impossible for *Hawes* to come to his House at any Time, but when she was in the Shop, or ever to sell him any Goods, or so much as speak to him, but in her Presence, all which is very likely to be true.

|| *Hawes* told the Ordinary of *Newgate*, that he committed eighteen Robberies with *John James*; but, in the Trial of *James* (in Page 70) he remembered but eleven, which is another Instance of a treacherous Memory.

Nathaniel Hawes, for a Robbery. 115

Wild, and made a Discovery of several Robberies which he and *James* had been concerned in. *James* upon this was apprehended; and being tried for robbing *Collet Marwood*, in which Trial *Hawes* was an Evidence against him, he was convicted and executed, as we have already seen.

Though the capitally convicting of but *one* Criminal saves the Life of a Felon, who comes in voluntarily, and makes himself an Evidence; yet it does not entitle him to his Liberty. *Hawes* therefore was sent back to *New-Prison* (for his Life had been in Danger in *Newgate*, the Prisoners there have such an Aversion to *Evidences*) but not liking his Accommodation, he broke out from thence with *Will. Burridge*.

These two, for three or four Nights successively, committed several Robberies on *Hackney-Road*; the last of which was an Attack upon four Ladies in a Coach, from whom they took a Wedding-ring, two Snuff-boxes, and forty Shillings. The next Evening *Hawes* set out by himself, and committed the Fact for which he was try'd and condemned, as is related above.

For some time after Sentence, he affected to appear but little concerned about the Condition he was in. He even seemed emulous of distinguishing himself from the rest of the Prisoners, by an audacious Behaviour, which he mistook for a *Greatness of Soul*. But when the dead Warrant came down, he discovered different Sentiments: He then acknowledged, that it was not for the Sake of being hang'd in better Apparel, that he bore the 250 lb. Weight on his Breast for seven Minutes; but from a vain Ambition of gaining the Applause of his fellow Criminals for his Courage. He said that he knew of the Robbery lately committed near *Bow*, and that a Footman, who was sent to the *Compter* on Suspicion, was no way concerned in it. That he knew no Harm of the Son of the Person who keeps the *Bell Ale-house* in *Newton's-lane*; but desired him to consider of the untimely End of *Nathaniel Hawes*.

He was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 22^d of December, 1721, in the 20th Year of his Age.

George

George Nicholas, for Forging a Bank Note,
Jan. 1721-2.

GEORGE NICHOLAS, of Stebunheath, alias Stepney, was indicted for forging and counterfeiting a Bank Note, for 80 *l.* payable to John Groves, or Bearer, June 10, 1721.

Bartholomew Ward. In Newgate I became acquainted with Joseph Lindsey, who was an Evidence against Spiggot and Phillips. * He told me, that, if I could but raise Money enough to procure a Bank Note, he'd teach me how to encrease the Value of it, and make a Gentleman of me. He directed me to the Prisoner for further Information. The Prisoner shewed me a chymical Preparation, with which, in my Presence, he took the Writing out of several Pieces of Paper. Our chief Difficulty then, was how to raise the Money. I had already run myself pretty much in Debt, and knew not where to get Credit, for such a Sum as we wanted. At last, by the Prisoner's Advice, I sold all my Goods for 11 *l.* and with this Money I went to the Sugar-Loaf, within Bishopsgate, where (as before as had been agreed) I met the Prisoner and my Brother-in-law, Edward Jones. A Porter was call'd, the Prisoner gave him the Money, wrapt in a Paper, and ordered him to go to the Bank, and get a Note for it, payable to John Groves, or Bearer. When the Note was brought, we retired to a private Room. The Prisoner dipt a clean Pen in the chymical Preparation, and touching over all the Letters of the Word *Eleven*, except *E*, took them fairly out, and then bid me add *ighty* to that *E*, and so made it *Eighty*. I took the Pen and was going to write, but the Prisoner observing that my Hand shook, he told me I would spoil it, and so he took the Pen from me, and wrote the Word himself. I desired him to give me a Receipt for making that Liquid; upon which he wrote the Name of the Ingredients in my Pocket-Book, which I have here to produce.

* See the Trials of Spiggot, alias Spicket, and Phillips, Page 13.

[The Pocket-Book was then shewn in Court, but the Recipe is here omitted, to prevent others from making an ill Use of it.]

Court. What did you do with the Note?

Ward. As neither of us made an Appearance good enough to put off a Note of such Value here, we both went to *Roterdam*, and, meeting with a *Jew* there, we offer'd the Note to him; but he refused to take it, till he had written over to the *Bank*, to know if such a Note was out. We staid at *Roterdam* four or five Days, and then beginning to want necessities, and finding no Likelihood of putting the Note off, we returned to *England*. I, being afraid of the Consequence, advised the Prisoner to deface the Note, and get the Eleven Pounds of the *Bank*; but he said, *No, I won't deface it, but I'll lock it To-morrow.*

Court. What did you understand by *Locking*?

Ward. That he would sell it, which he did for twenty Pounds.

Prisoner. This is only a Subterfuge for himself to creep out by; for the Bill was his own, and I had no Property in it.

Edward Jones. I went for the Ingredients to a *Chymist* on *Snow-hill*, by the Prisoner's Order. They try'd the Preparation three or four times upon several Pieces of Writing, before they attempted on the Note.

Thomas Reeves, Porter. I was sent for to the *Sugar-Loaf*. The Prisoner ordered me to carry Eleven Pounds to the *Bank*, and get a Note for it in the Name of *John Groves*; and he gave me the Name in Writing, for fear I should forget it.

Prisoner. Who gave you the Money?

Reeves. I had it from *Ward*. I had some Difficulty to get a Note for so small a Sum; but I got one at last.

The Officers of the *Bank* deposed, that a Note was given out for Eleven Pounds that Day, in the Name of *John Groves*, and none for Eighty Pounds.

Prisoner. *Ward* had a Hint of the Secret to take out Writing from one *Riddleston*, and afterwards he found out the Whole by his own Study, before I was acquainted with him. He says he sold his Goods for Eleven Pounds; but
it's

118 James Shaw, &c. for a Robbery.

it's well known, that at that time he had not near Goods enough to raise so much Money, but procured it some other Way, and then gave it himself to the Porter (as the Porter had sworn) to take out a Bank Note, and the Porter did not know me when he was brought to see me in the *Poultry Compter*.

George Cook. When I carried the Porter to the *Compter*, he said, he believed the Prisoner was the Man, who, at the *Sugar-Loaf*, gave him Directions in Writing, to go to the *Bank*; but that he received the Money, wrapp'd up in a Paper, from *Ward*.

Prisoner. When two Men are concerned in such a Fact, 'tis an easy Matter to fix it on a third Person, in order to save their own Lives.——When I was apprehended *Ward* run away, and did not appear in three or four Months.

Elizabeth Jones, *Ward's* Sister. Because, when you was in *Newgate*, you sent him Word, that, if he did not get out of the Way, you should both be dead Men.

Three or four Witnesses gave the Prisoner a good Character. The Jury found him guilty of the Indictment, pursuant to which Verdict he received Sentence of Death, but was afterwards reprieved.

James Shaw and Richard Norton, for a Robbery; and of James Shaw (alone) for a Robbery and Murder, Jan. 1721-2.

JAMES SHAW, alias *Smith*, alias *Thomson*, and *Richard Norton*, alias *Watkins*, were indicted for assaulting *Charles Hungate* on the Highway, in the Parish of *St. Pancras*, and taking from him a black Gelding, Value 10 l. and a Bridle and Saddle, Value 5 s. the Goods of *Robert Adams*, and 8 s. the Money of the said *Charles Hungate*, on the 27th of Dec. 1721.

Robert Adams. I lent my Horse with the Bridle and Saddle to Mr. *Wolfe*, of *Lincoln's-Inn* to whom *Charles Hungate* is a Servant.) I found the Bridle and Saddle at the Prisoner *Norton's* Father's, and my Horse in the Pound. The Pound-keeper told me, that he found him turned loose

loose in *Tothill-fields*. As soon as I heard of the Robbery, I suspected *Norton*, because he had been heard to say, that he had *turned out* *.

Charles Hungate. Between six and seven at Night, on the 27th of *Dec.* in my Return from *Highgate*, I was attacked by two Men, between that and *Kentish-Town*. They took away the Horse I rode on, and eight Shillings, but I don't know who they were, for it was so dark, that I could not distinguish their Persons.

Richard Hughs. I am Hostler at the *Cross-Keys*, in *St. Martin's-lane*. On the *Thursday* after the Robbery, *Norton*, the Prisoner, came to our House with a lame Horse, which he said belonged to a Gentleman in *Westminster*. The Horse had lost one of his hind Shoes, and he left Orders for us to give him some Corn, and to shoe both his hind Feet; and he said, that either he himself, or the Gentleman, would fetch him away next Morning. At Night he came again, and bid us shoe his fore Feet; but he came no more 'till *Saturday* Morning, and then he was in such a Hurry, that he would not stay till the Horse was dressed: I afterwards saw the same Horse in *Mr. Adam's Stable*.

Norton. I had Orders from this Gentleman to carry the Horse thither.

Court. What, the Prisoner *Shaw*? Was he the Gentleman that gave you Orders?

Norton. Yes,

Shaw. No, it was not me, for I was then in the Country.

Justice Bleckerby. *Norton* told me at first, that the Gentleman who gave him Orders was a Stranger to him; but being ask'd, if he had never been an Accomplice with any one, he at last owned, that he was acquainted with *Shaw*, and that *Shaw* was with him when he turned the Horse loose.

Elizabeth White. I went to *Watkins's House*.—*Watkins* is *Norton's* Father [-in-law]—and, while I was there, *Shaw* was standing by the Fire, and somebody said, that *Norton* was taken up, *Aye*, says *Shaw*, *he's taken up for turning*.

* To Turn-out is a cant Term, for going to rob or steal.

120 James Shaw, &c. for a Robbery.

turning my Horse loose ; and with that he went out immediately.

Crawley. I am Hostler at the *Blue-Boar's-Head* in *King-street, Westminster*. Between seven and eight on *Saturday Night*, not long after *Christmas*, *Watkins* [alias *Norton*] brought a Horse to our Inn, and ordered him to be ready by five o'Clock o' *Monday Morning*, and then he and *Shaw* came together. *Shaw* brought a Mare with him, and, the Horse not being dressed, he said, *Hostler, we are in Haste, lend me your Curry-comb, and I'll dress him myself, for I am used to it* ; and when he had done, they both mounted, and rode away together. I afterwards saw the same Horse in *Mr. Adam's Stable*.

John Davis, Beadle. I took *Shaw* last *Thursday*, and upon searching him. I found, in one of his *Waistcoat Pockets*, a Pistol ready prim'd, and loaded with a Brace of Bullets, and in the other a Mask, a Flint, some Bullets, and loose Powder.

Francis Key. My Father is the Pound-keeper. I found the Horse loose in *Totbill-fields*, and met *Norton*, with a Saddle under his Great-coat. I asked him where he got that Saddle ? and he said he had been at *Chelsea* to fetch it for a Gentleman.

Shaw. It signifies nothing for me to give the Court any further Trouble. *Norton* is innocent. I ordered him to carry the Horse to the two Inns, and afterwards to turn him loose ; and it was I and another Man that committed this Robbery.

Court. A Prisoner's Confession will affect himself ; but whatever he says, for or against another, is of no Weight. The Jury will only regard Evidence. If *Norton* has any Witnesses either to the Fact, or his Character, let them be call'd.

George Doutney. The Prisoner (*Norton*) lived in my Neighbourhood ; he was a rude, roguish Boy, and given to Play ; but I never knew that he was dishonest.

Court. How comes he to go by two Names ?

Doutney. His own Father's Name was *Norton*, but his Mother married a second Husband, whose Name is *Watkins*, and this *Watkins* is a Bailiff, and the Prisoner was his

Setter,

James Shaw, &c. for a Robbery. 121

Setter, and so some People called him by his Father-in-law's Name.

Justice *Blakerby*. *Watkins's* House is a Harbour for Thieves, Whores, Pimps, Bawds, and Procurers.

The Jury acquitted *Norton*, and found *Shaw* guilty.
Death.

James Shaw was a second Time indicted for assaulting *Philip Potts* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silver hilted Sword, Value 3*l.* and a Silver Watch, Value 5*l.* on the 24th of June 1721.

He was a third Time indicted for the Murder of *Philip Potts*, by given him, with a Wooden Staff, one mortal Bruise in the Forehead, near the left Eye, on the 24th of June last, of which mortal Bruise he languish'd till the 26th of the same Month, and then dy'd.

He was a fourth Time indicted, on the Coroner's Inquest, for the said Murder.

Isaac Drew. I and *James Reading*, and the Prisoner committed this Robbery near the *Tile-Kilns*, at *Pancras*, between 10 and 11 on *Saturday* Night. The Prisoner knock'd the Deceased off his Horse with a Staff. He made some Resistance, but we got him under us, and then robbed him. *Reading* took his Sword, and struck at him with his Staff. The Deceased bled at the Head, and we left him in that Condition, lying upon the Ground.

Prisoner. *Drew* only swears this for the Sake of the 140*l.* Reward; and he has been proved perjured in this Court before, and therefore it is hard, that his Oath should be taken now. I own, I have been in several Robberies with him and *Reading*; but never was concerned with them in this, or any other Robbery, near *Pancras*.

Peter Green. Somebody came to my Mistress *Towers's* House, and told us, that a Gentleman was robb'd; upon which my Mistress desired me to go and meet my Master, who was gone out, and so I and *John Pritchard* went, and we met the Deceased, who said he had been robb'd, about a Quarter of a Mile off, by three Men, who took his Sword and Watch; and that the least of the three knocked him off his Horse. He was in a very bad Condition, and we helped him along; but, before we could

get him to the *Pindar of Wakefield*, he was taken speechless, and dropped down in the Path, and then *Pritchard* carried him on his Back to the Ale-house, and there a Surgeon took out a Piece of his Skull, and I saw his Brains.

John Pritchard. I was at *Towers's* House with *Peter Green*, when Mrs. *Towers* desir'd me to go and meet her Husband.—We met the Deceased; his Head was all bloody, and he wip'd it under his Hat, with his Handkerchief. When he came to *Battle-Bridge*, he cry'd, *Lord, have Mercy on my Soul; I can go no farther; and then he fell down, and spoke no more. I took him on my Back, and carried him to the Pindar of Wakefield. This was on Saturday Night, and he died on Monday Morning.*

Mr. Moore, Surgeon. I was sent for to the Deceased. He had a Wound on the Right Side of his Fore-head, but that was not mortal; but on the Left Side I found a large Contusion from a Blow, which was the Cause of his Death. The Skull was not broke with the Blow, but it was trapann'd. He had several other Wounds and Bruises.

Jonathan Wild. After Mr. *Potts's* Death, on *William Burridge's* Information, I took *James Reading*, and he impeach'd *Isaac Drew*, the Drover, and the Prisoner *Shaw*, for this Robbery and Murder, in hopes of being admitted an Evidence against them; but he was disappointed by *Burridge's* being made an Evidence against him, for robbing Mr. *Brownsworth*. However, I took *Isaac [Drew]* and *John Dykes*, together in *Holborn*, and each of these offered to be an Evidence against the other, but *Drew* succeeded, and *Dykes* was convicted on his Evidence. The Prisoner, *Shaw*, being apprehended for robbing Mr. *Hungate*, he thought likewise to save himself by impeaching *Drew*; but *Drew*, going first before the Justice impeach'd *Shaw*; For, says he, *there's no other Remedy, and if I don't leave off this Trade, I shall come to be hang'd.*

Constable. When *Shaw* was taken he said, he was a dead Man. I asked him, if he could not save himself by being an Evidence? and he answered, *No, Long Isaac has sworn against me already, and I know he will hang me.*

The

James Shaw, &c. for a Robbery. 123

The Jury found him guilty of all the Indictments.
Death.

James Shaw was condemned in the 28th Year of his Age. His Parents sent him to School when he was young; but, having no Inclination to Learning, he made but little Improvement; nor would he continue long at any Trade, though he was try'd at several, one of which was that of a *Gun-lock-maker*. He would not own, however, that he was naturally of a vicious Disposition, but that his ill Conduct and Misfortunes were all owing to his Wife; for that, when he was first married to her, he was very industrious, and constantly carried home nine Shillings a Week; but still, when he returned weary from Work, he could never find her at home, and she neither took care of him, nor of any Thing else, but let every Thing run to Ruin, which made him resolve to work no longer to so little Purpose. He said too, that the Child she had was none of his; and, in a Word, that her Behaviour had been such, that he heartily hated her. And though the *Ordinary* assur'd him, that he would be forgiven, if he forgave others, and threatened him with Hell-fire, if he did not, yet it all signify'd nothing, there was no Abatement in his Enmity to his Wife, he could not bear the Sight of her, and to hear her speak, was to him insupportable!

However, he said, he did all he could to obtain God's Pardon for the many Robberies he had been guilty of. That most of these he committed betwixt *London* and *Hampstead*, upon such who went to, or returned from the *Wells* or *Belfize*, and that the Soldiers gave him and his Accomplices but little Disturbance. That he had sometimes taken sixty or eighty Pounds at a Time. That he had often robbed on *Hampstead-beath* and *Finchley-common*, both on Horseback and on Foot. But that the most Cruelty was committed in Foot Robberies, and especially if the Person they robbed was on Horseback, in which Case Murder sometimes ensued; for they thought the surest Way to escape from a Horseman, was to knock him off, and then either to bind or disable him, to prevent his Pursuit.

And yet he denied, that he was any Way concerned in the Murder of *Mr. Potts*, or that in any of his Robberies he ever used Violence to any Man, except to one who lives

at *Islington*, whom he and his Accomplices robbed near the Place where the Men hang in Chains at *Holloway*, and that then he only gave that Man a slap on the Face after he had baul'd out *Rogues! Highwaymen! and Murder!* for a long Time, before any body touch'd him, and this he insisted on for some Time; but at last he own'd he knew of the Murder, and gave such a very particular Account of the Manner in which it was committed, as amounted to a Confession that he was present.

But, in order to convince the Chaplain of *Newgate*, that he was not so great a Reprobate as some might imagine, he said, it was his firm Opinion, that it was a much greater Sin to rob a poor Man, or the Church of God, than those who would have spent the Money he took from them in Gaiety and Luxury, or those who perhaps had unjustly acquired it by Gaming. What a conscientious Foot-pad and Murderer was this! How great his Compassion for the Poor and Distressed! How extraordinary his Justice in punishing evil Doers, and his Care in preventing the Rich from making an ill Use of their Money! And, above all, what a pious Regard does he shew for the Church of God!—And yet it does not appear, that in any of his Robberies he gave himself the Trouble of enquiring into these Particulars. Did he take it for granted, that Providence would suffer none but the Rich and the Wicked to fall into his Hands?

He said, that he never knew any Thing that touch'd him to the Heart, but the Death of *William Barton*,* (who was executed in *May* last, for robbing the Lord Viscount *Lisbon* on the Highway, for that he himself was concerned in that Robbery, and ought to have died for it: And that he could not, when *Barton* died, keep out of his Mind that he should quickly follow him in the same Manner.

And he was not mistaken, for he made his Exit at *Tyburn*, on *Thursday* the 8th of *February*, 1721-2.

John Smith, for Murder, *January*, 1721-2.

JOHAN SMITH, of *St. Botolph* without *Aldgate*, was indicted for the Murder of *Matthew Weldon*, by giving

* *Barton* was convicted in *April*, 1721. See his Trial above.

ing him one mortal Wound of the Length of one Inch, and Depth of three Inches, by discharging a Pistol loaded with Powder and Bullets, on the 22^d of *November* last, of which mortal Wound he instantly died. He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquest for the said Murder.

Hester Walker. I keep the Town of *Lynn* Alehouse at the *Hermitage*. About ten at Night the Prisoner came in, sat down at an open Table by the Fire in the fore Room, and called for a Pint of Beer, I drew it for him, and then carried him a Candle; he said he wanted no Light, but I sat it by him, and, going into another Room, I heard a Noise like the throwing of a Candlestick. I was a little surprized, and returned presently to know what was the Matter, when I saw the Prisoner going out at the Door, putting his Hand in his Bosom, upon which, I cry'd out *Murder!*

Court. For what Reason?

H. W. A Woman who sat by the Fire told me, she saw him have a Pistol.

Court. But had you any Ground to believe that he intended to do Mischief with it?

H. W. I was afraid of it; because he had formerly kept Company with *Sarah Thompson* (who sold Oysters at my Door) and had told her, if ever she married he would shoot her. Now she was newly married, and she and her Husband were in the Room when he was going out— Upon my crying Murder, he ran from the Door, and the Deceased followed him. I went out with a Candle, and did not go above twelve Yards before I saw the Flash of a Pistol, and heard it go off, and at the same Time the Deceased fell down.

Sarah Thompson. Between 9 and 10 at Night, as I was sitting at Mrs. *Walker's* Door with Oysters, the Prisoner went in. I had a Mind to see him, because we had been pretty intimate together formerly, and I had not seen him a long Time, and so went in, and, as I past by him, I said, *How do ye do John?—O!* says he, *are you married? I wish you much Joy, and be damn'd to ye.* And with that he took something out of his Bosom, I know not what it was, but presently, as I was going into the Kitchen, a

Candlestick flew at me; Mrs. *Walker* cry'd *Murder!* and he ran into the Street.

Elizabeth Damston. I was at Mrs. *Walker's*, when the Prisoner came in. He called for a Pint of Beer, and began to talk with me and some others, when *Sarah Thompson* came by, and ask'd him how he did. He wished her much Joy, and clapt his Hand to his Bosom; I was afraid of Mischief, and pushed her into the Kitchen, and then I heard a Candlestick thrown. Mrs. *Walker* cry'd *Murder!* he went out, and I heard a Pistol go off.

Robert Weed, Watchman. I heard a Cry of *Murder!* and saw the Prisoner run, I endeavour'd to stop him, but he got loose. The Deceased came out of *Walker's* House and overtook me. I followed, and about 60 Yards from *Walker's* House the Pistol was fired, when presently the Deceas'd clapt his Hand on the Wound, and said, *Lord, have Mercy upon me, he has shot me.*

Court. Did you see the Prisoner fire the Pistol?

R. W. I can't say that; but when I was in *Walker's* House a little before, I saw a Pistol in the Prisoner's Bosom; I lighted the Deceased to his Lodging, where he fell down, and died before the Surgeon came.—The Prisoner escap'd.

William Thompson. The Prisoner came to *Walker's*, call'd for Beer, and paid for it before it was brought. He ask'd me if I'd drink with him, but I said, *No, I have not long to stay.* My Wife, *Sarah Thompson*, coming by, she asked him how he did, and he answer'd, *Ye Eeteb, I'll shoot you thro' the Body this Minute.* Upon which Mrs. *Walker* cry'd *Murder!* he ran out, the Deceased after him, and I after the Deceased; I follow'd the Prisoner so close that once I touch'd his Pistol with my Hand, and the Watchman got before and stood a-cross the Kennel to stop him; the Prisoner then turned about, and I saw him fire the Pistol, upon which the Deceased fell, and I catch'd him in my Arms.

R. Weed again. I did not see any Body near the Prisoner but the Deceased.

Prisoner. I had formerly courted *Sarah Thompson*, and was just landed from *Gravesend*, when I went into *Walker's* where I heard she was married. Upon which, I said to those that told me, *If she is married let her go, for I have*

no more to say to her ; — and so I went out again, and, as to what William Thomson has sworn, it's all out of Malice, because he has married her, and wants to get rid of me.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

When *John Smith* receiv'd Sentence of Death, he was about forty Years old. He was bred to the Sea, had serv'd in most of *Queen Anne's* Wars against the *French* ; he was likewise engag'd in the Sea fight with the *Spaniards*, near *Messina*, in *Sicily*, where the *Spanish* Fleet was broken and dispers'd ; but being lately too much on Shore (which was always his Aversion) he turned his Hand to pilfering, not so much for the Sake of what he could steal, but only, as he said, for want of other Employment. How rarely do we thus meet with Industry without a View of Self-Interest !

But he had not followed this Trade long, before a Friend of his, one *Woolford*, who carried on the same Business, was condemn'd to be hang'd for being over diligent in his Calling. *Smith* was alarm'd at this, and begun to fear, that if he continued in that Way of Dealing, he should meet with the same Misfortune ; and therefore he concluded it would be the wisest Way to leave it off in time, and take some other Course of Life. And that this Reflection might have the stronger Impression on his Mind, he attended his Friend to the Place of Execution, and there meeting with his Friend's Wife (who had likewise been Wife to one *Lowder*, who was hang'd in Chains at *Holloway*) he took her Home to his own Bed. One would think that the daily Sight of a Woman, who had had two Husbands hang'd, must needs keep the Danger of a Halter fresh in his Memory ; and yet he so mortally hated Idleness, that he would still be doing.

When he came to the Place of Execution, he appeared undaunted at the near approach of Death. He confess'd the Crime for which he was condemn'd to suffer, deliver'd a Paper to the Ordinary, and then left the World with this Advice to the Spectators :

Take warning by me and beware how you listen to the Tongues of Women !

The Copy of *JOHN SMITH's* Paper.

I *Was born of honest Parents, bred to the Sea, and lived Honest 'till I was led aside by lewd Women. I then robb'd*

on Ships, and never robb'd on Shore. I had no Design to kill the Woman who jilted me, and left me for another Man, but only to terrify her, for I could have shot her when the loaded Pistol was at her Breast; but I curb'd my Passion, and only threw a Candlestick at her. I confess my Cruelty towards my Wife, who is a Woman too good for me; but I was at first forced to forsake her for Debt, and go to Sea. I hope in God none will reflect on her, or my poor innocent Children, who could not help my sad Passion, and more sad Death.

Written by Me,

JOHN SMITH.

From what was said at his Trial, one may think that his keeping Company with the Oyfter Woman was with a Design to marry her; but here it appears in a different Light; for he owns he had a Wife and Children, and 'tis therefore with an ill Grace that he charges her with jilting him. He would make a Merit of not killing her, when it was in his Power, and pretends he had no other Design than to frighten her: But was it necessary to load his Pistol for that? Would not an uncharg'd Pistol have answered his Purpose as well? Is there no Room then to suspect, that his first Intention was to shoot her, tho' upon second Thoughts he did not execute it? 'Tis true, it was in his Power to have killed her in the House; but could he hope to escape? Could he think the Company there would let him go away quietly after such an Action? — By no Means — And would not a Consideration of this Weight be a sufficient Motive to change his first Purpose? 'Tis not absurd to think it would, and consequently that a Regard for his own Life was the means of preserving her's.

I observe one Thing more in this Paper of his. He says, *he never robb'd on Shore.* This is contradictory to the Narrative above, the Substance of which is taken from the Account given by the Ordinary of *Newgate*. The Ordinary's Words are these. — “ He said his Life had “ not been the Life of a Robber, but, being of late too “ much on Shore, which was always hateful and uneasy “ to him, he could not find any Way of spending his “ Time, but had been guilty of pilfering and stealing, as “ much

"much thro' lack of Business and Employment, as other-
"wife."

My Design, in reciting these Passages, is not to reconcile them, for that I think unnecessary; but only to advertise the Reader, that a Contradiction ought not to lessen, but rather increase his Opinion of the Chaplain's Veracity; for (as the Learned Mr. Leslie well observes) * *If it be a Contradiction, it could not be an Invention; for who could invent a Contradiction?*

John Smith was hang'd at Tyburn on Thursday, Feb. 8, 1721-2.

*The second Trial of Butler Fox, for a Robbery,
January, 1721-2.*

BUTLER FOX was indicted for assaulting John Gunn on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Silk purse, Value 2 s. 6 d. and 4 s. 6 d. in Money, on the 22d of September last.

John Gunn. The Cisseter [Cirencester] Stage-coach took me up at the Bear, in Piccadilly, on the second of September, a little after twelve in the Morning. As I was afraid of being robb'd, I took no more than 4 s. and 6 d. with me; but I ty'd it up in a green Silk Purse, that if I should happen to meet with any Highwaymen, they might think there was Gold in it, and so treat me with more Civility. When we came to Knightsbridge, the Coach was stopp'd by two Men on Horseback. One of them came to me on the right Side of the Coach, and swore, *God damn ye, deliver quickly, or I'll fire among ye.* I gave him my Purse, he ask'd what was in it, and I said *Half a Guinea, and 3 or 4 Shillings.* He did not offer to search me, but when he had got my Money, he said to his Companion, *Let's go.* His Companion answer'd, *No, not yet.* It was a little Moon light, but I could not plainly see who they were, only I observed, that he who robb'd me, rode on a black Horse with a whitish Bridle.

Mr. Ditton. I was in the Coach at the same Time. It was between twelve and one in the Morning. There were two Highwaymen in Disguise, one on each Side of the

G 5

Coach,

* Socinian Controversy discuss'd. Dial 1.

Coach, they presented their Pistols, and demanded our Money. One of them robb'd me of 11 s. 6 d. and a Steel Cork-screw.

Will. Hawkins. The Prisoner and I committed this Robbery. He hired a large black Gelding of Mr. *Norris*, at *Finsbury*, and I borrowed a bay Mare of Mr. *Carter*, at *London-wall*. We had agreed to rob the *Ciffeter* Coach; we met in *Moorfields*, and went to the Inn where the Coach goes from, to see what Passengers went in it; we saw only three there, but heard that the Coach was to take up more Company at the *Bear Inn*, in *Piccadilly*; we went thither, and saw Mr. *Gunn* and two Women go into the Coach, which then drove away, and we follow'd and stopp'd it at *Knightsbridge*, we took from the Passengers a Cork screw, a green Silk Purse, with 4 s. 6 d. in it, and about 20 s. more, in all. This was on the 2d of *September*, between 12 and 1 in the Morning. Then we rid by *Chelsea*, and so came into the *Strand*, and there he carried me to a Night-cellar, that is kept by one of his Acquaintance — the Man's Name is *Lupton*. We staid there till between two and three, and went thence to *Mount-mill*, at the End of *Goswell-street*, where we waited for the *Huntington* Coach. When it came up, we robb'd Sir *Edward Lawrence* of his Portmanteau, which I carried to Mr. *Carter's*, at *London-wall*, and the Prisoner took Care of the Horses. I had not long been at *Carter's*, before the Prisoner followed me, I ask'd him where he had put up my Mare? He told me at *Norris's*, *Damn ye for a Fool*, says I, *the Mare's as well known there as I am. go and fetch her away directly*; and so he went and brought the Mare to *Carter's*. — As we went thro' *Goswell-street*, towards *Mount-mill*, we met *Richard Portinger*.

R. Portinger. I being under Trouble, was going along *Goswell-street*, about three in the Morning, on the second of *September*, and there I met *Hawkins* and the Prisoner, on Horseback. *Hawkins* was on a bay Mare, and the Prisoner on a black Horse. Returning about six, I heard the *Huntington* Coach had been robb'd, upon which I went to *Carter's*, and called my Friend *Fox* out, and said, I hop'd he was not concern'd in that Robbery. and he told me no. And soon after that, I was arrested.

Norris.

Norris. On the first of *September* the Prisoner hired a black Horse of me to go, as he said, to *Croydon*, for his Master, the Bridle was white, but a little dirty. About four next Morning he brought the Horse home, and a Mare with him. I asked him why he kept the Horse so long, and he said his Master got fuddled, and fell asleep, and he was forced to stay 'till his Nap was out. The Prisoner then went away, but in about a Quarter of an Hour he returned, and took the Mare with him.

Carter. *Hawkins* borrowed my Mare to go and see his Mother, as he told me. And about 4 next Morning he came home, and the Prisoner came in soon after. *Hawkins* asked him where the Mare was? he answer'd, that he had set her up at *Norris's*: *Damn ye*, says *Hawkins*, *she is as well known there, as I am, go and fetch her hither*, which the Prisoner did.

Robert Lupton. *Hawkins* and the Prisoner called at my Night-cellar in the *Strand*. I ask'd the Prisoner how he came to be out so late. He said he had been at my Lord *Halifax's*. *And where are your Horses?* says I, *Why*, says he, *at the Door, there's one a holding them.*

Court. When was this?

Lupton. About 4 Months ago, but I am not certain to the Time. It was about the middle of the Night.

Jonathan Wild. When I went to take the Prisoner, he swore he would not go with me; but I told him, if he offered to resist, I'd shoot him, upon which he surrender'd, and his Wife said, *Aye ye Rogue, this is your Friend Hawkins's doings!*

Prisoner. I hired the Horse at *Norris's* to go to *Chingford*, (over *Epping-Forrest*) about *Porringer's* Business. As I was coming back, I met with *Hawkins*, and it being very early in the Morning, I was unwilling to knock *Norris* up so soon, and I having a Countryman (*Mr. Lupton*) who keeps a Night cellar in the *Strand*, we went thither, and from thence I went with the Horses to *Mr. Norris's*.

Porringer. The Prisoner did hire a Horse to fetch some Money for me, I can't be exact as to the Time, but it was after I met him in *Goswell-street*, for I was then at large, and he was not about my Business. He did not go 'till after I was arrested.

Prisoner.

132 Butler Fox, for a Robbery.

Prisoner. When *Hawkins* was committed to the *Compter* he sent for me, but I not going, he came to my House, after he got out, and swore he would be even with me: *Damn it*, says he, *it has been my turn now, but it shall be yours next*, and he has bore me a Grudge ever since.

Mr. ——— The Prisoner was my Apprentice, and he served his Time faithfully, and afterwards he lived with me two Years as a Journeyman, from *June 1717*, to *June 1719*, my Business is that of a *Calender*. I gave him 5 Pounds a Year extraordinary, by reason of his Industry, Honesty, and good Behaviour; but his Family increasing, I recommended him to be a Porter in *Milk-street*, and, while he follow'd that employ, he lived next Door to me, and my Work often coming in late at Night, and being to go out early the next Day, I have frequently call'd him out of Bed by 2 or 3 in the Morning to assist me, which he has done accordingly, and afterwards has gone to his Portering. That Day on which he was try'd last Sessions for robbing *Sir Edward Lawrence*, I was at the *Baptist-Head-Tavern*, in the *Old-Baily*. *Hawkins* and his Master, (who is a Plaisterer, but now is ill of the Stone) were there at the same Time. His Master ask'd him, how long he had known the Prisoner, and how they became acquainted? *Why*, says *Hawkins*, *I had robb'd for a long Time, and was so well known, that I could seldom be trusted with a Horse, and knowing that Fox lived in good Credit, and employed by several Tradesmen, I insinuated myself into his Company, at first, on purpose to get him to hire Horses for me in the Name of some of his Masters. I have known him 16 or 18 Months, but he never committed any Robbery with me, but that one upon Sir Edward Lawrence.*

Hawkins. No, I did not say, that we never committed any Robbery together but that one Robbery; but I said that we never went a Robbing together but that one Day; and this Robbery was committed the same Day as we robb'd *Sir Edward*.

A great many Witnesses appear'd to the Prisoner's Character, and the Jury acquitted him.

But, tho' *Hawkins* swore thus, yet he afterwards swore another Robbery against *Fox*. For,

At the Assizes held at *Croydon*, on the 14th of *March*,

1721-2,

1721-2, before Sir *Littleton Powis*, Knt. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of *King's-Bench*.

Butler Fox was indicted for robbing Colonel *Hamilton*, on *Wembleton-common*, of which, on the Evidence of *Hawkins*, the Jury found him guilty, and he receiv'd Sentence of *Death* for the same.

Hawkins must have forsworn himself in one of these two Cases, and if it was the latter, then *Fox* was condemn'd for what he was innocent of. And indeed, if we may credit *Ralph Wilson*, in his Account of the Robberies of *Hawkins* and *Simpson*, (which will be inserted in its proper Place) this Robbery was committed by *John Hawkins*, and *George Simpson*, the first of whom gave a particular Relation of it to his Brother *William Hawkins*, in order to his being an Evidence against *Fox*, and this will not appear fictitious, when we see in Mr. *Sharp's* Account of *Hawkins* and *Simpson*, (for which we shall likewise find room) that *John Hawkins* himself declares that *Fox* was innocent of this Fact.

After Condemnation, *Fox* gave a short Account of himself.

He said he was about 29 Years of Age, that he was born within a Mile of *Northampton*, that his Parents were honest, that they put him Apprentice to a *Calender* and *Buckram Stiffner*, with whom he served his Time faithfully, and was a good Workman in that Business, and follow'd it constantly till he turned to be a Ticket Porter. That then he ply'd in and about *Milk-street*, where he had a large Acquaintance, and was intrusted very considerably by several eminent Tradesmen, which Trust, he said, he had always discharged honestly, as they themselves had attested on his two Trials at the *Old-Baily*, and some of them on his Trial at *Croydon*.

He confess'd however, that he was guilty of the two Robberies of which he was acquitted at the *Old-Baily*, but he stedfastly deny'd to the last, that he was guilty of that for which he suffer'd.

He was executed at *Croydon*, on Saturday, March, 31, 1722.

William Burridge, *otherwise* Berridge, for Horse-stealing, *March*, 1722.

WILLIAM BURRIDGE of St. Martin's in the Fields, was indicted for stealing a Bay Gelding, Value 8 l. the Goods of *William Wragg*, on the 23d of *January* last.

John Woodford. On the 23d of *January* at Night, I put up Mr. *Wragg's* Gelding in the Stable, at *Galby* in *Leicestershire*, and next Morning it was missing. I know it to be the same Gelding that the Prisoner was after taken upon.

Mr. Brecknock. I received a Letter from Mr. *Wragg*, informing me, that he had lost his Gelding, which Gelding I had often seen. I advertised it in the *Daily Courant*, and soon after, as I was standing with *Groves* in *Bond-street*, I saw the Prisoner ride upon the same Gelding. We dogg'd him into the *Falcon-Inn*, and endeavour'd to seize him, but he pulled out a Pistol, and swore, he'd shoot us thro' the Head if we did not keep off, by which means he made his Escape from thence; but, being closely pursued, he was taken in the Fields by *May-Fair*.

Prisoner. I bought the Horse at the *Royal Oak* in *Leicester*.

Court. Will you prove that?

Prisoner. Yes, I have two Witnesses to swear it, but my chief Evidence, Mr. *Hudson* is not yet come.

Court. But if you come by the Horse honestly, why did you threaten to shoot those who offered to seize you?

Prisoner. I confess I have committed several Robberies formerly, that I have been an Evidence against others, and that I broke out of Goal sometime before I bought the Horse. For which Reason I knew my Life was in Danger, and therefore I carried Pistols for my own Security, and when these Men endeavour'd to seize me, I never thought they were come to charge me with Horse-stealing, but with some Fact that I had been guilty of.—Here are my two Witnesses.

William Strickland. I worked Journey-work for some Time at *Darby*, where I had 5 s. a Week and my Board;
but

W. Burridge, for Horse-stealing. 135

but my Master having no further Business for me, we parted o' *Saturday* Night, and I went for *London*.

Court. What Business are you ? and where do you live now ?

Strickland. I am a Journeyman Soap-Cask-Cooper ; I live in *Newton's-street* ; and, so as I was a saying, I went from *Darby*, and came to the *Royal-Oak* in *Leicester*, on *Monday* Evening, the 6th of *Jan*.

Court. Are you sure it was *Monday*.

Strickland. Yes ; I can't be mistaken as to that, for I left my Master on *Saturday* Night when he paid me my Week's Wages. I came Part of the Way on *Sunday*, and it was the next Day that I came to *Leicester*, and, coming into the *Royal-Oak*, I sat down in the Kitchen, and call'd for a Pint of Beer ; there I saw the Prisoner, and one Mr. *Hill* (as I heard him called) a bargaining for a Horse, and at last they agreed upon 12 *l.* for the Price. The Prisoner paid the Money and Mr. *Hill* gave him a Receipt for it, and the Maid of the House, *Betty Ashworth*, set her Hand to the Receipt as a Witness.

Court. How was the Receipt dated ?

Strickland. The same Day, the 6th of *January* ?

Court. But might not they mistake the Day of the Month when they dated it ?

Strickland. No, we look'd in the Almanack.

Court. How came the Prisoner to find you out in *London* ?

Strickland. Why after the Receipt was given, the Prisoner and I drank together, and I told him, where he might hear of me ; and so, when he was committed to *Newgate*, he sent to me at my Master's in *Newton's-Lane*.

Court. [Looking on an Almanack.] And you are positive that this was on *Monday*. and the 6th of *January* ?

Strickland. Yes, my Lord, I am.

Court. Very well.—Officer ! Don't let that Man go out of Court.—Where is this *Elizabeth Ashworth* ?

Eliz. Ashworth. Here my Lord.

Court. What do you know of this Matter ?

E. A. On *Monday* the 6th of *Jan*. in the Evening, the Prisoner and *Thomas Hill* came into my Mistress's House, the *Royal Oak* in *Leicester*, and called for Drink.

William

136 W. Burrige, for Horse-stealing.

William Strickland came in soon after, and asked, if he could have a Lodging there that Night, I told him, Yes, and so he sat down. The Prisoner and Mr. *Hill* talk'd about a Horse, and at last they struck a Bargain, and the Prisoner paid Mr. *Hill* 12 l.

Court. In Gold or Silver ?

E. A. It was all in Gold.

Court. Just 12 l. all in Gold ? What kind of Money must that be ?

E. A. I don't know whether Mr. *Hall* might give the Prisoner Change after I was gone, but I saw no Silver while I was there.—Then Mr. *Hill* wrote a Receipt, and I set my Hand to it for a Witness.—Here the Receipt is, 'tis dated the 6th of *Jan.*

Court. And this 12 l. was paid for the Horse, and this Receipt was given the Day the Receipt was dated ?

E. A. Yes, I am certain of that.

Court. And the Day of the Week you say was *Monday* ?

E. A. Yes, I am sure it was *Monday* in the Evening.—And when the Prisoner was apprehended, he sent for me from *Leicester*.

Court. This Receipt is dated *Jan.* 6th, which these two Witnesses swear was the Day the Horse was sold to the Prisoner, paid for by him, and the Receipt given by Mr. *Hill*. They swear too, and give you their Reasons why they remember it, that this 6th of *Jan.* was a *Monday*. Now I find by the Almanack, that the 6th of *Jan.* fell on a *Saturday*, and, what is still more unlucky, both for them and the Prisoner, and makes it impossible, that what they swear can be true, the Horse was not lost, but was in the Owner's Possession, till the 23d of *Jan.* and that too did not fall on a *Monday*, but on *Tuesday* ; so that the Depositions of these two Witnesses manifestly appear to be wilful and corrupt Perjuries,—Therefore, Officer, take them both into Custody.

Officer. Do ye hear Mr. *Soap-Cask-maker*, and you Mrs. Maid of the *Royal Oak* ! There's a new Lodging provided for ye.—You have made a fine Kettle of Fish on't efaith—Come along.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty of the Indictment.
Death.

It

W. Burridge, for Horse-stealing. 137

It was expected, that *Strickland* and *Ashworth* would have been try'd at the ensuing Sessions for Perjury ; but, a Bill not being found against them, they were discharg'd.

William Burridge was about 35 Years of Age, was born in *Northamptonshire*, where his Parents lived in good Repute. He was put Apprentice to a *Carpenter*, but had not the good Fortune to please his Master, for he soon got a Habit of lying out o' Nights, and spending his Time on *Sundays* in kissing his Neighbour's Maids, instead of going to Church.

Afterwards (as his Friends advised him, in Hopes to prevent his coming to the Gallows) he went to Sea with *Commodore Cavendish*, and was in a warm Engagement, which lasted many Hours near *Cales* in *Spain*, and in which he said, he was taken Notice of for his Resolution. But, yet not meeting with that Encouragement which he thought his Courage merited, and, having withal some Affronts put upon him by Persons, who tho' in a higher Station, were in his Opinion much beneath him in Desert, he left the Service.

Upon his Return to *England*, he took it in his Head, that the most proper Method to raise his Fortune would be robbing on the Highway. He begun on *Hampstead Road*, and afterwards follow'd the same Business in other Places, but with a full Design to forsake that Way of Life, as soon as his Circumstances became easy ; being well aware of the certain Effects that would attend such a vicious Course. But, notwithstanding this, he continued his Career, till he was stopt by the Hand of Justice.

However, tho' he had not the Resolution to live honestly himself, he said he would send his earnest Request to his Wife, to continue in an honest and regular Course, and to educate the Child, she was then big with, in the Principles of Virtue ; but never to acquaint it with the Fate of its Father, for fear, instead of taking Warning by him, it should follow his Example : And he was shock'd, he said, at the Thoughts of being the Occasion of bringing into the World a Firebrand for Hell.

He said, that when he with *Nat. Hawes*, and a Woman, broke out of *New-Prison*, they did it without using Violence to any ; but, finding Means to open the Door privately, they made their Escape over two or three Walls ;
adding,

138 W. Burridge, for Horse-stealing.

adding, that he abhorred the Thoughts of procuring his Liberty at the Expence of Blood, and that no Sollicitations could ever prevail with him to take such Measures.

He declared, that two Things gave him the most Uneasiness, one of which was, That he had lengthened out his Life to increase his Sins, by being an Evidence against his Comrades *James Reading* and *John Wigley* (who were executed at *Tyburn*, Sept, 11, 1721) and the other was, That he had endeavoured, this last Time, to save his Life by means of *Strickland* and *Asbworth*, whose Evidences were false and seditious.

He appeared to be heartily penitent, and never seem'd easy in the Condemn'd-Hold, but when he had a Book in his Hand, and was almost continually reading to, or praying with his fellow Prisoners. A little before he dy'd his Behaviour was neither dejected nor presumptuous, but steady and serious. He affirm'd, that he rather desir'd to die than live, as thinking, that, if he went not then to Heaven, he never should, tho' he were to live fifty Years longer.

At the Place of Execution he was asked about a particular Robbery. He deny'd that he knew any Thing of it; but own'd, that he robb'd a Parson a little beyond *Barnet* in *Hertfordshire*, of some Money and a Watch, which he sold to a *Goldsmith* in *Leicester*. He said, he hoped none would be so wicked as to reflect on his Parents for his ignominious Death; notwithstanding what he had expressed in a Paper, which he gave to the *Ordinary* before he came out of *Newgate*.

The Copy of that Paper follows.

" I William Burridge, was born in *West-Haden* in *Northamptonshire*, put Apprentice to my Father, a Carpenter; but my Parents being too tender of me, when
 " ten or twelve Years old, and giving way to my youthful Follies, I was then guilty of such Things as might
 " seem to exceed my Years; my Parents then going to curb me when it was too late, at fourteen or fifteen
 " Years of Age I took to running away, and often lay about the Country in Hay-lofts, &c. taking Hens, and
 " what came in my Way for Sustenance. After a Time
 " I came to *Finchley*, and worked at my Trade for a Year
 " and a half; I went to Sea, and wholly forsook my Parents,

W. Burridge, for Horse-stealing. 139

“rents, whom I have not a long Time seen ; I heartily
“thank them for their Indulgence, but I beg all Parents
“not to indulge their Children ; for it will-bring a
“good Mind to Wickedness, and a shameful Death. I
“hope my Misfortune will be a Warning to all Youth,
“especially some whom I wish well ; I will not name
“them, but hope, if they see this, they will take it to
“themselves. I die in Charity, and, as I forgive others,
“I hope others will forgive me.

“*William Burridge.*”

The beginning of this Paper seems to disagree with the beginning of the *Ordinary's* Account. *Burridge* tells us, he was put Apprentice to his Father. The *Ordinary's* Account (the Substance of which is given above) is, that *Burridge* “was born of reputable Parents——put
“Apprentice to a *Carpenter*,——but had not the good
“Fortune to please his Master.” From whence a Reader would naturally conclude, that the Boy was not bound Apprentice to his Father, but to another Person.—And what a Mistake would here be, in a Point of such Importance, if it were not for *Burridge's* Paper ! Historians by this may see the Necessity of consulting original Manuscripts.

Burridge, it seems, while he was in *Newgate*, employ'd some of his Time in Rhyming, for thus the *Ordinary* closes his Account.

“Before he dy'd, he shew'd me several Stanzas which
“he had written, and seem'd to take a particular Delight in ; the following I took from him the Morning of his Death.

I.

O Heavenly Father, God most dear,
Vouchsafe a tender Eye
On me a Wretch, who prostrate here
Beneath thy Footstep lie.

II.

Distil thy tender Oil of Grace
Into a griev'd Breast ;
And let the Drops of Love efface
My Wickedness confest.

III. My

III.

My vexed Soul, depressed low
With careful Clogs of Pain;
In humble sort most humbly sue
Thy Pity to obtain.

IV.

The blessed God I've much displeased
By pleasuring my Mind;
Too long I have my God forgot,
Too much to Earth inclin'd.

V.

But now I sigh, alas! I sob,
And sadly do lament,
That ever my licentious Life
So wickedly have spent.

VI.

Restore to Life my sinful Soul,
Lest with my Body it die;
So to thy Mercy shall my Tongue
Sing Praise eternally.

In April, 1718.

William Burridge was indicted for assaulting *Martha Moore* on the Highway, in the Parish of *St. Paul, Covent-Garden*, putting her in Fear, and taking from her a Pocket, a Snuff-Box, Value 30 s. a Guinea, and a *French Pistole*, on the 2^d of *March* preceding; the Fact being plainly prov'd, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment, and he received Sentence of Death; but was afterwards reprieved.

In May, 1721.

He was indicted by the Name of *William Berridge*, of *St. James's, Clerkenwell*, for assaulting *Richard Cook*, Gent. on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Hat, a Silver hilted Sword, a Silver Tooth-pick-Case, a Silver Box, a Penknife, a Silk Bed-Gown, and 9 s. 6 d. in Money, *March 7*; but the Evidence not being sufficient, the Jury acquitted him.

He

John James, &c. for a Robbery. 141

He was executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday, March 22, 1721-2.

John James, Thomas Picket, and Henry Avery, for a Robbery, March, 1721-2.

JOHN JAMES, otherwise Eaton, otherwise John the Grinder, Thomas Picket, and Henry Avery, were indicted for assaulting Elizabeth Knowles on the Highway in the Parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, putting her in Fear, and taking from her a Silk Pocket, a Silver Watch and Chain, a Snuff-Box, and other Things, on the 17th of January last.

Eliz. Knowles. As I was going along Long-Lane in West Smithfield, on the 17th of January, between six and seven at Night, somebody came behind me, kick'd my Leg, and snatch'd my Pocket, in which I had a Watch, a Snuff-Box, and other Things, I was so surprized, that I did not observe who did it; but upon my applying to Jonathan Wild, he took the Prisoners, and help'd me to my Watch.

Thomas Eades, alias Eaves. I and the three Prisoners committed the Fact, I strove to throw the Prosecutor down; Picket snatch'd her Pocket, and gave it to the Grinder. I afterwards pawn'd the Watch for a Guinea, and we shar'd the Money. As for the Snuff-Box, I know nothing of it, and if there was one they sunk it, and cheated me out of my Share. Upon hearing the Watch was enquir'd after, I sent for Mr. Wild and told him where it was pawn'd.

Jonathan Wild. Upon—Worrel's Information I got a Warrant against the Grinder for another Robbery. I went to a House he frequented in Crown-Court in St. Giles's. Tom Eaves happening to see me before I could get in, he thrust the Door to, and stood against it. I swore, if they would not open it, I'd fire thro' and clear the Way directly. Upon that I was let in, and, searching the House, I found the Grinder under the Bed, and so secured him and Eaves *.——Says Eaves, I hope Mr. Wild, you have
not

* This disagrees with Eave's Deposition, for he swore (not that he was taken in this Manner by Wild, but) that he sent for Wild.

142 John James, &c. for a Robbery.

not me in your Information? — No Matter what I have in my Information — Why, Mr. Wild, I was never guilty of any Thing but snatching a Pocket. — Where? — In Long Lane. — Was there a Watch in it? Yes, and a Snuff-Box.† — And who was with you? — Why the Grinder, and Picket, and Avery; and I can make myself an Evidence. — Can you so? Very well! — So I took Care of my two Chaps, and next Day I went in Quest of the other two, Picket and Avery, whom I knew to be old Snatch-Pockets, and it was not long before I met 'em in the Street. So, says I, where are you two Gentlemen a going? They said, they had heard the Grinder was taken, and they were going to enquire how he came off, — Come off, says I, he is not come on yet, but you shall go and see — I'll carry you to him. No, they said, they were satisfied with what I had told them, But, says I, he'll take it ill if you don't go, and why should you be against it? Because, says Picket, as we have sometimes been in his Company and drank with him, may be he may swear some Robbery upon us. May be so too, says I, and for that very Reason I must take you with me. They afterwards own'd, that they were going to enquire if Eaves or the Grinder had impeached them, and, if they had found that neither of 'em had, they design'd to turn Evidences themselves.

The Grinder call'd several to his Reputation. They gave his Father a good Character; but, as for the young Grinder, they own'd that his Credit was but indifferent. They added, however, that he sometimes follow'd the Business he was brought up to, which was going about the Street with a Barrow for grinding Knives.

Others appear'd for Picket, and said he formerly drove a Wheel barrow with Fruit, but had since been a Hackney-Coachman; that he was a civil, pains-taking Fellow, and, if he was guilty, they believ'd he was but lately drawn in.

Many gave Avery an honest Character. They said he was a Bricklayer by Trade, was very careful and industrious, and always behav'd well.

† This again contradicts Eaves, who swore he knew nothing of the Snuff Box.

The

The Jury acquitted *Avery*, and found the other two guilty. *Death.*

John the Grinder was about eighteen Years of Age, when he was condemn'd. He greatly regretted his being oblig'd to leave the World so soon. He said, that he had a very early Inclination to vicious Courses, and so strong, that an uncommon Severity was necessary to curb it. He therefore wish'd, that his Father had been less indulgent, or had put him Apprentice to some Master, who would have kept a strict Hand over him; for he was satisfy'd, that too much Liberty was really a Bondage.—A Paradox that wants Explanation!

He would not be persuaded, that the Fact he was condemn'd for was any more than a very trivial Offence; for he said, that no body carried their All about them, and could not be much detrimented by so small a Loss as that of a few odd Things, which they might have in their Pockets; and he thought it hard to suffer *Death* for such Trifles, when some, whose Offences were, in his Opinion, much greater, had been repriev'd.

Though as he said, his Parents were not harsh to him, yet they frequently advised him to consider, whither he was hurrying. He declared, that they knew indeed of his lying out a-nights, haunting infamous Houses, and frequenting the Company of lewd Women; but were ignorant of his Robberies: And that he thought it the greatest Addition to his Misfortunes, that his Parents and Sisters were so over-whelm'd with Grief, that they could not bear to visit him in Prison.

By the short Account *Thomas Picket* gave of himself, his Life appears to be almost a Parallel with that of the *Grinder*. For he only said, that he was about eighteen Years old, born in *St. Giles's*, never put Apprentice, nor married, was the only Son of his Father, who would never visit him in Prison, but sent him his Advice, "To prepare for a future State, and not flatter himself with vain Expectations of Life, for there were no Hopes of a Reprieve." He confess'd, that he had follow'd a wicked Course of Life for two Years past, being much addicted to Drunkenness and Whoring, which he hoped his Repentance would atone for.

Jane

144 Jane Bean, for privately Stealing.

Jane Bean, *alias* Macopny, for privately Stealing, April 1722.

JANE BEAN, otherwise Macopny, of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was indicted for privately stealing, from the Person of Edward Blundell, a Half-guinea, and 39 s. 6 d. April 2.

Edward Blundell. On the 2^d of April, between eleven and twelve at Night, as I was going along in a Passage near St. James's-Park, with a Bag in my Pocket, in which was 50 s. I was met by the Prisoner. She jostled me, and said, *How do you do, Countryman? Will you give me a Pint?* I did not much like her; and feeling in my Pocket, missed my Bag, upon which I presently seiz'd her, and call'd the Watch. *Don't be angry, Countryman,* said she; *I was but in Jest; here's your Money again;* and so she return'd me the Bag; but, upon searching it, I found no more than 11 s. 6 d. left.

Constable. A Watchman brought the Prosecutor and Prisoner before me in the Watch-house. I ask'd her, what Money she had got about her? she answer'd, not a Farthing. I suspected she had something in her Mouth, and bid the Watchman search. He went about it, and put his Finger in, she bit a Piece of it off; upon this I took her by the Throat, and squeezing her pretty hard, I forc'd 5 s. 6 d. out of her Mouth.

Prisoner. I had just been to Market, and had got my Money in my Hand when I met the Prosecutor. He was very drunk, and catching hold of my Arm, says he, *Is your Name an Irishwoman?* — *No,* says I, *what Business have you with my Name?* G——d damn ye for a Bitch, says he, *'tis you that have got my Money. Your Money, Fellow?* says I, *Go along!* and with that he call'd the Watch; and I, to secure my own Money, put it in my Mouth. As we were going to the Watch-house, he ask'd every Woman he met, if she had not got his Money.

The Jury found her guilty. *Death.*

After Sentence she pleaded her Belly, and a Jury of Matrons being impannell'd, they found her quick with Child.

She was afterwards reprieved for Transportation.

Alice

Alice Phenix, for privately Stealing, April
1722.

ALICE PHENIX, of St. Martin's in the Fields, was indicted for privately stealing 49 s. and 10 d. from the Person of *John Smallpit*, on the 10th of March, 1721-2.

John Smallpit. I had got two Guineas, three Half-Crowns, and Four-pence Half-penny in my Pocket, and with this Money, on the 10th of March, about two in the Afternoon, I went to the Duke of Gloucester's-Head, in Chelsea-fields, and call'd for a Pint of Ale and a Penny-worth of Tobacco. The Prisoner came and sat by me, and, before I had drank half my Ale, I missed my Money. I charged her with it, and some Words passing betwixt us, *Anderson* the Landlady came to me, and said, "Don't make a Noise in my House, and I'll see you shall have your Money again." The Prisoner then ran into another Room, and *Anderson* call'd in *William Pain*, a Soldier, who presently knock'd me down, beat me almost blind, and stripp'd me naked, under Pretence of searching for the Money; but, at last the Constable came, and took me, and the Prisoner, and the Soldier, out of the House; we were scarce got twenty Yards, when the Landlady came running after us, and calling to me, said, "Here's your Money, she has dropped it into my Petticoat," and so she gave it to the Constable.

John Spinnage, Constable. Being sent for I went to *Anderson's*; there the Prisoner was crying, and said, the Prosecutor had beat her. The Prosecutor was crying for his Money, and told me, the Landlady had call'd the Soldier to beat him for beating the Prisoner. The Soldier was swearing, the Landlady scolding, and all the House in an Uproar. I took the Prosecutor, the Prisoner, and the Soldier away with me, and the Landlady presently followed, and brought the Money. The Soldier was sent to the Gate-house for the Assault, and the Landlady was admitted to Bail.

Mary Whitfield. I was a scowering at *Anderson's* when the Prosecutor came in. He called for Gin and Tobacco.

146 Alice Phenix, *for privately Stealing.*

I went out and left him there, and when I came in again, he and the Prisoner were withdrawn to a private Room. A Hot-pot was a making, and when it was ready, I carried it in to them; and, as soon as I opened the Door, I saw him with his Breeches down, and all his Nastiness out, so that, being ashamed at such a Sight, I set the Pot down, and ran back again, and by and by I heard the Prisoner cry out, *Murder!*

Court. How does the Prisoner live? —

Whitfield. She's a *Taylor's Wife.*

Deborah Hancock. Coming by the Tub-house in *Chelsea fields*, I heard an Out-cry, that a Woman was murder'd; but, when I went in, I found the Prosecutor and the Prisoner both stark naked; she complained that he had beat her, and he said that she had got his Money, and that the Soldier had knock'd him down and stripp'd him under Pretence of searching for the Money. *Mary Whitfield* sent me for the Constable.

Prisoner. The Prisoner came in and call'd for Tobacco, and half a Quartern of Geneva, and after that for two half Quarterns more. He asked me to drink a Dram with him, but I refused, and told him, I was not well. *Then,* says he, *will you drink some Ale?* I said, *No.* But he told me I should, and so call'd for a Pint; I drank a little of it, and he said, I drank like a Maid. He had four Pints more, and another Quartern of Gin. Then we went into a private Room, and he ordered a Hot-pot. When it was brought we drank together, and he offered me a Shilling to have carnal Copulation with me; but I would not take the Money; upon which he thrust it down my Bosom; and, because I still refused to gratify his wicked Desires, he beat me and abused me barbarously, and charg'd me with robbing him; upon which I stripp'd myself to my naked Skin, before I stirr'd out of his Sight, and yet he could find nothing about me.

Isaac Steward. I heard the Keeper of the *Gate-house* ask her, if the Prosecutor had desired her to lie with him, and she answered, *No, by G—d, not once.*

The Jury found her guilty. *Death.*

She was afterwards reprieved, in order to be transported.

Thomas

Thomas Reeves, John Hartley, *alias* Pokey, and Francis Hackabout, for a Robbery, April, 1722.

THOMAS REEVES, John Hartley, *alias* Pokey, and Francis Hackabout, were indicted for assaulting Roger Worthington in an open Place near the Highway, in the Parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, putting him in Fear, and taking from him, a Hat, a Wig, a Coat, a Waistcoat, a Shirt, a Neckcloth, a Pair of Buckles, and Two-pence in Money, on the 9th of March, 1721-2.

Roger Worthington. On the 9th of March last, I had been at work at *Anniseed-clear*, and going from thence over Hoxton Fields, about nine o'Clock at Night, I was attack'd by six Persons. Reeves was the first who assaulted me. He took me by the left Arm, and said, *Damn ye, stand!* Pokey struck me on the Head with a Pistol, and called to his Comrades to come, when presently four more came and surrounded me. Two of them stood on one Side of the Path, and two on the other. Then Reeves and Pokey collar'd me, and somebody knock'd me down. I prayed them not to abuse me, for I had had an Ague and Fever for fourteen Weeks, and had three Children to maintain by my Labour. "G—d damn your Blood, says Reeves, (clapping a Pistol to my Head) if you speak another Word, you are a dead Man! for we shall all be dead Men if we are taken." Then he took off my Hat and Wig. Pokey took my Neckcloth, and the other stript me of the rest of my Cloaths. Hackabout, to the best of my Remembrance, carried the Bag which they put my Cloaths in; but I cannot be so positive to him, as to the other two. Then Pokey bound me, and so they left me naked in the Field. I took particular Notice of Reeves's Cloaths, he had on a thick-set Frock, with four Buttons at the Middle, and one at the Top. Three Days afterwards, going to the Crown at *Anniseed-clear*, I saw this Frock upon the Back of another Man, whose Name was Thomas Groves. "How did you come by that Frock," says I? One of the Rogues, who robbed me t'other Night, had that very Frock on then, and I am sure I should know him again, if I could but see him." Mr.

Groves told me, that he bought it at an Ale-house in *Fore-street*. I went with him thither, and, without his shewing me the Person he had it from, I fixed upon *Reeves*, who proved to be the right Man.

Thomas Groves. I live at *Hoxton*, and was drinking at the *White-hart* there on *Friday Night*, when the Prosecutor was brought in naked. He related how he had been abused and robb'd of his Hat and Wig, a black Coat, and the rest of his Cloaths. Next Day I went to the *Crown Ale-house* in *Fore-street*, and, calling for a Mug of Beer, I begun to talk of the Robbery. *Pokey* and *Reeves* were drinking in another Box in the same Room. *Reeves* hearing what I was talking about, he came to the Place where I was sitting, and then calling to *Pokey*, "Come hither" (says he) and hear how the poor *Taylor* was robb'd," (for the Prosecutor is a *Taylor*.) *Pokey* coming forward, says *Reeves* to me, "What Sort of a Coat had the *Taylor* on?" I began to have some Suspicion of my Gentleman, and so purposely to catch him, I said, "A white Coat." "White? says *Reeves*, surely the poor *Taylor* was blind, that he could not tell the Colour of his own Coat." "Blind? says I." "Aye, says he, a blind *Taylor* for certain, if he did not know white from black." This encreased my Suspicion. I left him and *Pokey* there, and went again to the same House on the *Monday* following, where I again found *Reeves*. He offered his Frock to Sale; I bought it of him, and, going to the *White-hart*, the Prosecutor came in. He asked me, where I got the Frock? I told him. Says he, "That's the Frock one of the Rogues had on when they robbed me." I went with him to the *Crown*, and *Reeves* was there then too. I took no Notice, that it was he from whom I had the Frock, but the Prosecutor said, (as soon as he saw him) *That's one of the Men who robb'd me!*

Mr. Dackson. Going over the Fields with *Mr. Wayte* and another, I heard a Man cry, *For God's Sake come and help me, or I shall perish*. We went towards the Place the Voice came from, and found the Prosecutor naked and bound; we set him at Liberty, and carry'd him to the *White-hart*.

Mr. Wayte. We found him naked upon his Knees about

Thomas Reeves, &c. for a Robbery. 149

bout the middle of the Field, with his Legs bound, and his Hands ty'd behind him.

Prisoner Reeves. The Prosecutors made his Brags, that he'd hang all six of us, and then go into the Country, and live upon the Reward. And as for *Groves*, he's nothing but a shabby Fiddler, a Fellow so scandalous, that he deserves no Credit.

Mary Adams. *Hartley* lived with me four or five Years. He was a *Butcher* in *Honey-lane-market*. I have trusted him every Week to go to Market, and never found but he was honest.

Mary Caswell. I have known *Hartley* two Years, but never knew any Hurt of him.

Two or three others spoke for him, to the same Effect.

There being no positive Evidence against *Hackabout*, the Jury acquitted him; but, the Fact being fixed upon *Reeves* and *Hartley*, they found them Guilty. *Death.*

John Hartley, alias *Pokey*, was educated at a Free-school in *White-cross-street*, from whence he was to have been put Apprentice; but, having an early Inclination to Roguery, and hating Confinement, he ran away, and soon forgot the little he had learned at School. He afterwards took to serving *Butchers* in the Market, by which Employment he might have maintained himself pretty well, if he could but have lived honestly. Indeed he insisted much on his Innocence of this Fact, and bewailed his Misfortune in being, as he said, condemned wrongfully; and what he thought still made his Case the harder was, that he had been so long kept in Expectation of a Reprieve, when the King went to *Hanover*, to be miserably disappointed at last. For which, he said, he had Reason to curse all those who had buoy'd him up with vain Assurances of Life.

It seems he was well-beloved by the Ladies, for six Maids (that is Women) dressed all in white, petitioned his Majesty to grant him a Pardon, upon Condition that one of them should marry him. He was very desirous of their meeting with Success, as thinking that Matrimony was preferable to Hanging; but the Petition was rejected, and

150 Thomas Reeves, &c. for a Robbery.

he was executed at Tyburn on Friday, May 4, 1722, in the 20th Year of his Age.

Thomas Reeves was a *Tin-man* by Trade. He served his Time with his Father, who treated him with too much Lenity.

He said, he intended to warn some of his Relations not to follow his Example, lest they should fall under his Misfortunes, which they could not bear so manfully as he did ; for he believed no Man had a better Share of Boldness than himself, on which Account he was always the Captain of his Gang, and Steward of the Booty after every Robbery.

He constantly affirmed, that he was in no Doubt of his going to Heaven. The Ordinary advised him to have a Care how he deceived himself, and imposed upon his own Soul, in fancying he was jogging on easily to Happiness, when he might be galloping to Fire and Brimstone. He answer'd, that it was next to impossible he should be cheated in that Point, and therefore he had nothing to fear.

One ask'd him, how he could use the Man he robb'd in so cruel a Manner, as to leave him bound naked in the Fields, to perish with Cold ? He answer'd, " Any Man would endeavour to secure himself from Danger as well as I have done ; I know no odds betwixt one Way of robbing and another ; and as (for want of Horses) we could go no faster than our Legs would carry us, we thought it the wisest Way to slacken the Pace of those we robbed, for fear they should overtake us."

After the Dead-warrant came down, he shew'd the same Unconcern as before, declaring he was so far from fearing Death, that he rather chose to die than live. The other Malefactors complained of him for reading one Moment, and laughing and jesting the next ; for swearing in the Middle of a Psalm, and mixing Smut with his Prayers. To this he only said, " That it was his way, and, though he laugh'd, and sometimes joak'd, and swore an Oath, he was not a whit the less attentive and serious at the Heart."

He was, however, very inquisitive to know how it far'd with Christians after Death, for he supposed they did not directly

Thomas Reeves, &c. for a Robbery. 151

directly enter into Happiness or Pain. The Ordinary pressed him to lay aside that Curiosity, and esteem it as a great Favour if his Soul should hereafter be rescued from any Degree of Torture, since his Conversion and Repentance, (if he really was converted or penitent) were not altogether voluntary, but rather forced, by his being apprehended in the midst of his vicious Courses.

When he was brought to the Place of Execution, he did not appear to be alarmed in the least; but said, "If he did not die then, he must another time; and as for the Place of his Death, it was no less indifferent to him; for he believed he might as well find the Way to Happiness from the Gallows, as from the Bed."

He confess'd the Fact for which he was to die, and added, that he had committed many other Robberies about six or seven at Night, in, or near the same Field where the last was done. That, one Night in particular, he robb'd on the High Road, 'till he got 53*l*. He said his Wife was no way concerned in his Robberies, tho' the World might be ready to judge otherwise, because her former Husband was executed.

He added, that *Pokey* had indeed been his Comrade in several Robberies about *Kentish Town*, and *Hoxton*, and was often for knocking Men down, or doing them some Mischief, when the rest of the Gang were inclinable to use gentler Means; but was not with him in the Robbery for which he was to suffer, and of this, he was very desirous to inform the Spectators at the Gallows; but the *Ordinary* told him, as *Pokey* had been found guilty by the Jury, it was silly in him to imagine he could persuade the People to believe the contrary.

When he was ty'd up to the Tree, the Mob, pressing forward, threw down one of the Horses before the Cart was drawn away, which put him into a half-hanging Posture; but that not pleasing him, and being impatient to wait 'till the Horse got up again, he threw himself over the Side of the Cart, and swung in good Order.

And thus he left the World on *Friday*, the 4th of *May*, 1722. Aged 28.

John Dicks, *for Sodomy, April, 1722.*

JOHN DICKS was indicted for a Misdemeanor, in assaulting *John Meeson*, with an Intent to commit the unnatural Sin of Sodomy.

John Meeson. On the Day that the first Stone was laid at St. *Martin's Church*, as I was standing in that Church-yard, the Prisoner came up to me, and, clapping me on the Shoulder, said, *Honest Dyer! how fares it?* and then he fell a talking with me about the Coffins that were dug up, and lay in the Church-yard, and afterwards asked me to go to the Alehouse and take a Pot, but I refused: He asked me again, and again, and I as often deny'd him; but at last, being overpersuaded, I went with him, and when he had made me almost fuddled, he bus'd me, put his Hand into my Breeches, and took my Hand and put it into his Breeches. From the Alehouse he took me to a Cellar in the *Strand*, where we had one Pint of Beer, and, I having some Goods to carry into *White-bart-yard*, in *Fleet-street*, I told him I must go thither, and if he'd stay for me, I would come to him again. So I went and delivered the Goods, and returning to the Cellar, I found him waiting. But, that Place not being private enough, we went to another Alehouse in *Chancery-lane*, where he treated me with hot Ale and Gin; and from thence he carried me to the *Golden-ball*, in *Bond's-stables*, near *Fetter-lane*, where we drank more Ale and Geneva, 'till I was so drunk and sick that I vomited, and lay down to sleep. The Prisoner unbutton'd my Breeches, and turn'd me on my Face, and try'd to enter my Body, but whether he did do it or not, I was not sensible enough to be certain. Then I fell a-sleep, and when I awak'd, he was gone. I found my Breeches were down, and I was almost starved with cold.

William Rogers. I saw the Prisoner and the Boy come in together, and go into an Apartment by themselves. There was but a thin Partition between them and me. I could plainly hear him kiss the Boy, and call him his *Dear*, and his *Jewel*, and his *precious little Rogue*. I sent the Alehouse Boy in, to see what they were about, and he came out, and told me and a Woman, who was in the same

same Room with me, and she and I look'd thro' a slit in the Partition. I saw the Prisoner in the very Act of Sodomy, making several motions with his Body, and then I saw him withdraw his Yard from the Boy's Fundament. It was not long before he began to repeat his unnatural Leudness; and then the Woman, who had been peeping all the while, cry'd out, *I can look no longer, — I am ready to swoon—He'll ruin the Boy!* We both rushed in and seized the Prisoner, as he lay upon the Boy's Backside. We charged him with the Fact, and tho' we surprized him in so indecent a Posture, he made the greatest Protestations of his Innocence, and at last said, *Well, if you will swear falsely against me, and take away my Life, I cannot help it. — But I have this to comfort me, that I am fit to dye!*

The *Ale-house Boy*. When I went in, *Meeson* was lying upon the Bench and the Prisoner asked me to sit down and drink, which I did, and then he began to kiss me, and thrust his Hand into my Breeches, whether I would or no: Upon which I got up, and went out and told Mr. *Rogers* and the Woman, what he had done to me, and they peep'd thro' the Partition, and afterwards went in and seized him.

While the Prisoner stood at the Bar upon his Trial, he often turned up the Whites of his Eyes in a very devout Manner. Tho' when he came to make his Defence, he had nothing to say for himself, but that he was overtaken with Drink, and, if ever he offer'd any such Thing to *Meeson*, it was more than he knew of.

The Jury found him guilty, and the Court sentenced him to stand in the Pillory without *Temple-Bar*, to suffer two Years Imprisonment; and to pay a Fine of twenty Marks.

Had he been indicted for Sodomy, and found guilty, the Punishment would have been *Death*; but this was an Indictment, only for attempting to commit Sodomy.

John Casey, for a Robbery, April, 1722.

JOHN CASEY, of St. James's, Westminster, was indicted for assaulting Francis Godelard, in an open Place
H 5 near

154 John Casey, for a Robbery.

near the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him 1 Shilling, on the 5th of November, 1721.

Francis Godelard. In the Dusk of the Evening, as I was sitting on the Bench, at the End of the Mall, (in St. James's Park) next Buckingham-House, the Prisoner came and sat down by me, and asked me what was a Clock. I told him six, *Are you sure of it?* says he, *Can you be positive that it's exactly six? Let me see your Watch.* I did not like his Inquisitiveness, and so I got up and walk'd down the Mall. He presently follow'd, and, coming up to me, demanded half a Guinea. I ask'd him, *for What?* and his Answer was, *I have Occasion for it.* I told him I had no Money about me. *By God, but I know you have,* says he, and with that he took me by the Collar, and dragg'd me towards the Canal, and there thrust me down, clapt a Handkerchief to my Mouth and swore, if I made the least Noise, he'd do my Business for me. Then he searched my Pockets, took out a Shilling, and ask'd me where my Watch was, I said, I had none. He swore I lyed, and with that he broke the Waistband of my Breeches to search me farther. I cry'd out Murder, and two Soldiers coming up, he told them I was a Sodomite. They ask'd him, *How he knew that?* and he answer'd, *Why don't you see my Hand in his Breeches?* The Soldiers carried us before the Justice, who committed us both to the Gate-house, but we were afterwards bail'd out. An Attorney advis'd me to prosecute him only for an Assault; but I was afterwards advis'd by another Attorney to charge him with the Robbery.

Richard Allen, a Soldier. Being upon Duty, I heard a Disturbance in the Grass, between the Mall and the Canal; I went towards the Place, expecting to find a Man and a Woman engag'd, but approaching nearer, the Prisoner call'd to me, and said, *Come hither Soldier, here's a Sodomite.* When I was got up to 'em, I saw the Prisoner having hold of the Prosecutor's Privities. I ask'd the Prisoner the Reason of it, and he said, *He wants to Buggar me; take him Prisoner,* and so I surrender'd them to my Sergeant. I heard nothing of the Prisoner's being charged with a Robbery.

Turnkey. I ask'd the Prosecutor if the Prisoner had robb'd him, and he answer'd *No, I had no Money.*

The

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 155

The Jury acquitted the Prisoner.

We shall see in *September* following, the Tryal of *John Casey*, for another Robbery, of which he was convicted.

John Hawkins, and George Simpson, for robbing the Bristol-Mail, May, 1722.

JOHN HAWKINS. and George Simpson, of *Harmonsworth*, were indicted for assaulting *Thomas Green* on the Highway, putting him in fear, and taking from him a black Gelding, Value 10 *l.* the Goods of *Charles Pratty*, two Mails Value 4 *l.* and 50 Leather Bags, Value 5 *l.* the Goods of our Sovereign Lord the King, on the 16th of *April*, 1722.

Hawkins pray'd the Court, that all the King's Witnesses might be examin'd a-part, which the Court granted.

Thomas Green, the Post-boy. On *Monday* the 16th of *April*, about one in the Morning, as I was riding by the *Pyed-Horse*, at *Slough*, and blowing my Horn, I was overtaken by *James Ladbroke*, who was travelling the same Way. We rode in Company to *Langley-Broom*, where a Man on a Chesnut Horse made up to us, and went off again. We rode through *Colnebrook*, and then perceived that two Men followed us at a Distance, and on this Side *Longford*, they came up to us, with Handkerchiefs in their Mouths, and their Wigs and Hats pulled forward over their Faces. The foremost of them was on a Chesnut Horse; he held a Pistol to my Head, and said, *You must go along with me*; and then, taking hold of my Horse's Bridle, he led me down a narrow Lane, and the other Man brought *Ladbroke* after me in the same Manner. Then they making us both dismount, he on the Chesnut Horse said to me, *Are you the Lad that swore against Child?* * *No*, I said, *I have been Post-boy but a very little while. Have you ever been robb'd yet*, says he, *No*, says I. *Why then*, says he, *you must pay Beverage now, for God damn my Blood and 'Ouns I'll be reveng'd on somebody for poor Child's Sake*. Then he cut *Ladbroke's* Horse's Bridle, and turned him adrift, and, that being done, he went off with

* Benjamin Child was convicted at Ailesbury, for robbing the Bristol-mail, and executed on Friday, March 9, 1721-2.
the

156 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

the black Gelding I rode upon. As soon as he was gone the other Man ty'd our Hands behind us, bound us Back to Back, and so fasten'd us to a Tree in a Ditch. Then he asked *Ladbrook*; what Money he had about him? *Ladbrook* told him, he had but 3 s. 6 d. He search'd *Ladbrook's* Pockets, and finding no more, he did not take that, nor any Thing else from him, but left us bound, and went after his Companion. *Ladbrook* and I, with a great deal of Struggling, got from the Tree, but could not get from one another; and so, ty'd Back to Back, we went to an Inn in *Longford*, from whence the Ostler came with us, and we went down the Lane together, and there we found the Gelding loose, and the Bags cut open.—It was pretty dark, so that I cannot swear to the Persons, or their Horses, only I could perceive that one was a Chestnut Horse.

James Ladbrook. About one in the Morning, I overtook the Post-boy on this Side *Slough*, and rode with him to *Langley-broom*, where we were met by a Man, who, in surly Manner asked us, what was o'Clock? and then sheer'd off again. The Post boy and I kept together till we came to a little on this Side *Longford*, when two Men, with Handkerchiefs in their Mouths, and their Hats and Wigs pulled forward over their Faces, rode up to us, and, taking our Horses by the Bridles, led us down the Lane, and made us dismount, one of them turn'd my Horse loose, and went away with the Post-boy's Gelding. Then the other ty'd our Hands behind us, corded us Back to Back, and bound us both to a Tree. Then he searched my Pockets, but finding no more than 3 s. 6 d. he did not take that from me, but went off after his Comrade.

Ralph Wilson. I have known *John Hawkins* these two Years, but was not acquainted with *Simpson* till *August* last. We had often consulted together about robbing some Mail, but did not agree upon what Mail, till five Days before the Fact was committed, and then we resolv'd it should be the *Bristol-Mail*. Pursuant to this Resolution, about eleven o'Clock on Sunday Morning, the 15th of *April*, we all three took Horse at the *Blue-bear-Inn* in *Southwark*; *Hawkins* on a tall bay or brown Gelding, *Simpson* on a Chestnut or Sorrel Mare, and I on a dapple Grey. We cross'd the Water at *Kew-ferry*, dined at the *Three Pidgeons*

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 157

Pidgeons at *Brentford*, staid there till six in the Evening, called at the Post-house at *Hounslow*, and loiter'd on the Road 'till we came to the Post-house at *Colnebrook*, where we supp'd on Horseback; we enquir'd of the Ostler what Time the *Bristol* mail would come by, and he told us between one and two in the Morning. We went thence, and came to *Langley-broom* about Midnight, where we agreed to dispatch *Simpson* alone to meet the Mail. He went, and we loiter'd about, waiting for his Return, and about one o'Clock, we saw the Post-boy and a Traveller with him, and *Simpson* following them. Then we met *Simpson*, and held a fresh Consultation, in which at last it was agreed, that *Simpson* and I should follow the Mail, and that *Hawkins* should watch at a Distance, because, he being pretty bulky, would be more remarkable. Then *Hawkins* and I changed Horses, and I and *Simpson* followed the Boy and the Traveller through *Colnebrook*: and on this Side of *Longford*, we rode up to them, and, taking hold of their Horses Bridles, led them down *Harmonsworth lane*, where we made 'em dismount. I left *Simpson* to bind 'em, and took the Boy's Gelding and Mail to the End of the Lane, where I found *Hawkins* waiting, and where in a little Time *Simpson* came to us. We all rifled the Bags, and carried several of them to *Hounslow-beath*, where we selected those of *Bath* and *Bristol*, and left the rest. Thence we rode through *Kingston* and *Wandsworth*, and, going down a bye Road, we searched the Bags, took out what we thought fit, most of which we put in two riding Bags, and the rest into our Pockets, and what we thought would be of no Service to us, we put into the *Bristol* and *Bath* Bags again, and threw them over a Hedge. Then, taking our Way through *Camberwell*, we came along *Greenwich* Road, to the *Hand-Inn*, in *Barnaby* [*Bermondsey*] Street, between five and six on Monday Morning. There we put up our Horses, and drank a Pint of burnt Wine, and, after some Time, took Coach and drove to the *Minories*; where, to avoid Suspicion, we parted and went by different Ways to *Frank Green's*, at the *Cock and George* in the *Minories*. We went into a Room by ourselves, and, to take off all Mistrust, we call'd for a Candle, Wax, Paper, Pen and Ink, and then, locking the Door, we examin'd our Prize. We reserved only the Bank Notes, and burnt all the other

Notes

158 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

Notes and the Letters, with the Candle which we set in the Chimney: we found three 20*l.* Bank Notes, one of 25*l.* half of a 50*l.* and two halves of 25*l.* each, which we equally divided. I was apprehended on the *Monday* following, and made this same Confession before Mr. *Carteret*, the Postmaster-general, and by my Directions the Prisoners were taken, at Mrs. *Bowen's* (a Midwife's) in *Green-arbor-court*, in the *Little Old-Bailey*.

John Hammond. I am Ostler at the *Blue-boar* in *Southwark*. *Wilson* and the two Prisoners took Horse at our Inn, about eleven o'Clock on *Sunday Morning*, *April 15* *Hawkins* had a dark brown Gelding, *Wilson* a grey one, and *Simpson* a Chestnut Mare.

John Burrows. I am Ostler at the *George* (the Post-house) at *Hounslow*. The two Prisoners and *Wilson* drank a Mug at our Door between seven and eight at Night, and then went *Colnebrook Road*.

Charles Cox. I am Tapster at the *George* (the Post house) at *Colnebrook*. About eleven at Night three Men supt on Horseback at our Door, and then rode towards *Slough*. I don't remember their Faces, but I took more Notice of the Horses they rode. One was a Grey, another was a Chestnut or Sorrel, and the third a Bay or Brown.

Thomas Parker. I am Ostler at *Hand-Inn*, in *Barnaby-street*. On *Monday Morning*, the 16th of *April*, between five and six, *Simpson* and two other Men came to our Inn, and ordered me to put up their Horses, and give them two Penny-worth of Beans a-piece. One was a grey Horse, one a brown Horse, and the other a Chestnut Mare. I knew *Simpson* very well, for I was born within seven Miles of him. I suspected him to be a Highwayman, and told several People of it at that very Time when he came with the other two.

Court. What Reason had you to take Notice of the Day of the Month?

Parker. I was a Weekly Servant, at 2*s.* per Week; my Master owed me seven Weeks Wages, which was 14*s.* and he paid it me all together that very Day, and therefore I kept an Account of the Time.

Richard Room, Constable. I went with *Richard Mills*, and others, to apprehend the Prisoners at a Midwife's House in *Green-Arbor-Court*, in the *Little Old-Baily*, between

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 159

tween eight and nine at Night. A Woman came to the Door, and asked, what we wanted ? We bid her not be frightened, but light a Candle, for we were come to search for stolen Goods. The Prisoners, who were above, overheard us, call'd out and said; *We are the Men you want, but, God damn ye! the first that comes up is a dead Man.* We told 'em, we were provided for 'em ; let 'em fire as soon as they wou'd. Then *Hawkins's* Brother came down foremost, and perswaded them to surrender quietly. I told them we were come upon *Wilson's* Information. *Are you so,* says the Prisoner, *Hawkins,* *why then we are dead Men ; but we had rather lose our Lives, than save 'em in such a base and infamous a Manner as that Villain Wilson has saved his.*

Richard Mills. When the Prisoner heard us ask for a Candle to search the House, they call'd to us, and swore they were the Men we wanted ; but that they'd shoot the first Man that offer'd to come up. We told them they might shoot as soon as they would, for we were as ready to shoot as they ; upon which *Hawkins's* Brother came down first, and the two Prisoners followed and surrender'd themselves.

Mr Bell, Comptroller of the Post-office. When the Post-boy came in, after the Mail was robb'd, there were ten Bags wanting, of which the *Bath* and *Bristol* Bags were two: but they were afterwards all brought in except those two, by a Man who said he found them on *Hounslow-beath.*

The Prisoner's Defence.

John Hawkins, *Wilson* is a Man of so notorious an ill Character, that he is not to be credited. He at this Time stands impeach'd of several Robberies on the Highway, by one who is now in *Newgate.*

Court. There is no doubt but he is an ill Man. His own Evidence declares it. He confesses he was concerned with you in robbing the Mail ; but yet he's a legal Witness. The Wisdom of the Legislature has found it necessary to admit of the Evidence of an Accomplice, without which it would sometimes be difficult to discover and convict the Persons concern'd in a Robbery. You are not however try'd upon his single Testimony, but what he swears is corroborated in several Circumstances by the Evidence of others, who hitherto appear to be Men of undoubted Credit : But if you can bring Witnesses to
falsify

160 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

falsify what he or any other has sworn against you, the Court is ready to hear them.

Hawkins. I shall prove him a very profane Fellow, and such a one I think deserves no Credit.

Sam. Cleaver. I happened to be in an Ale-house, where *Wilson* came in and fell in Discourse with a Black, and call'd him *Spawn of the Devil*, and he used a great many other profane Expressions, and drank a Health to the *Devil*, and Damnation to *King George*, and Success to *King James* the Third (as he call'd the Pretender) and swore, that, if he was in the Field, he would fight for him against *King George*.

Court. It's a little strange, that a Man should make use of such dangerous Expressions in public Company.

Francis Green. I keep the *Cock and George* in the *Mixeries*. The Prisoners and *Wilson* have been several Times at my House within these two or three Weeks past; but they always were in Public. I don't remember that they ever lock'd themselves up in a private Room. I never saw them open any Letters, nor knew any thing of their calling for Pen, Ink, Paper and Wax.

Edward Carter. *Hawkins* frequented my House. He had a Bay Horse which stood at my Stables for about five Weeks. *Wilson*, coming out of *Nottinghamshire*, call'd upon me, and ask'd me, if I could give him any Intelligence where he might find *Hawkins* and *Simpson*; and then pulling a Paper out of his Pocket, he said, *Here's a Business of my own projecting, 'tis a Scheme for robbing the Mail.*

Court. Sure he put great Confidence in you, or he would hardly have trusted you with a Secret of so dangerous a Nature.

Carter. We were pretty well acquainted together.

Court. So it seems.

Carter. He used to drink at my House as another Man might do. He ow'd me some Money, and offer'd me a Gown and Petticoat for the Debt.—And *Hawkins* ow'd me 8*l*. The next Morning, after *Wilson* had enquir'd for the Prisoner, *Hawkins* came to my House, and asked, if *Wilson* had been there to enquire for him? I said, *Yes*. And says *Hawkins*, *If he comes again, pray deny me to him, for I find he is an idle Fellow, and has an ill Character, and I don't desire to have any farther Conversation with him.*

When

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 161

When *Wilson* was in the *Compter* I went to see him, and talking about the Prisoners, he said, *I am sorry that I have wrong'd Simpson, but I'll hang that Rogue Hawkins, if it is possible, because his Brother has impeach'd me.*

Henry Hunt. I have known *Hawkins* seven or eight Years, and I believe him to be a very honest Man.

Court. Why do you believe so?

Hunt. Because he paid me very honestly.

Court. What Business do you follow?

Hunt. I am a *Stock-jobber*. He hath dealt with me in *South-sea* and other *Bubbles*. He got 300 *l.* by *Bubbling*.
—— I sold him in particular two *River Douglass Bubbles* for 20 *l.* and I have lent him ten, twenty and thirty *Guineas* at a Time, all which he paid me again, very honourably.—— His Brother *Mat* kept a *Coffee-house* in *St. Martin's-Lane*.

Thomas Palmer. I keep an *Ale-house* in *Wellclose-square*, I have known *Hawkins* many Years. He was born at *Staines*. I went to see him when he was in Prison; and while I was with him there, two Persons like Countrymen came in, and somebody said, *That's Hawkins!* upon which the two Persons took two Candles, and went up to *Hawkins*, and look'd at him, but said they did not know him.

Court. Who were those Persons? were they any of the Witnesses?

Palmer. I don't know who they were.

Court. Then to what Purpose have you told this Story?

Palmer. I know thus far, that *Hawkins* followed Business, which he might have got an honest Livelihood by, for he was a Trader to *France* and *Holland* in Wine and Brandy.

—— *Cheny.* I sold *Hawkins* several Watch-cases, and other Goods, for which he paid me very honestly. He told me he was going to *Flanders*, upon which I sent a Letter by him to the Emperor's Watchmaker, and I believe he carried it, because I received an Answer.

Others depos'd, That a few Years ago he was a *Li-vry-Servant* to Sir *Dennis Dutry*, where he bore an honest Character, and that they had often trusted him, and had Dealings with him, and never found that he wronged them in any Thing.

Hawkins.

162 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

Hawkins. I have shewn, that I was in a Way of Trade that I could live by, and therefore I had no Occasion to rob for a Maintenance; *Wilson* lies under a great Temptation to swear our Lives away; for besides the saving his own Life, and the Reward given by the Government. for convicting Highwaymen, there was 200 *l.* promised for each Person convicted of robbing the Mail.

Court. He might have claimed the Reward, if he had come in voluntarily; but, as he was first apprehended, he has no Title to it.

Hawkins. I own I have rid out with him several Times, and particularly on *Sunday* the 15th of *April*, (the Day before the Mail was robb'd) when I took Horse with him and *Simpson*, in order to visit my Mother at *Staines*. But, when we came to *Hounslow*, *Wilson* told us, he must go and see a Friend at *Windfor*, and, if we would not go with him, we might go to the Devil. I was resolved not to go, and so I parted with them, and whether *Simpson* went with him or not, I cannot say, but I went to my Mother's, and came back to *London* the same Night, and put up my Horse at *William Fuller's* in *Bedford-bury*, *Covent-garden*, where I staid 'till next Morning.

Court. By what Token do you remember that it was the 15th of *April*?

Fuller. By a very good Token: for he ow'd me a Sum of Money for Horse hire, and on *Tuesday*, the 10th of *April*, he called upon me, and paid me in full, and I gave him a Receipt; and I very well remember that he lay at my House on the *Sunday* Night following.

Court. Have you that Receipt about you?

Fuller. Yes—Here it is—[Reads], “*April* the 10th, “1722. Receiv'd of Mr. *John Hawkins* the Sum of “one Pound ten Shillings in full of all Accompts, per “me *William Fuller*.”

Court. Do you keep any Book in which you enter what Money you receive and pay?

Fuller. Yes.

Court. And did you enter this Money in that Book at the same Time?

Fuller. Yes.

Court. Is the Book here?

Fuller.

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 163

Fuller. No, I forgot to bring it with me ; but I remember, when I read the Advertisement in the *Gazette* of the Mail's being robb'd, I compar'd my Books and this Receipt together, and found they agreed.

Court. Hand up that Receipt hither—Who wrote this ?

Fuller. *Hawkins* wrote the Body of it, and I sign'd it.

Court. Did you see him write it?

Fuller. Yes.

Court. And how long was it, after he wrote it, before you sign'd it?

Fuller. I sign'd it immediately without going from the Table.

Court. How many Standishes do you keep in your House?

Fuller. Standishes !

Court. Aye, Standishes—'Tis a plain Question.

Fuller. My Lord, but one, and that's enough for the little Writing we have to do.

Court. Then you sign'd the Receipt with the same Ink that *Hawkins* wrote the Body of it with.

Fuller. For certain.

Court. Officer ! hand this Receipt to the Jury.—
Gentlemen, you'll see that the Body of the Note is writ with one Kind of Ink, and the Name at the Bottom with another, very different ; and yet this Witness has sworn they were both written with the same Ink and one immediately after the other.—You will judge what Credit is to be given to his Evidence.

George Simpson. *Wilson* was impeach'd 7 or 8 Months ago for several Robberies on the Highway, and was sure of being hang'd, if ever he should be taken, except he could escape by turning Evidence. So that, when he was apprehended, he impeach'd us of what we are innocent of, only to save his own Life, and get the Reward promised in the *Gazette*.

Anthony Dowdall. Between two and three Years ago *Simpson* was under Butler to my Lord *Castlemain*, and was trusted with the Care of all the Plate for about a Year and a half. He bore a good Character in that Place, and afterwards went to live with Mr. *Green*.

Mr.

164 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

Mr. Green. He served me honestly as a Footman for four or five Months, but I believe he has not been in any Gentleman's Service since he left mine, which is about nine Months ago, because no body has since applied to me for his Character.

—*Grubshaw*, a Fruiterer. When he was out of Place, he used to be at my House, and assist my Clerk in getting in Money, and I never found but he behav'd himself honestly.

Samuel Poole. He has been sometimes with me, and had Opportunities of robbing me of Things which I could not have miss'd, but I never found he wrong'd me in the least.

Court. That may be, for you say, if he had, you could not have miss'd your Goods.

James Gibson. He was born at *Putney*, and when he was a Child removed from thence with his Parents to *Spalding* in *Lincolnshire*. He was some Time a Sheriff's Bailiff, and kept an Inn in *Lincoln*; but failing there, about two Years and a half ago, he hired himself under Butler to my Lord *Castlemain*, from whom he went to live with *Mr. Green*. In both these Places he bore the Character of an honest Servant.

Court. Both he and *Hawkins* appear'd dress'd a little above the Quality of Servants *.

Hawkins. My Witnesses have proved that after I left Service, I got Money in the Stocks, and dealt in Wine and Brandy.

Simpson. Since I came from Service, I have lived with my Friends in the Country, who were very well to pass. My Sister's Husband, *Richard Elliot*, dying at *Barwry* in *Yorkshire*, and leaving four Children, I went thither to assist her in getting in the Debts. After which I went to another Sister (*Rebecca Wallet*) at *Sutton*, from whence I came up to *London* about 8 Weeks ago.

This was confirmed by *Rebecca Wallet*.

The Prisoners having no more to offer, the Lord Chief Baron *Montague* proceeded to sum up the Evidence; but

* *They both appear'd in fair Tye Wigs and Ruffles. Simpson wore a genteel Suit of light Cloth, and Hawkins a Silk Night-gown.*

before

before he had finish'd, he was interrupted by an unexpected Occurrence.

I was then taking Notes of the Proceedings. My Ink, as it happened, was very bad, being thick at Bottom, and thin and waterish at top; so that according as I dip't my Pen, the writing appear'd very pale or pretty black.

Now, just as the Court was remarking on the difference of the Ink in *Fuller's* Receipt; a Gentleman who stood by me, perceiving something of the same kind in my Writing, desired to look upon my Notes for a Minute. As I was not aware of any ill Consequence, I let him take the Book out of my Hand: When presently shewing it to his Friend, *See here, what Difference there is in the Colour of the same Ink?* His Friend took it and shew'd it to another. Uneasy at this I spoke to 'em to return me the Book. They begg'd my Pardon, and said I should have it in a Minute; but this Answer was no sooner given, than a Curiosity suddenly enter'd one of the Jurymen who sat just by, and he too begg'd a Sight of the Book; which, notwithstanding my Importunity, was immediately handed to him. He view'd it and gave it to the next, and so it pass'd from one to t'other 'till the Judge perceiving them very busy, call'd to them.—*Gentlemen what are you doing? What Book is that?* They told him it was the Writer's Book, and they were observing how the same Ink appear'd pale in one Place, and black in another, *You ought not, Gentlemen, says he, to take Notice of any thing, but what is produced in Evidence.* And, then, turning to me, demanded what I meant by shewing that to the Jury. I answer'd, that I could not fix upon the Persons, for the Gentlemen near me were all Strangers to me, and I was far from imagining I should have any such Occasion for taking particular Notice of them ——His Lordship then re-assumed his Charge to the Jury, which, being ended, they withdrew to consider of their Verdict.

They staid about an Hour, and then returning into Court, the Fore-man said, they were under some Difficulty in Relation to *Fuller's* Receipt; for though the Writing appear'd of two Colours, they were doubtful if that was sufficient to prove it spurious. The Court reply'd, Though the Receipt had really been drawn by *Hawkins*, and sign'd by *Fuller* on the Day it's dated, yet you will find it but
of

166 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

of little Weight, when you consider how the Evidence stands. For

Green (the Post-boy) swears, that on *Monday, April 16*, about one in the Morning, a Man on a Chestnut Horse, met him and *Ladbroke* at *Langley-Broom*, and rode off again. That near *Long-ford* two Men (one of them being on a Chestnut Horse) stop'd them, led them down a Lane, and making them dismount, one of the Men turned *Ladbroke's* Horse loose, and went away with his (the Post-boy's) Gelding, and then the other bound them to a Tree.

Ladbroke swears the same, and in these Particulars they perfectly agree with *Wilson*.

I need not, on this Occasion repeat what was sworn of the two Prisoners and *Wilson's* taking Horse at the *Boar* in *Southwark*, and riding to *Hounslow* together, because *Hawkins* himself owns, that he rode so far with them; I shall only observe, that *Wilson* and the Ostler at the *Boar* both swear that one rode a grey Horse, one a brown Gelding, and the third a Chestnut Mare.

Hawkins, I say, allows, that he kept them Company to *Hounslow*; but then he says, he parted with them there, went to visit his Mother at *Staines*, and return'd to *London* that Night, and lay at *Fuller's* House.

But *Wilson* swears, that they all three went together from the *George* at *Colnebrook*, where they supp'd on Horseback.

Burrows, the Ostler at the *George* at *Hounslow*, swears, that about 11 at Night three Men supp'd on Horseback at the Door, and then rode towards *Slough*. In describing their Horses, he agrees with *Wilson* and the Ostler in *Southwark*.

Wilson swears farther, that after they had robb'd the Mail, they came to Town together, and put up their Horses at the *Hand* in *Barnaby-street*, between 5 and 6 on *Monday* Morning.

Their coming together to that Inn, at that Time, and with such Horses as *Wilson* and the other Witnesses have describ'd, is confirm'd by *Parker*, the Ostler of that Inn, and he gives a Circumstance by which he remembers the Day; for he says, on that very Day his Master paid him seven Weeks Wages.

Now

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 167

Now what does *Hawkins* offer to invalidate the Depositions of all these Witnesses? Why, nothing but the single Testimony of *Fuller*.

Fuller swears, that *Hawkins* came to his House that Sunday Night, and staid there till next Morning; and he says, he remembers it was the 15th of *April*, because, on the *Tuesday* before, which was the 10th, he gave *Hawkins* a Receipt for thirty Shillings. And here, says he, the Receipt is. *Hawkins wrote the Body of it, and I sign'd it immediately with the same Ink.*

This would better have pass'd for Truth, if the Colour of the Ink had appear'd all alike. But as one Part differs so much from the other, there is certainly Room for Suspicion, though there may not be a full Evidence of Forgery.

But, supposing the Receipt to be genuine, what would it prove? not that *Hawkins* was at *Fuller's* House on the Night the Mail was robb'd; but only, that he and *Fuller* were together the *Tuesday* before, and that *Fuller* had some Reason to remember, that the *Sunday* following was the 15th of *April*: This relates to his Knowledge, but not to his Veracity. And the Question now is, whether he swears according, or contrary to his Knowledge. You have his Oath, (and his only) that *Hawkins* lay at his House that Night. But it appears, by the Oaths of several Witnesses that *Hawkins* was then elsewhere in Company with *Wilson* and *Simpson*. These Witnesses were examin'd a-part, and therefore their Agreement in so many Particulars, is a strong Confirmation of what they swore; now, nothing remains for you to consider in this Case, but whether you have most Reason to believe these or *Fuller*.

Then the Jury went out again, and, in a short Time return'd, and found both the Prisoners guilty.

The Verdict being recorded, *Hawkins* express'd himself to this Purpose. I am altogether innocent of this Robbery; though I don't blame my Country-men for their Verdict, for their Intentions were honourable, but they were over rul'd by a partial Judge. I have been ill dealt by: My friend has been brow-beat, and hardly suffer'd to speak. I expect to die, but yet I would not change Conditions, with the Villain that has sav'd his own Life, by swearing away mine, for I prefer Death to a Life sav'd

168 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

ved in such an infamous Manner. My Blood lies upon his Head, and upon some others. — I hope your Lordship is not concern'd in it.

How little Reason he had for making these Reflections, appears in the Trial.

Three Pamphlets, relating to *Hawkins* and *Simpson*, were published in a short Time after their Execution; the first by the Chaplain of *Newgate*, the next by *T. Sharp*, and the last by *R. Wilson*. — We shall make an Abridgment of each, without omitting any Thing material.

There was, indeed, a fourth Account in Contradiction to *Wilson's*. The Title Page of it says, it was writ by *William Hawkins*, though it seems the real Author was *William Burridge**; but, as it is a brutish, vile Performance, and fill'd with Lies and Absurdities, I shall take no futher Notice of it.

I. *The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.*

JOHN HAWKINS,—was 28 Years of Age; born at *Staines* in *Middlesex*; where his Father, a sober Man, but of no great Substance, intended he should have been of the Plastering business; but he, not relishing so mean a mechanic Occupation, could not industriously settle to that, or any Thing else of such a Nature; telling me, that he believed not many Men had more Greatness of Spirit than himself; but, that was so far from being a Benefit to him, that it had occasion'd his Destruction. After he found that he could not subsist by flying from one Project to another, he settled himself in the Family of *Sir Dennis Dutry*, where, as Butler, he liv'd without any Exceptions taken, as to his Demeanour in the Family; but, that *he there gratified his natural Inclinations, as to Eating, and drinking, and made that habitual, which was before in his Constitution*†. But an Uneasiness happening in the Family, which they fancied the Butler was, in Part, the

* Not Burridge who was hang'd, but he who was set in the Pillory.

† This Habit of Eating and Drinking is the hardest Thing in the World for a Man to break himself off, and especially if he happens to have a natural Inclination to it, and his Constitution requires it.

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 169

Occasion of ||, he left that Place, with a good Character, as to his Integrity. Having been instructed in the Nature of Trading (he said) to *France* and *Flanders*, in Wines, Brandies, &c. he joined with his Brother, a Captain of a Vessel or Sloop, in fetching those Commodities from those Places, and commonly paid the King's Custom for them: That this Way of Life was very agreeable to him, but his Gains were not superior to his Losses, running certain Hazards and Accidents in those matters; but, having a strong and violent Inclination to arrive at great Riches and Splendor on a sudden, he left the uncertain Way of dealing at Sea, to deal (he said) in the *South-Sea*, and the Bubbles, from which he had Recourse to bubbling in another Way, as some others besides have done, in which vicious Courses he had Success for a considerable Time. —

He much accused those who had villanously asserted, in the News papers, that he and *Simpson* had acknowledged the Fact before the Justice of Peace, together with above twenty other Robberies. At the same Time he shewed me an Advertisement, which described the Mail to be robbed by two Men; whereas, *Richard*, (*Ralph*) *Wilson's* Information made them three in Number.* —

At his Trial, during the six Hours it lasted, he behaved himself in a decent and becoming Manner. When he found himself condemned, and well knew the Consequence was certain Death, he put on a Deportment surprisingly odd and bold, arraigning the Court and the Jury † alternately, and discovering (as he fancy'd) several irregular Proceedings at his Trial. —

But though he could not at first be induced to allow, that the Sentence past upon him was agreeable to Equity, declaring, that, had a certain Person been faithful to him, the Jury could never have found him guilty; and that the

|| We are told just before, that he liv'd without any Exceptions taken as to his Demeanour.

* *Wilson* favours, that himself and *Simpson* robb'd the Mail, having first left *Hawkins* to watch at a Distance; which does not at all disagree with the Advertisement.

† He reflected on the Court only.

170 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

Mildness of the Judge was not very remarkable in this Case: Yet, *after I had talked with him twice in private,* I found those Prejudices were of themselves fled from him; for he told me then, that he was perfectly easy, and satisfied to die, and had no Ill-Will towards any body; and that he expected to die some considerable Time before the Calamity came upon him, and when he was first apprehended, but that *some, who first understand the Law, had thought him a very Babe to let his Life slip away, and that if he'd but exert himself, Life was as near to him as Death,* &c. || which Discourses had at first wholly turned his Mind to Life, and the World.

Being told by a Gentleman, that he ought to bear no Malice towards *Wilson*, his Friend and Accuser, because he acted not out of Ill-Will to him, but to preserve his Life. He answer'd, that Life was sweet, especially to those in their Course of Life, yet he himself would have died more Deaths than one, rather than have betray'd his Friend, and embued his Hands in the Blood of his Companion: However, he freely forgave him, from the very Bottom of his Heart, and wished the Creator would so forgive him. —

As to his Deportment, there could be no Objection against it. 'Twas serious with Sorrow, and observant with Fear. But, as his Death drew near, he appeared to be greatly more shock'd than *George Simpson*. At the Sacrament on *Friday* he changed Countenance, when I told him we were to conclude the Sacrament, Prayers, and all by nine of the Clock on *Monday* Morning, being the Day of Execution. During his Devotions he shed a great many Tears, which none else did; which he also did at the Sermon preach'd last before his Death.

At the Prayers, the Morning that he suffered, though he always aimed at a settled and composed Countenance, he yet appeared ruffled and some what terrified.

GEORGE SIMPSON, about thirty-four Years of Age, born at *Putney* in *Surrey*. He said that his Father was a Wine Merchant, and had a considerable Estate; and that though he was sometime mean, yet he was born a Gentleman.

¶ *It requires great Penetration to discover the Meaning of this.*

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 171

man. He added, that his Father removing from *Surry* into *Lincolnshire*, did not so well bear up his Head, yet he gave him a good Education, and he understood something of the Law. He also said, that some thought a Sheriff's Bailiff, (which he was at *Lincoln*) an ungenteel Employment, but he thought a Man might behave himself in it as became a Gentleman, and sometimes where the Business would not set off the Man, the Man has set off the Business; and that he was ignorant of the Art of racking Men too severely for Civility Money. He told me besides, that, when he kept a Publick-house at *Lincoln*, he permitted no Irregularity to be committed there; but he believed he was at that Time of Day as well looked upon as those who were in higher Quality and Fortune, frequently turning away lewd Men and Women, who would willingly have transacted their Lewdness under his Roof. But, delighting, he said, too much in Pleasure, though the Diversions were *ignorant**, yet his Business decay'd insensibly, and he was obliged to abscond, and soon fly the Country. Afterwards he said, when he was Servant to the Lord *Castlemain*, he could defy the World to alledge any thing to his Prejudice.

He adds, [added] that when he left the Lord *Castlemain's* Place, he need [needed] not have again submitted to the *meanest* [*Meanness*] of such a Station, but that the lowest Life was to him more eligible, than the highest vicious one at that happy Time. But, to prevent Temptation, he afterwards served Mr. *Green* as a Footman; yet was not easy in such a Post, but aimed at some Writing Business, as to keep Accompts, or the like. That he was Assistant to Mr. *Grubshaw*, a *Fruiterer*, in collecting his Debts: and to his [own, not *Grubshaw's*] Sister *Elliot*, of *Bautry*, in managing her Affairs, after the Decease of her Husband, she being left with some small Children.

He was perfectly compos'd and easy under his Troubles, never shed a Tear, never seem'd terrify'd at the Approach of Death, but was constant and regular in his Devotions, serious at the Sacrament, and maintain'd the very same Deportment to the last of his Life. He said, that *Wilson* was compell'd to end his own Days, or shorten theirs;

* Ignorant? read *Innocent*.

172 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

he had nothing to say against him; yet did believe, there was such a Tye and Obligation in Oaths, especially taken at a * *sacred Time*, that he might question, whether even the Good could excuse the breaking through them.

He said, it was his Unhappiness *never* to have lived with the Person who was his Wife; but, on the other Hand, it was his good Fortune, not to have any Children to bequeath to Disgrace, and to the Briars of a wretched World; he added, that yet, as her Relations were Persons of Estate and Account, he might have entertain'd good Expectations after their Decease, had he not abortiv'd his own Prospects, and their Intentions.

Three Days before his Execution, he told me he felt an uncommon inward Composure of his Mind, was intirely easy at the Prospect of Death, as he had deserv'd it, and had expected a Turn of Fortune a good while, he said, before it came upon him, desiring to receive the Holy Communion twice before he suffer'd, which I agreed to, and gave it him the *Friday* before he dy'd, in the Chapel, and the same Day he dy'd, in another more silent and quiet Place.

——— *At, and some Time before their Execution.*

John Hawkins, being told by a Gentleman, that *Wilson* has [had] own'd that he and *Hawkins*, &c. were concern'd in cutting out the antient Woman's Tongue, and throwing it over the Hedge into the Road, because she told the People in the robb'd Coach, that she knew one of the Robbers. This Prisoner's Answer was, that he never dealt in barbarous Actions. I told him, I had receiv'd a Letter from the Widow of *Butler Fox*, who desir'd he would acquaint † *Fox*, if he and *Simpson* were alone concern'd in that Robbery, for which *Fox* dy'd; he seem'd inclin'd to it, but said, the benefiting that Woman, would be harming another Person, if he made any publick Declaration to the People. But, as for the robbing any Nobleman's Coach near *Richmond*, and taking a Ring much

* *That is, the Time when they agreed to commit a Robbery.*

† *Acquaint him after he was dead? Did ever Woman make such a wild Request?—No,—read acquit.*

valu'd,

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 173

valu'd, as being a Present from another Person of Quality, he absolutely deny'd it.

George Simpson said, that as a certain *Non juror* had assured him, 'twas not necessary to confess any Thing, he was resolv'd to confess nothing; but said, their Robberies about London had been so numerous, that they were too tedious then to recount, nor were they of any Signification to the World.

—They were convey'd, between nine and ten of the Clock to Execution. No one being allow'd the Privilege of a Coach, they appeared in the Carts with uncommon Tokens of Repentance, scarce ever raising their Eyes from their Books, to regard the great Crowds about them, nor tarrying to drink Quantities of Liquor, as is usually done.

John Hawkins, desiring the Spectators to be silent, said, *Christians! I am brought to this Place of Shame for my Sins; I hope, and earnestly hope all Christians will join with me in Prayer for the Pardon of my Crimes; I forgive ail, and hope to be forgiven of all myself. I beg all here present will take Warning by my wretched Death, and avoid what led to it. Pray for me, blessed People! Pray for my departing Soul! Christ, receive me! Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Being in some Confusion, he was turned off, and died, not without prodigious Difficulty and Struggling; contrary to his Friend, who was more composed before he died, and more easily lost his Breath.

II. Mr. Sharp's Account of Hawkins and Simpson *abridg'd.*

They behaved, during their Confinement, with a great deal of Decency, and declared, that Butler Fox, who was executed at Croydon the last Assizes, and [James Wright] the Person who went in a Shroud to Tyburn,—were innocent of the Facts for which they suffer'd.—

Had they not been apprehended, they would, as they declared, have put in Practice the Resolution they had formed of going into foreign Service. They never were heard to reproach one another with their Misfortunes, and freely confess'd, they had liv'd loosely, but never acted barbarously.

174 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

Mr. *Hawkins* was a single Man ; but his Companion was married to a Woman whom he talked very affectionately of. He had not cohabited with her, since he liv'd irregularly. —

Ivy-Lane,

May 21, 1722.

T. SHARP.

To this brief Account the Editor adds the Copies of two Papers, which he says were deliver'd by *Hawkins* and *Simpson* at *Tyburn* ; but, as we are well assured, that those Papers are spurious, we shall take nothing from them.

III. *An Account of the Robberies committed by John Hawkins, George Simpson, and their Companions, written by Ralph Wilson, abridg'd.*

JOHN HAWKINS, at the Time of his Death, was about thirty * Years old. His Father was a Farmer at *Staines* in *Middlesex*, very honest, but poor ; and therefore, could give his Son but a slender Education. At fourteen, *John* waited on a Gentleman, but soon left him to be a Tapster's Boy, at the *Red Lion* at *Brentford*, where he continued till he got into another Gentleman's Service : But being of an unsettled Temper, he seldom tarried long in a Place. The last Family he was in was *Sir Dennis Dutry's*, where he was Butler, and might have lived happily ; for, being a handsome creditable Servant, he was approv'd of both by his Master and Lady. But the Opinion he had of his own Person made him too assuming, and he thought it a small Fault to be out two or three Nights a Week, at the Gaming-Tables. These are the Nurseries of all our Highwaymen. At these the young Fellows, being stript of all their Money, are prepared for the most desperate Enterprizes, and these were the Ruin of *Hawkins*. By his repeated neglect of his Master's Business, the Family was incens'd against him, and he was turn'd away, not without a Suspicion of having first been a Confederate in robbing the House of a considerable Value in Plate. He acknowledg'd to me, that he had pawn'd

* *The Chaplain of Newgate says twenty-eight.*

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 175

an old-fashion'd Piece of *Dutch* Plate, which Sir Dennis very much valued.

After his Discharge he wholly attended the Gaming-tables, till he was reduc'd to such necessity, that he wanted Bread. This brought him to a Resolution of relieving himself by plundering others, and in order thereto he muster'd all his Interest to procure a Horse and a Pair of Pistols.

He was now twenty-four. His first Expedition was to *Hounslow-heath*, where he stopt a Coach, and eas'd the Passengers of about 11 *l.* with this Booty he returned safe to *London*, and repairing immediately to the *King's-Head* at *Temple-Bar*, he threw it all off.

Thus he went on a pretty while by himself, losing at play what he got upon the Road; but, finding some Difficulties in robbing alone, he chose for his Companions *Ryley*, *Cummerford*, *Reeves*, and *Leonard*, an *Irish* Captain, with these he committed several Robberies on *Hounslow* and *Bagshot-Heaths*; but tho' he sometimes acquired considerable Prizes by such Means, they did him but little Service; for he still had such an Itching to Gaming, that he could never forbear till he had lost the last Penny; so that he was often put to the pitiful Shift of bilking an Ordinary for a Dinner.

Having followed this Course about two Years, *Leonard* was made a State Prisoner, for being concern'd in the *Preston* Rebellion, and *Hawkins* and one *Wooldridge*, for attempting to rescue him, were apprehended by the King's Messengers, but in a short Time they were both discharged. A few Days after this, *Cummerford*, *Reeves*, and *Ryley*, were seized at *Guilford*; *Hawkins* had been with them, but he could not get a Horse. The two former were executed, and *Ryley* Transported, and the Government took Care of *Leonard* *.

I shall here say something of myself: I am now 22, I was educated at *Kirkleatham* in *Cleveland*, *Yorkshire*, at the School built there by Sir *William Turner*, formerly Lord-Mayor of *London*. At 17 I was put Clerk to Mr. *Dixon* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, an eminent Practitioner in *Chancery*

* He found himself involv'd in such Difficulties, that he submitted to be Transported.

176 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

and had been happy if I had follow'd his Advice ; but his Business being very great, and my Industry very little, we could not long agree, and so we parted.

Hawkins, being left by himself, attended the Gaming Tables as much as ever, where it was my Misfortune to be introduced by an Acquaintance, purely out of Curiosity, and a fatal one it was to me !—I might wonder the *Westminster* M—y don't suppress those Places, but that I know they subsist under the Protection of such powerful Advocates ! There's a yearly Alliance betwixt them, which generally expires about *Christmas*, when the Advocates raise all their Forces, and join some Christian Companies of informing Constables. And being thus prepar'd for some notable Enterprize, their first Attack is upon the Three-penny Gaming-Tables, whence they drag away ten or a dozen needy Pick-pockets. This alarms the Governors of greater Places, who dispatch their Agents with Presents to these formidable Enemies of Vice, all is hush'd up, and the Alliance renew'd.

Hawkins having singled me out at one of these Tables, we soon became great Cronies, and were seldom asunder, till he was apprehended on Suspicion of robbing a Coach in *Monmouth-street*, of which, tho' Guilty, he was acquitted.

My Mother at this Time sent for me Home to *Whitby*, where she lives. I staid with her a Year, but being desirous of returning to *London*, I persuaded her to send me up to try the Law once more. She (who always encouraged any Thing in me that look'd like Business) agreed to it, and gave 100 *l.* with me to Mr. *Sandy's* in *Grainge-Court*. I had not been long with him, before my own Infection of Gaming broke out, which swept away both my Money and Cloaths. This Extravagance making me unfit for a Clerk, I left Mr. *Sandy's*, and meeting again with my old Friend *Hawkins*, we renew'd our Acquaintance. I did not then certainly know the Courses he follow'd, tho' as I found he had no Support from his Relations, I very much suspected him, for which Reason, I began again to withdraw myself from his Company, for even at that Time I abhor'd the Thoughts of Villainy.

Hawkins had now engaged with a new Gang, among which was one *Pocock*, who, being apprehended, impeach'd all the rest : This quickly dispersed them, and one *Ralph-*
son,

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 177

son, to whom they had intrusted most of their Stock, went off with it to *Holland*, by which Means *Hawkins* was left without Money or Companions, for they had all forsaken the Town except his Brother *Will*, and *James Wright*. *Will* was taken on *Pocock's* Information, and *Wright* was in a Salivation. *Hawkins* himself skulk'd about Town, not daring to appear, but in such Houses as he could confide in, one of which I frequented, and there I first met him after this Matter broke out. We soon became as familiar as ever, and, believing I would not betray him for the Sake of the Reward, he told me every Thing that I have related concerning him and his Companions, and other Passages that I have omitted: As that, he was present when Colonel *Floyer* shot *Wooldridge*, * and, that he himself shot General *Evan's* Footman, which he said happen'd thus; he stopp'd the General and another Gentleman in a Coach, the General and the Gentleman both fired at him, upon which, he shot directly into the Coach, but missed them, and killed the Servant who was behind it. He often lamented this Misfortune, and, when he fell into Company with a Clergyman, would always be asking some Casuistical Questions on Cases parallel to his own; but tho' he fancied this was no Murder, because he had no Design against the Deceased, yet he was always told, that the Design against the Master made the Person as guilty, as if it had been intended against the Man who was kill'd.

I took so much Pleasure in hearing *Hawkins* relate his Pranks and Robberies, that I grew very fond of his Company. *Wright*, being now recover'd, he and *Hawkins* fell to their old Sport, and when they came Home at Night, I used to drink with them. Their first Robbery after this Re-union was in *Richmond Lane*, upon the Earl of *Burlington*, and the Lord *Bruce*, from whom they took 20 l. two Gold Watches, and a Saphire Ring, for which his Lordship offer'd 100 l. to *Jonathan Wild*. *Hawkins* pretended he sold it for 6 l. and poor *Wright* thought that a good Price, and gladly accepted of 3 l. for his Snack,

* *Wooldridge* was shot in the Thigh with two Slugs, he languish'd near a Month, and then died.

178 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

tho' *Hawkins* then had the Ring in his own Possession and afterwards sold it in *Holland* for 40 *l.*

James Wright was born of honest Parents, and bred a Barber. He was one of the best Temper, and greatest Fidelity to his Companions, I ever knew in a Highwayman. I cannot say how his Acquaintance begun with *Hawkins*, but they two, for about a Month after *Wright's* Salvation, went on very prosperously together, before I engaged with them.

About this Time a good natured Countryman lent me 10 *l.* this was a great Novelty to me, who had been starving for some Weeks; notwithstanding which, I made all the Haste I could to the Tables, and lost it every Farthing. This made me rage like a Madman, and first render'd me capable of any Impression from bad Company. From the Table I went to *Hawkins* and *Wright*, and having drank freely, *Hawkins* begun to talk about robbing, but said, a third Man was necessary, and asked me if I durst take a Pistol? I answer'd, *Yes, as well as any Man, for the Want of Money has made me ready for any Thing.* He who was always glad of new Companions, proffer'd very kindly to get me a Horse against next Night. I agreed, and so went to Bed.

Next Morning I recollected what had past over Night, but resolv'd on nothing less than to execute what I had promised. *Hawkins*, however was as good as his Word, and in the Evening we sat to drinking again: At a proper Hour *Hawkins* told us all was ready, and I being then as hot as on the Night before, and so in the same Humour, made no Objection but went with them. We mounted about ten o'Clock, and soon after robb'd Sir *David Dalrymple*, near *Winstanley's* Water Works: They put me upon stopping the Coach to try how capable I was of becoming a Man of Business. And, unhappily for me, I performed so well, that *Hawkins* never after cared to part with me.

We took from Sir *David* about 3 *l.* in Money, a Snuff-Box, and a Pocket-Book, for which last, Sir *David* offer'd 60 *l.* to *Wild*; but we return'd it by a Porter gratis; for we had no Dealing with *Wild*, nor did he know either of us.

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 179

'Tis impossible to express the Anxieties I labour'd under next Morning, when I consider'd I had engag'd in such base Actions, which, as I then thought, and have since found, bring nothing better than Poverty and Shame. No Life is so gloomy as that of a Robber! He's a Stranger to Peace of Mind, to quiet Slumber! and is made a Property of by every Villain who knows his Circumstances. This is a Hell to one who has had any relish of a more generous Way of living. But I was enter'd, and knew not how to retreat; for *Hawkins* who before was all Complaisance, became now my Tyrant; he let me know, that I was as liable to be hanged as himself, and expressed a Satisfaction that he had me under a Hank. I have Reason to believe, this Pleasure of his arose from his having one more added to his Company, to make use of when his Occasions required. Some may think, I speak this to justify what I have done; but when they know how vilely his Brother has acted that Part, and that such a Method of saving their own Lives was concerted between them, they will be of another Opinion. In a Word, I led a Dog's Life, and, much against the Grain, was oblig'd to take all in good Part, for fear a Quarrel should bring us all into Trouble.

The next Coach we robb'd was Mr. *Hide's* of *Hackney*, we took from him 10 *l.* and a Watch; but missed 300 *l.* in Bank Notes, which Mr. *Hide* has since told me, he then had about him. We seldom fail'd of committing two or three Robberies in a Week, for a Month together. We scarce ever went above five Miles out of Town, and when we return'd to it again, we attack'd the Coaches in the Streets. One Night in *August*, 1720, when all Mankind were turn'd Thieves, we robb'd a Coach in *Chancery-Lane*, another in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and in going off we tumbled upon my Lord *Westmoreland*, who had three Footmen behind his Coach: We had some Difficulty in robbing his Lordship, for the Watch pour'd in upon us; but, at hearing a Pistol fir'd over their Heads, they retir'd as fast, and gave us an Opportunity of escaping.

These Robberies had put me in a good Condition, if the pernicious Itch of Gaming had not been so prevalent upon me. Whatever Moveables we got, I sold my Share to *Hawkins* and *Wright*, and play'd away the Money.

They

180 *Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.*

They two having made up a Cargo were determined for *Holland*; the Goods were all in the Hands of *Hawkins*, and ready to go off with, except a Watch that was in Pawn, and which *Wright* went to redeem. We had agreed to meet at the *Queen's-Head* on *Tower-Hill*, but *Wright* not returning so soon as was expected, we sent a Messenger to see how the Land lay, and he brought us Word, that *Wright* was apprehended by *Wild*, to whom he had been betray'd by one of his own Acquaintance. This alarmed us, and put us under a violent Apprehension that *Wright* would impeach us, put it proved otherwise.

Will. Hawkins and *Wright* were now both Prisoners. *Will* could not impeach us, because he was impeach'd himself. *Wright* indeed might have taken that Advantage to have saved his own Life; but he told *Jack Hawkins's* Wife, that he would hurt nobody, and much less her Husband, because of his Children. How well this Generosity was return'd, will appear hereafter. *Hawkins* and I, to conceal ourselves, went to *Oxford*, and staid there a Month; in which Time he defaced some Pictures in the Gallery over the *Bodleian* Library. The University offer'd 100 *l.* to any that would discover the Person who did it; and a poor *Taylor*, who had distinguish'd himself for a *Whig*, was taken up, and imprisoned on Suspicion, and narrowly escaped a Whipping.

The Sessions at the *Old-Bailey* being ended, *Will. Hawkins* was discharged, *Pocock* was hanged, and *Wright* reserved for *Kingston* Assizes. *Jack Hawkins*, desirous to see his Brother, told me he'd go for *London* next Day, and, that he was sorry he could not lend me Money to go with him; but, that in two or three Days he'd send me 40 *s.* and so he left me with two dismal Companions, Poverty, and a bad Conscience. In a little while he sent me 10 *s.* I owed six at my Quarters, which I discharged, and then set out on Foot for *London*, with the remainder. At my Arrival, I understood that the two Brothers were gone to *Holland* with all *Wright's* Goods, to the Value of 50 *l.* and had left him starving in Gaol.

About the End of *October* they both returned to *London*, where I joined with them, and we went on together 'till *Christmas*. I then became of Age, and was in Possession of a small Estate my Father left me, which I sold for

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 181

350 l. But I soon lost it at Play, except what I lent to *Jack* and *Will* to buy Horses, which I have reason to remember, because they never repaid me.

And we fell to Business industriously, tho' we often left *Will* behind us, as a lazy Coward. This Fellow in Company is the most flustering Rascal I ever knew. No Man is more forward to strike another, because he confides in his Strength; but none so backward on the Road, which proceeded not from a Principle of Honesty, but Fear: For this, and other good Causes we frequently suspended him, till by his good Behaviour he obtain'd a Re-admission.

One Night *Jack* and I took a Road to *Hampstead*, and, being elevated with Wine, resolv'd as we returned, to rob the first Coach we met. It happened that, about a hundred Yards on this Side *Fig-Lane*, we met a Chariot with two Gentlemen in it. As soon as they passed us, we muffled up with Cape and Handkerchief, and overtook 'em at the End of *Fig-Lane*. The Coachman stopt at the first Word, and down went the Sashes, I was on one Side, and *Jack* on the other. The Gentlemen fired both at once; one of 'em lodg'd three Slugs in *Hawkin's* Shoulder, but the other mist me. They were certainly brave Men, and yet I thought their hasty firing was a Sign of Fear. Had they suffered us to come nearer they might have shatter'd us to Pieces. However we thought it best to move off, to prevent Murder on both Sides.

This Action was follow'd by such bad Weather, that we could do nothing, and, when fair Weather came, our Horses Heads were so swell'd, we could not get 'em out of the Stable, and so we agreed to rob on Foot in *Hyde-Park*. The first Coach we attempted there was Mr. *Green* the *Brewer's*; but the Coachman whipt his Horses, and left us. However, I shot one of his Horses, and endeavouring to fire again, I shot myself thro' the Hand, which made my Retreat very difficult, I having the Wall to get over.

Being thus disabled, I had Leisure to reflect on my deplorable Condition, what I was *once*, and what *then*! I was soon convinc'd, that Vengeance would one Day overtake us, and such a Course of Life be finish'd with Scandal at *Tyburn*. These Reflections brought me to a Resolution
of

182 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

of leaving at once the Town, and my Follies ; pursuant to which, I borrow'd some Money of a Friend, took my Horse out of the Stable, and set forward for *Yorkshire*, Feb. 1, 1721.

I cannot express my Satisfaction in this Retreat ; how I detested my late vices, and how sincerely I resolv'd never to relapse, let my Fortune be what it would. Thus prepared for an honest Life, I arrived at *Whitby*, where I was well received. In a few Days I fell into my Mother's Business, which is considerable, and follow'd it diligently, till the succeeding *August*, when one Day I was sent for to a Publick-House, where to my great Surprize, I found my old Friend *John Hawkins*, and his new Companion *George Simpson*. After the usual Salutations, *Hawkins* and I walk'd out together. I soon found that Things look'd but poorly on my Side, he told me, they had but 40 s. between 'em. I asked him why, when they were so ill provided, they took so long a Journey, to a Place where they could have no Assistance ? At this, he swore and raged like Fury, and told me, that I had been like other Men, and was now as liable to suffer as any Body ; for his Brother had impeached me, and all the rest of his Companions, and I should be fetch'd away in a few Days. This startled me so much, that I agreed to go with them. I bought *Simpson's* Part of some Goods they had brought down, which came to 20 l. and lent *Hawkins* 20 l. more. We all bought Horses, and so came to *London*. Then I found that *Hawkins* had deceived me, for I was not impeach'd, nor was his Brother in Custody. By this may be seen the Envy of such Men towards their Companions who desert their Villanies, and betake themselves to an honest Life.

However, it was not long before *Will Hawkins* was in earnest taken, by the Servants of Sir *Edward Lawrence*, whom he and *Butler Fox* had robb'd in the *Huntington* Coach. *Will* impeach'd every body that had been concerned with him, and me amongst the rest, tho' none but *Fox* and *Wright* were apprehended. *Wright* was in *Newgate* when I left *London*. He was removed to *Kingston* at last Summer Assizes, try'd there and acquitted ; and, having obtained his Liberty, fell into an honest Employment, which he followed till *Will Hawkins* impeached him. He was convicted

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 183

victed (and was really guilty) of a Street-Robbery, done about two Years ago, and hanged, on the 22^d of *December* last. If I had been taken, I should have suffered the same Day, which being my Birth-Day, makes me remember it. And thus was poor *Wright's* Generosity repaid, he saved *Hawkins* to be hang'd himself.

Butler Fox was a Porter in *Milk-Street*, he had a Wife and three Children. His Acquaintance with *Will Hawkins* begun at *Carter's House*, by *London-Wall*, a Nest for Highwaymen! *Fox* appear'd on his Trial to have a good Reputation, tho' he was certainly guilty of the two Robberies he was acquitted of at the *Old-Bailey*, and am satisfied he was never guilty of more.

But, upon his being acquitted of these, *Will Hawkins* impeached him of robbing Colonel *Hamilton*, and at the Trial swore, that himself and *Fox* committed that Robbery, tho' neither of them was concerned in it; for it was done by *Jack Hawkins* and *George Simpson*, and no other Person; and they, the same Night informed *Will* of all the Particulars. This I had from *Jack* himself, and I have often heard him exclaim against *Will*, for swearing *Fox* into this Robbery: And, what convinces me that *Jack* spoke the Truth is, that, when *Will* at the Trial was asked, What became of the Gun they took from the Colonel? he answer'd, that they threw it away, just after the Robbery. Now, I know this to be false, for I had that very Gun in my Hand last *Christmas*.—Let me add, that the Colonel's Coachman had good Eyes, when he could swear to a Man he had never seen before.

All this Time we play'd least in Sight, our most convenient House was by *London Wall*; our Landlord knew all our Circumstances, and found his Account in that Knowledge; for we seldom committed a Robbery, but he had his Snack by Way of Reckoning. As he kept a Livery Stable, we had an Opportunity of riding out at all Hours, so that we harrassed most of the Morning Stage-Coaches in *England*. One Morning we robb'd the *Worcester*, the *Gloucester*, the *Cirencester*, the *Bristol*, and the *Oxford* Coaches all together. Next Morning the *Chichester* and *Ipswich*, and perhaps the third Morning the *Portsmouth* Coach.—We were constant Customers to the *Bury* Coach. I think we touch'd it ten Times. And for
any

184 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

any of these we seldom rode farther than the *Stones-End*. When we met with any Portmanteaus, we carry'd them to our old Cock *Carter*, and ranfack'd 'em. 'Tis Pity but this Man, as he partook of our Prosperity, should have a Snack of our Adversity, and at least be sent Abroad for better Education ; he has ruined many a young Fellow, by exciting him to Actions that lead to the Gallows.

Our Evening Enterprizes were commonly between *Richmond*, *Hackney*, *Hampstead* or *Bow*, and *London* ; and often behind *Buckingham-Wall*. We committed innumerable Robberies with great Success, and might perhaps, have continued much longer in that unhappy Way, if we had not meddled with the Mails.

George Simpson was about 28 * when he died. He was born at *Putney* in *Surry*, and brought up at *Bowre* in *Lincolnshire* ; he had no Education, and but poor and natural Parts : He was never capable of designing, but, when any Thing was contrived for him, no one was more speedy, or bold in the Execution ; for he was equally brisk and stout. He had been Bailiff of a Hundred in *Lincolnshire*, but, for some Misdemeanor, flying the Country, he came to *London*, and served the Lord *Castlemain* and other Gentlemen, in quality of a Footman. But, discontented with that Condition of Life, and becoming acquainted with *Jack Hawkins*, he commenced Collector on the Highway.

He and *Hawkins* robb'd *Richard West*, Esq ; behind *Buckingham-House*, of a Gold Watch, and other Things of a considerable Value, for which (tho' in vain) a large Reward was offer'd.

One Time, as we were making up to the *Portsmouth* Coach, a Gentleman upon it fired at us before we spoke to the Coachman. I can't blame him, for our passing the Coach, and immediately returning, was a plain Indication of what we aim'd at. We were treated in the like Manner in attempting a Mourning Coach, but with worse Luck ; for my Horse receiv'd a Wound, of which he died. One Thing I thought was remarkable enough, and that was, our meeting Mr. *Green* and his Lady behind *Buckingham Wall*, and robbing them ; because I remember

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 185

member we had once before attack'd the same Coach, but being both on Foot, the Coachman drove away from us, upon which I told him, we should have the Luck to meet him again when we were mounted.

Thus we went on till the Beginning of *April* last, when we began to talk of our old Design of robbing the Mails. This Design was first concerted with our Landlord *Carter*; he propos'd for us to begin with the *Harwich* Mail, but that being as uncertain as the Wind, we could not agree to wait for it. At last, we pitched upon the *Bristol* Mail, and prepar'd every Thing for that Purpose. I endeavour'd to hinder this Attempt, I told them our Circumstances were such, that of Necessity we were closely attached to one another's Interest; for our being all impeach'd together, would prevent any one designing Person among us, from betraying the other two: But that this Union would be broke, when a Promise of the King's Pardon, with a Reward as usual, should be publish'd after such a Robbery: And, that the *Post-Office* was indefatigable in searching after Mail-Robbers; so that we should get nothing by it but a Gibbet.

Thus I reason'd against myself, for nothing but this Action could have set me at Liberty; and happy it was for me, that my Advice was rejected.

On *Sunday April 16th*, we set out, and next Morning took the Mail; and again, on *Wednesday* Morning, we robb'd it a second Time, to get the Halves of some Bank Notes, the other Halves of which we had taken the first Time.

On *Monday, April 23*. I went after Dinner to see my Horse in *Fenchurch-street*; and from thence, an over ruling Fate led me to *Carter's*, where I found two or three Men, whose Looks I did not like, which made me withdraw abruptly; and passing thro' some bye Allies, I got undiscovered into *Moorgate* Coffee-House.—This House I had now and then used for above two Years past; because as it was frequented by sober Company, a Highway-man might the better appear there without Suspicion. I was never much known there, for I often chang'd my Dress, and was generally reserved. But, at this Time, contrary to my usual Custom, I fell into a Set of Company, among whom was one who appear'd to be a *Quaker*,
he

186 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

he told me there was great Enquiry made after the Robbers of the *Bristol* Mail ; and, that some were even then searching for them in the Neighbourhood. This confirming the Suspicion I had of the People I saw at *Carter's*, I paid for my Gill, left the Coffee-House, and took a Turn in *Bedlam*. The melancholy Objects I saw there fill'd me with a thorough Sense of my own worse Condition. Experience had taught me, that Poverty, Shame and Destruction, would sooner or later attend such a Course of Life. And, recollecting several Passages that happen'd since we robb'd the Mail, I had grounds to believe, it was not safe to tarry in *London*. In particular, a certain Person, who suspected us to be the Men, and was more my Friend than theirs, advised me to get off, or go directly to the *Post-House*, and surrender myself ; adding, that, if I did not he believed *Simpson* would ; for that *Simpson* had asked him several previous Questions tending to such a Design : As, whether one who was already impeach'd, could be an Evidence against another ? Whether a Person who surrender'd voluntarily would be detain'd ? and if the 200 *l.* Reward in the *Gazette* was intended for him who discover'd, or him who apprehended ? I put a right Construction on these Enquires, and, to prevent the Effects of them, determin'd to take a Passage for *Newcastle* that very Night, but rejected the latter part of my Friend's Advice.

With this Resolution I went towards *Moorgate* Coffee-house again, and in my Way, met the Persons I had seen at *Carter's*. As soon as I pass'd 'em, they turn'd about and follow'd me, though not so closely but I got into the Coffee-house unperceiv'd by them, for they went through *Moorgate* Arch. So that if I had return'd by the same Door I enter'd, I had escaped : but I unluckily (or rather luckily) went out at the fore Door, where they stood watching in the Street, and, as soon as they saw me, seiz'd me. 'Tis my Opinion, *Carter* had given them some Information, though they said they had no other Suspicion of me, than seeing me at his House, which had been long suspected as a Harbour for such Men. They carried me to the Post-Office, where I was examin'd by the Post-Master General, but he could make nothing of me that Night. Next Morning I was carried to him again, four or five
Times

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 187

Times to as little Purpose, for I still insisted that I knew nothing of the Matter, though Mr. *Carteret* used the most prevailing Arguments to bring me to a Discovery. But just as he was preparing to commit me, a Messenger came from *William Hawkins*, who was Prisoner in the *Gatehouse*, to let them know, they need not give themselves any farther Trouble, for he had impeach'd me, and would convict me. At first, I thought this an Artifice to bring me to Confession ; but one of my Friends assuring me there had been such a Messenger, I begun to think it hard to be hang'd by a Man whose Brother's Life I had saved ; and yet on the other Hand I thought it was hard that *Jack Hawkins* should suffer for *Will's* Roguery, and therefore I still refused to confess. All the Post-Officers were so pressing with me, that I believe they had as much Regard to my Welfare, as to their own Interest : One of them call'd me aside, and shew'd me the following Letter.

“ S I R,

“ I AM one of those Persons who robb'd the Mails, which I am sorry for ; and, to make amends, I will secure my two Companions, as soon as may be. He whose Hand this shall appear to be, will I hope be entitled to the Reward, and his Pardon.”

As I knew this to be *Simpson's* Letter, I presently made a Discovery ; and I believe any Man would have done the same. For this Design against me, dissolved our League of Friendship. As for those who talk of the Obligation of solemn Oaths, I can assure them, there never were any such between us : Though if there had been, it is certain, such Oaths, which tend to the Destruction of our Country, are so far from being binding, that it is a greater Sin to keep, than to break them.

Hawkins and *Simpson* were apprehended on the *Thursday* following. Several of the Witnesses who appear'd for them at their Trial were guilty of —, particularly one, who swore, he sold *Hawkins* two *River Douglasses* ; and another, who swore, *Hawkins* was at his House the Night the Mail was robb'd. and produced a spurious Receipt to prove it. As for those who swore Treason against me, I never saw them before that Time, and, if the Court had regarded what they said, I could easily have proved my Principles were quite the reverse.

Though

188 Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery.

Though many, who have taken the Way that I took, to save their Lives, have at last been hang'd themselves; yet I doubt not but Providence will enable me to make a better Use of my Deliverance. I wish that our Story may be a sufficient Caution to others, and then the End of my Writing will be answer'd. They will find that we enjoy'd none of those Sweets which tempt Men to unlawful Actions; that *Honesty is the best Policy*; and that Men are brought to Destruction by setting at nought the first Causes of it, and not considering, how naturally they proceed from one Thing to another, 'till at last they get to the End of a Rope.

I have this Comfort under my Misfortunes, that I never was concern'd where any Murder was committed. My Crimes indeed have been great enough, but yet they have been aggravated by flying Reports.

The first, and which surprises me most, is, that several News-writers confidently asserted, that I and my Companions were guilty of that horrid Fact of cutting the Woman's Tongue out, because she happen'd to stand by, when we robb'd the *Bury Coach*, and that I acknowledg'd it. I affirm, I never acknowledg'd any such Thing, and I can prove, by Things taken from that Coach in *White-chapel*, the Morning this Fact is said to be done, that we were not the Men: For certainly, the Persons to whom those Things were restored, would not have been silent, if any such Barbarity had been acted by us. Besides, it was given out, that this was done beyond *Epping*, which is ten Miles beyond the Place, where we committed the Robbery.

Another Charge against me is, that I made it my common Practice to ravish the Ladies we robb'd. I wonder what wise Person invented so unlikely a Story: For as we robb'd within four or five Miles of *London*, and either in the Morning, or early in the Evening, when we had full Employment in dismounting the Horsemen who were on the Road, there could be no Room for what is pretended. Besides, I defy any one, to shew that such a Thing has been done these five Years, which is the longest Time I have been in Town.

It has farther been said, that I treated the Gentlemen we robb'd with Cruelty. How false this is, I appeal to those

Hawkins and Simpson, for a Robbery. 189

those very Gentlemen, some of whom have been since to see me, and still remember the Civility I shew'd 'em.

As to a Report, that I have impeach'd twenty-two Persons, it deserves no farther Notice than that it is false : For it would have been but Justice in me, to have impeach'd all I had been concern'd with.

I hear that one *Rogers* has been committed to *Ailesbury* Jail on my Information : In Justice to the Man, I declare I don't know him. Indeed an inhabitant of *High-Wickham*, a Person of a very odd Aspect, came to me one Morning after my Commitment, and said, he had seized this *Rogers*, as answering the Discription of *Hawkins* : But hearing that *Hawkins* and *Simpson* were taken, he wanted to be informed, if I knew *Rogers*. I answer'd, No.

At this he look'd a little chagrin, and, after a short Pause, invited me to take a Glass, which I accepting, we sat down together, and in a little Time resumed his Discourse about *Rogers*. *This Rogers is certainly a Highwayman*, says he, *and I am assur'd that you know him. But I tell you positively*, says I, *that I do not*. Pray, says he, *have you not run many Dangers for a little Money ?* I answer'd, *Yes*. *Why now*, says he, *what if a Man should put you in the Way of getting the half of 40*l*. with Ease and Safety ?* I reply'd, *I should make him very grateful Returns*. Well then, rejoin'd my Gentleman of the dismal Countenance, *'Tis only rapping heartily against this Rogers, and the Business is done*. Finding by this, what the Rascal drove at, I desired his Absence, and forwarded him down Stairs a little hastily. Thus it now and then happens, that some who pass for Men of Reputation, are discover'd to be the greatest Villains.

In fine, I am charged with being an Athiest, a Blasphemer and an irreligious Person. The two former of these I utterly disclaim, and appeal to all my acquaintance, if ever they heard me utter any Atheistical or Blasphemous Expressions. But indeed, I cannot say much to the third, for, while a Man continues in a Course of Wickedness, it would be the greatest Mockery to pretend to Religion, since, to be truly religious, he must lead a new Life, which, with God's Assistance, I am now resolved to do.

R. Wilson.
The

The same Day that *Hawkins* and *Simpson* were hang'd at *Tyburn*, their Bodies were carried to *Hounslow-beath*, and there hang'd in Irons on a Gibbet erected for that Purpose, not far from that on which *Benjamin Child* was hang'd in the same Manner. — *Child* was convicted at *Ailesbury* Assizes (on the Evidence of his Man, * *William Wade*, and the Post boy) for robbing the *Bristol-mail*. On Monday, the 8th of *March* last, he was carried on Horseback from *Ailesbury* Jail, to the *Bear* at *Slough*, where he lay that Night, and about ten next Morning was carried in a Coach to the Place of Execution.

James Booty, for a Rape, May 1722.

JAMES BOOTY, (aged 15) was indicted for assaulting and carnally knowing *Ann Milton*, Spinster, aged five Years and two Months, July 10, 1721.

John Milton. The Prisoner lived with Mr. *James Peters*, in *New-street, Shoe-lane*. He was there, on liking, in order to be bound Apprentice, and my Child being at Play next Door, he took her from her Play-fellows, and carried her up to his Master's Leads, and there abused her.

Court. You did not see that ?

J. M. No, but the Girl confess'd it.

Court. You should swear no farther than your own Knowledge.

J. M. The Child complain'd she was out of order, and we sent for Mrs. *Glover*, a Midwife, who searched her. The Prisoner ran away, and we heard he was gone to Sea ; but I found him about two Weeks ago in a *Tabacconist's* Shop, near *St. Andrew's Church* in *Shoe-lane*.

Mrs. Glover. Mrs. *Milton* sent for me, and said somebody had had to do with her Child. I search'd the Child, and found her in a sad Condition ; she was pox'd, and had a great Running of corrupt Matter, so that her Linnen was stained, and her Skin was stript to her Knees with the Infection that came from her. I believe she had had carnal Conversation with somebody.

* In May, 1721, Wade was try'd for robbing the *Bristol-Mail*. The Trial is in Page 43.

Court.

Court. Did you observe any Signs of a Penetration ?

Glover. There was some small Penetration, I believe ; for I saw the Mark of an Impression—And indeed the Child confess'd it.

Mr. Holloway, Surgeon. The Child's Privities were inflamed and ulcerated. There was much discolour'd Matter came from her, with which her Thighs were likewise inflamed. She complain'd of a heat of Urine, and other Symptoms of an infectious Contact —And the Parts were very much dilated.

Court. Do you think she could have been infected in that Manner, if there had not been an *Emissio Seminis*.

Mr. Holloway. That Disease may be communicated by the Emission of an infectious Matter, without a seminal Injection.

Mr. Kibley, Surgeon. On the 10th of July, Mr. Peters sent for me to search the Prisoner, I found a virulent Matter issuing from his Yard, which Matter was sufficient to communicate the Distemper without an *Emissio Seminis*.

Mrs. Milton. I often asked the Child, who had abused her, and she as often deny'd to tell me, 'till at last my Lodger, having some Cards which the Child wanted to play with, she asked her for them. My Lodger told her she should have them, if she'd say who had hurt her. The Child then said, that James (the Prisoner) did it on the Leads, where she and Mrs. Peters little Girl followed him to play. Then I went to Mrs Peters's, where I found the Prisoner's Mother, and I told them what the Child had confess'd.

Mrs. Peters. The Prisoner had been ten Weeks on liking with my Husband. When I heard how Mrs Milton's Child had been serv'd, I examin'd my own Girl, and found her in the like Condition ; so I took the Prisoner into the Garret, and tax'd him with abusing the Children. He own'd that he had lain with Ann Milton, but deny'd that he had meddled with my Child. I asked him if he was pox'd ? He said, Yes. I asked him how he got it ? He said his Cousin gave it him.—This Cousin of his, was my Servant, and had recommended him to my Husband. —I paid the Surgeon two Guineas for the Cure of my own Child.

Prisoner.

Prisoner. I know nothing of it, and if I confess'd any such Thing, it was in a Fright, when I did not know what I said.

Mary Wood. After the Prisoner went from his Master, he lodged at my House, and Mr. *Milton* might have taken him whenever he would, for he lives but next Door to the *Golden-Falcon* in *Fetter-Lane*, which is not far off, and he would have made it up for forty Shillings. And Mr. *Peters* had received forty Shillings for binding the Boy, which he would not return, but stopp'd it, pretending it was to go towards paying the Surgeon.

The Prisoner's Mother. My Boy did not run away, but his Master turn'd him away, as soon as he had got the Money.

Juryman. My Lord, it don't appear that the Prisoner forced the Child.

Court. If a Man has the carnal Knowledge of a Child under ten Years of Age, it is a Rape, tho' done with her Consent.

The Jury found him guilty of the Indictment. *Death.*

James Booty was born near St. *Andrew's* Church, in *Holborn*. While he was but a Child his Father, (who was a *Barber*) died, and left him to the Care of his Mother, who brought him up without so much Learning as would enable him to read. When he was turned of fifteen, she put him out on liking to Mr. *Peters*, a *Cabinet-maker*, in order to be bound Apprentice. He was recommended to this Place by a first Cousin of his, a Girl about his own Age, who was a Servant to Mr. *Peters*. As she was a foolish fond Wench, she had got acquainted with a loose young fellow, who quickly debauch'd her, and gave her the foul Disease, and then left her to shift for herself, *James* had not long been in this Place, before he somehow happen'd to fall and tear his Coat. He desir'd his Cousin to mend it for him, she promised to come and do it at Night when he was a bed, if he'd leave his Door open. She proved as good as her Word, but when she had done, she put out the Candle, and went to bed to him. Poor *Booty* was not so much a *Joseph* as to resist the Temptation, but he paid dearly for yielding to it. In a few Days he found himself under a strange Disorder-which he knew not what to think of. He was ashamed to discover

Charles Johns, &c. for a Felony. 193

discover his Case to any Body; but however, he told some of his Acquaintance that he knew a certain Person in such a Condition, that he could not tell what to make of it. *Make*, says one, *why depend upon it, he has been a Whoring, and has got the Pox, and I can tell him how to get rid of it.* *Aye*, says Booty, *how?* *Why*, says t'other, *I have heard say, that a Man may clear himself of that Distemper by lying with a Girl that is sound.* 'Tis uncertain whether this was spoke ignorantly, or only in jest, but *Booty* thought it so easy a Remedy, that he was resolved to try the Experiment; and try it he did, upon three or four Children besides *Ann Milton*. As soon as he was discover'd, his loving Cousin left her Place, to go (as she said) to her Mother's in *Westminster*; but notwithstanding the strict Enquiry that was made after her, she was not to be found.

For some Time after Condemnation he deny'd his Guilt, and protested that the Surgeon never examin'd his Person, but only his Linnen; but before his Execution, he confess'd that he enticed the Girl to the Top of the House, and there abused her, and that he had served three or four others in the same Manner; but declared to the last, that what he did was for no other end than to ease himself of the Pains he was in, which he had heard might be that Way effected.

He was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Monday, May 21, 1722.*

Charles Johns and James Bradshaw, for Felony,
May, 1722.

CHARLES JOHNS, and James Bradshaw, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, were indicted for stealing four Suits of laced Head-cloaths, Value 10 *l.* 10 *s.* four laced Handkerchiefs, Value 50 *s.* a Muslin Apron, Value 20 *s.* a Pair of laced Ruffles, Value 20 *s.* a Broad-Piece, and ten Guineas, the Goods of *John Howard*, in his House.

Elizabeth Howard, alias *Thomas*. I am a Mantua-maker. I live in *Denmark-court*, in the *Strand*. On *Thursday* about six in the Evening, being accidentally lock'd into my own Kitchen by *Mary Lloyd*, (who is likewise a

194 Charles Johns, &c. for a Felony.

Mantua-maker, and lives in the same House) I heard a great Noise, and the Prisoner *Johns* came and knock'd at the Kitchen door; I asked him what he wanted? *Want, ye Bitch*, says he, *I want to come in; I am High-constable, and have got my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, and, damn ye, I'll break open all the Doors in the House.*

Court. Did you see the Prisoners?

Howard. There was a great Slit in the Kitchen-door, thro' which I saw two Men, and am positive that *Johns* was one of them, for I had a full View of his Face, but I cannot be certain that *Bradshaw* was the other.—— Then they run up Stairs, and broke open the Doors, beat my Lodgers, took my Goods and Money, and then run away, and I sent a Girl after them to watch where they went; but they beat her and turn'd her back.

Court. But when you were in the Kitchen, you could not see what they did above Stairs.

Howard. No; but when they were gone I went up Stairs, and found my little Cedar-Chest was broke open, and my Money taken out, and my Linnen taken off the Bed where I had left it rough-dry'd.——I could not get a Warrant for them that Night, and they absconded next Day. I enquired for them at several Bailiff's Houses, and at last *Tom Freeman's*, in *Compton-street*. There *Bradshaw* was: He came out and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to put in Bail. *No*, says he, *that's a Lie of yours,—— I know what you come about.*

Mary Lloyd. I had lock'd the Kitchen door, not knowing that Mr. *Howard* was within; and Mr. *Townsend* coming in at the Street-door with a Pint of Beer, the Prisoners push'd in after him; and *Johns* taking me by the Hand, said, *I am High Constable, Child, and have got my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant to search the House.*——

Let me see your Warrant, says I, —— *Damn ye for a Bitch*, says he, *I'll break open all the Doors in the House without shewing you my Authority.* So I squeal'd out, and *Bradshaw* held me, while *Johns* beat me; and then they broke open the Parlour-door, and afterwards run up Stairs and broke open a little Room on the Stair-Head where the Cedar-Chest was. I follow'd them, but *Johns* took up a great Knife, and swore he would cut my Throat, or break my Neck down Stairs. I am positive to *Johns*, but not

so sure as to *Bradshaw*.——When they went away, I follow'd 'em into *Exeter-Change*, to watch them; but they turn'd back and beat me,——I did not then know that they had stole any thing.

Frances Butler, a Girl. I saw the Prisoners break open the Parlour-door, and then I run for a Constable, but could not find one. When I return'd, I saw the Prisoners come down Stairs and go out. I follow'd them as far as *Exeter-Change*, and there *Johns* beat me, and made me go back.

Hannah Allen. I live next Door to Mrs. *Howard*: I saw *Johns* go into her House, and kick against the Door; and heard him say, *Damn ye, Madam, are ye afraid of justice? I'll have you, by God.*

Justice *Perry*. *Howard* charged this Felony upon *Wm. Leckie*, who is now in Court.

Thomas Wilmot. *Howard* came to *Freeman's* to ask for *William Leckie*, and made a great Disturbance there. *Leckie* desired me to go with him before Justice *Perry*, which I did; and she then swore that *Leckie* and *Bradshaw* were the two Men who had robb'd her House.

Mr. *Shenton*. *Howard* is a Woman of a very ill Character, and keeps a common Baudy-house.

An Officer. I know *Lloyd* to be a common Night-walker.

Jonathan Wild. *Lloyd*!—Let me look at your sweet Face, my Dear!—O! I thought I knew you—I am very glad to see ye, Child—I have been hunting after you all over the Town.—I have got an Information against ye for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Watch.—I am sadly afraid you lie out a-nights; for he told me he has often been at your Landlady's, but could never find ye at Home.—Here, you Sir! [*To a Messenger*] go to Mr. *W*— in *L—Court*, and desire him to wait upon this Lady. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Howard called two or three Witneffes to her own Character. They deposed that she was a very civil Neighbour, and that they knew no Harm of her, but only (as it came out on their being cross-examin'd) that she kept a Baudy-house, and that now and then some of her Lodgers and Visitors would cry out, *Rogues! Whores! Thieves and Murder!*

196 J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery.

The Prisoners call'd several to prove that they were not near *Howard's House* at the Time when (as she pretended) she was robb'd; and the Jury acquitted them.

The Messenger, who was sent for Mr. *W—*, brought back Word, that he was not at home; upon which, Miss *Lloyd* had leave to depart the Court.

John Molony, and James alias Valentine Carrick, for a Street Robbery, July, 1722.

JOHN MOLONY, alias *MALHONY*, and James Carrick, were indicted (with *Daniel Carrol*, not then taken) for assaulting *William Young*, Esq; on the Highway, in the Parish of *St. Giles in the Fields*; putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Gold repeating Watch, Value 50*l.* a Chrystal Snuff-box, Value 3*l.* a Silver hilted Sword, Value 3*l.* and forty Guineas, July 1, 1722.

Mr. *Young*. I took a Chair at the *Bedford head Tavern*, in *Southampton street, Covent-garden*, on Sunday the first of this Month, between one and two in the Morning. As the Chair was turning into *Little Queen street*, I saw three Men advancing towards me. The foremost stept up to the Chairman, and, clapping a Pistol to his Ear, said, *God damn ye, set down, or I'll shoot you through the Head*. Then, putting a Pistol into the Chair, he said to me, *Your Money, Sir, I am in haste*. I gave him about 11*s.* but his Hand trembling, some of the Money dropt between us. *God damn ye, Sir*, says he, *Do you drop your Money?* And perceiving it was Silver, he added, *God damn ye, Sir, do ye trifle?* And one of his Companions putting his Head in at the right Side of the Chair, said *God damn ye, Sir do ye?* The first Man took away my Sword, a Gold Watch, a Chrystal Snuff-box, some Papers of Consequence, and my Purse with forty Guineas in it; but he miss'd my Ring, which I dropt in the Chair: And when he had done, the other said to the Chairman, *Now, ye Dog, go on with your Chair as fast as you can*. Then the Rogues made off, and the Chairmen carrying me to the End of the Street, set me down and pursued them; and in a few Minutes I heard that one of them was taken. He that rifled me was a little, fair Man, in a black Coat, and a light Tye-Wig; and

J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery. 197

and I verily believe *Carrick* is the same Person. And he on the right Side of the Chair was no less like *Molony*, a tall, swarthy Fellow, with a large Silver lac'd Hat, a black Cravat, and his Wig tyed up in a Bag: It was he who was taken, and he was then in the same Dress. I went to him in the *Round-house*: He ask'd me if I knew him? I said *Yes*. And *will you swear it?* says he, *If you do you'll be perjur'd; for I am innocent of the Fact*. I persuaded him to confess. *You have no other Way*, says I, *to save yourself, than by convicting the other two, and then the Law gives you your Life*. He still deny'd his Guilt, and so I left him; but next Morning he sent for me to the *Compter*, and told me, that *Carrick* and *Daniel Carrol* were the two that were with him when I was robb'd.—My Papers were all brought to me the same Day.

William Grindall, Chairman. I know both the Prisoners very well, *Carrick* came foremost, and jostled against me; I push'd him off; upon which *Molony* came up, and said, *God damn ye, stand!* and a third Man came behind me. *Carrick* clapt a Pistol to my Head, and swore he'd shoot me if I stirr'd a Foot. *Molony* drew his Sword, and stood over me; and then *Carrick* went with his Pistol to the Chair. *Mr. Young* gave him some Silver; upon which he said, *Damn ye, Sir, do you trifle?* And so he search'd *Mr. Young*; and I heard *Mr. Young* say, *My Letters are of Consequence to me, but of none to you*. When *Carrick* had done searching, *Molony* said to me, *Now, ye Dog you, go on as fast as you can; or, God damn ye, I'll run ye thro'*, and so they made off; and we went about twenty Yards with the Chair, and then set it down, and pulled out the Poles and pursued 'em, with a Cry of *Stop Thief*. They run thro' *Stone-cutters-Alley*, and along the arched Passage joining to the Duke of *Newcastle's* House; where a Watchman who stood up in the Dark stopt *Molony*, but he, having his drawn Sword in his Hand, wounded the Watchman in the Arm, and, getting loose, ran into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. The Watchman sent his Dog after him: The Dog seiz'd him in the Middle of the first Quarter, threw him down, and made him cry out like a Hare, when she's first taken by a Hound.

Court. *Mr. Young*, by what Light did you see the Prisoners when they robb'd you?

198 J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery.

Mr. Young. I saw them plainly by the Chairmen's Lanthorn. When Carrick was going to rifle me, he bid one of them go over the Way; but Molony asked Carrick what he sent him away for; and calling to the Chairmen, *Damn ye, Villains*, says he, *come back, or I'll run ye thro'*. And, the Chairman coming back, Molony stood over him with his Sword.—He bid the Chairmen hold their Hats before their Face, but they held them a little on one Side, so that they could see what was done.

Carrick. Pray, Sir, which Side of the Chair was I on when you say I robb'd you?

Mr. Young. On the left Side.

Carrick. Now that's a Lie, for I was on the right Side—I shall catch you again presently—What colour'd Coat had I?

Mr. Young. Black.

Carrick. I can prove the reverse.——What sort of a Wig?

Mr. Young. A light Tye-Wig.

Carrick. That's another damn'd Lie of yours——for you know, Mr. Molony, that you and I chang'd Wigs that Night, and yours is a dark Brown.——Had I two Pistols in one Hand, or one in each Hand?

Mr. Young. I saw but one Pistol.

Carrick. Then your Eye-sight fail'd ye.

John Brooks, the other Chairman, confirmed the Evidence of Grindall.

Richard Felton, Watchman. Hearing a Cry of *Stop Thief*, I stood up in the Dark, under the Duke of Newcastle's Arch. Molony came running along with his drawn Sword in his Hand, and swearing, *Damn his Blood, the first Man that touch'd him was a dead Man*. When he came within my reach, I knock'd him down, but he got up again, wounded me in the Arm, and ran away. My Dog follow'd and seized him in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, he cry'd out. and the Chairmen went and took the Dog off, and carry'd my Gentleman to the *Round house*.

John Franklin. About two Years ago, I bought a Silver hilted Sword of Carrick, which he was afterwards try'd for stealing but before he was taken I had sold the Sword to Mr. Brounker. And last Monday Morning I heard that Carrick was concerned in robbing Mr. Young, and I told Mr.

J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery. 199

Mr. Brounker of it. Carrick coming that Evening to Mr. Brounker's Door in a Coach, we follow'd and took him.

Francis Brounker, Salesman, in Monmouth-street. On Monday about Noon Mr. Franklin told me, that the Man he had bought a Sword of was in an Information for a Street Robbery. In the Evening Carrick came in a Coach to my Door, and desired to see a Suit of Cloaths. My Man went up to fetch some down; and in the mean-time, Pray Sir, says I to Carrick, step out, for you can't so well see in the Coach. God damn ye, Sir, says he, do ye think I have lost my Eyes? And so he ordered the Coachman to drive away. My Man coming down told me, that he believed this was he that stole the Sword. Then, said I, he's in an Information for a Robbery; and so we follow'd and took him, just as he was coming out of another Shop, the Duke of Marlborough's Head.

John Wigginton, Brounker's Servant. As I was standing at my Master's Door, Carrick stopt in a Coach, and beckoning to me, I went to him. He said he wanted a Suit of Clothes. I thought I had seen him before, and going up for some Clothes, I recollected that I had taken him about two Years before, for stealing a Silver hilted Sword. When I came down again, he was gone. I told my Master who he was, and so we followed and apprehended him, and found this Watch, this Snuff-box, a Pair of Silver Buckles, and 15 Guineas upon him.

Mr. Young. This is the Watch, and this is the Snuff-box that I was robb'd of.

Wigginton's Evidence was confirm'd by John Chandler.

Molony. I was drinking with Carrick and Carrol on Sunday Night till twelve o'Clock, when they two began to quarrel; but upon my advising them to be Friends, and not make any Disturbance in the House; they were soon pacified and agreed to walk out together. They went foremost, and I being very drunk, could not keep up with them, but was forced to follow at a little Distance. When they came to the Corner of Queen street, Carrick rush'd against a Chairman, and I heard somebody say, God damn your Blood, Sir, do ye trifle! And damn your Blood, Sir, do ye? As I knew nothing of their Design, I thought it had only been a drunken Quarrel; but when I came to

200 J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery.

them, I understood they had robb'd the Chair, at which I was very much surpriz'd ; and, thinking myself in the same Danger, by being seen in their Company, I endeavour'd to make my Escape, as any prudent Man would have done in the like Circumstances.

Carrick. I'll prove, that last Sunday Morning *Carrol* knock'd at the Door where I lodg'd, and brought me the Watch and Snuff-box.

Catherine Conway. Last Sunday Morning early, *Molony* came to *Carrick* in *Little Wild-street*, and delivered a Watch and Snuff-box to him, and said he brought it from *Daniel Carrol*.

Court. That could not be, because *Molony* was then in Custody ; and, besides, *Carrick* himself says, he had it from *Carrol's* own Hand.

The Jury found both the Prisoners guilty. *Death.*

James, alias *Valentine Carrick*, was born in *Dublin*. His Father, who was a *Jeweller*, having acquired a considerable Fortune, left off his Trade, and liv'd upon his Estate. He had three Sons. He obtain'd for the eldest the Place of a Commissioner ; procured the second to be a Cornet of Horse, and made an Ensign of *James*, who was the youngest.

In this Capacity Master *Jemmy* was obliged to repair to the Regiment he belong'd to, which was then in *Spain*. Soon after his Arrival, he signaliz'd himself by several Engagements with the *Spanish*—Ladies of Pleasure, and was not a little proud of his Success ; for he fancy'd every Surrender was a Proof of his own irresistible Charms. He was, indeed, a brisk young Fellow, and well shap'd ; but his Stature was a little below a middle Size, and his Complexion pale. The Extent of his Understanding may be guess'd at, by the Defence he made at his Trial. He overflow'd with Impertinence, and was so vain of his Person, his Dress, and what he mistook for Gallantry, that it seem'd his chief Ambition to merit the Character of the most pretty, gay, smart and dissolute Fellow in the Army. In a Word, he was a Fop, a Coxcomb, and a Rake, and squander'd away his Time and his Money in Dressing, Gaming, Drinking, and Whoring.

J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery. 201

A Peace being concluded, he lost his Commission, and came to *London*, where he was so far from reforming his Manners, that he grew more vicious than ever. No Company was so agreeable to him, as what he met with at the Gaming-tables, and that of the leudest Women the Town afforded. But, as the Remittances he received from his Friends were by no means sufficient to support his Extravagance, he was quickly reduced to very low Circumstances. Thus necessitous, he became a Pensioner to some of the trading Ladies of the Hundreds of *Drury*. But still his Expences exceeded his Income. It happened one Night, that, being at a Gaming-table, he met with a Countryman of his, whose Name was *Smith*; and, Fortune proving perverse to them both, they bestowed their Curses upon her with mutual Liberality, and went away together. As they walked along, they consulted how they should make up their Losses, and maintain themselves like Gentlemen. Robbery was no sooner proposed than agreed to. This they quickly put in Practice, with tolerable Success, considering they were but Novices: But, however, as it fell short of their Expectations, they joined in a Confederacy with another *Irishman*, *Thomas Butler*,* who was an old, experienc'd Practitioner. Thus united, they committed innumerable Robberies on *Bagshot-heath*, *Hounslow-heath*, and *Finchley-common*, by which they sometimes acquired considerable Prizes. But their Extravagance in Dress, in Gaming, and Debauchery, soon exhausted whatever they got.

There is no Union so liable to Dissolution, as that of Felons; for not only their mutual Distrust makes them frequently betray one another, but the common Course of Justice, not seldom puts an End to it.

——— *Smith*, as we have seen already, † was, (taken for a Robbery in *Kent*, and) executed at *Maidstone*. *Butler*, attempting to rob a Coach in *Surry*, was wounded, seiz'd, and committed to the *Marshalsea*. As he had been rewarded by the Government for intercepting a Letter from the Duke of *Ormond*, he was in Hopes of procuring his Liberty, by pretending to make further

* *Butler's Trial* is in Page 11.

† Page 11.

202 J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery.

Discoveries. But, failing in this, he impeach'd *Carrick*, and thought himself sure of being made an Evidence. Sir *Justinian Isham*, having been robb'd by *Butler*, and hearing, that such a Person was taken, sent a Letter to his Friend *Mr. Osgood*, to enquire if *Butler* was the Man. *Mr. Osgood* enquir'd of *Butler* himself, who still depending upon his being admitted an Evidence, readily confessed the Robbery, but found himself disappointed; for he was removed by a *Habeas Corpus* to *Newgate*, try'd and condemn'd for this very Fact, at the *Old Bailey*, and executed at *Tyburn*.

Carrick's Relations in *Ireland*, hearing of this Impeachment, sent several Letters, entreating him to consider the fatal Effects of continuing in such a Course, as he was then engag'd in; an untimely and infamous Death to himself, and an indelible Stain on his Family: And, pressing him in the strongest Terms, to break off his vicious Acquaintance, and return to *Dublin*; his elder Brother, in particular, promis'd not only to meet him on the Way, and conduct him thither; but, to procure him a Place there, that would be sufficient to maintain him handsomely.

But, *Carrick* had already given such a Loofe to his Actions, that he could not bear the Thoughts of living under Restraint. Regardless of the Advice, Entreaties, and Offers of his Friends, he resolv'd to be irreclaimable.

He commonly robb'd in Company, though sometimes he ventur'd by himself, as will appear in the following Trials.

In September, 1720, *James Carrick* was indicted for stealing a Silver hilted Sword, Value 35s. the Goods of *Thomas Webster*.

Mr. Webster. I went to the Duke of *Marlborough's* Head in *Drury lane*, and having a Mischance with my Sword, I left it with the Woman of the House to put in the Bar; but, when I came to ask for it, it was gone.

Upon making Enquiry afterwards, I heard, that *Mr. Franklin* had bought such a Sword, and going to his Shop, he help'd me to it, and here it is.

Mr.

J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery, 203

Mr. *Franklin*. I had this Sword of the Prisoner.

Carrick. It's very true ; and I can give a good Account how I came by it. I happen'd to have a Quarrel with a Gentleman in *Covent-Garden*, about eight at Night ; and the Watch coming up, they beat our Swords out of our Hands. The Constable took them up, and by Mistake gave the Gentleman's Sword to me, and mine to the Gentleman : And his Sword being old-fashion'd, and much worse than mine, I went to *Franklin's*, and chang'd it for another, and paid him the Difference.

Mr. *Webster*. That cannot be ; for he says the Scuffle was at eight at Night, but my Sword was not lost till twelve.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty, and he was ordered to be transported ; but that Sentence was afterwards chang'd for burning in the Hand, which was done in *May*, 1721.

In *April*, 1721, he was indicted by the Name of *Valentine Carrick*, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, for assaulting *George Clemson* in his House, and robbing him of five Silver Spoons, eleven Guineas, two broad Pieces, and half a Broad Piece, *April* 13, 1721 ; but no Evidence appearing against him he was acquitted. And indeed (except the Writer of the Sessions-Paper has mistaken the Date) I don't see how *Carrick* could be guilty, for he was a Prisoner at the same Time this Robbery was said to be done.

After this he became acquainted with *Woolbam* and *Addis*. For in *December*, 1721,

James Carrick, *Joseph Woolbam* and *Samuel Addis* were indicted for Subordination of Perjury, in procuring *Mary Dearly*, alias *Dingle*, to swear a Robbery against *Thomas Charlesworth*, who was then in *Newgate* : But, the Evidence not being sufficient, they were acquitted.

In *January* following *Woolbam* was convicted of Perjury, in making a false Affidavit before the Lord Chief Justice *Pratt*. And in *May* succeeding *Addis* was indicted for a Burglary, in breaking the House of *Judith Rich* ; but, no Evidence appearing, he was acquitted.

In *Sept.* 1719, *Charlesworth* and *John Everet* were indicted for robbing *William Ellis* on the Highway, and both acquitted. *Charlesworth* was a second Time indicted for robbing *Mary Reach* on the Highway, and acquitted.

He

204 J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery.

He was again indicted in *December 1719*, for a Burglary, in breaking the House of *Richard Yates*, and again acquitted.

Carrick, in the last Year of his Life, made a very considerable Figure among those of his own Profession; he was ever fond of ill Company, but now he fell in with the most villainous Set about *London*, *Daniel Carrol*, *Robert Wilkinson*, *James Lincoln*, *William Lock*, *Richard Oakey*, *Thomas Milkſop*, *John Dyer*, *Simon Jacobs*,—*Sturges*, *Humphrey Angier*, *Thomas Smith* alias *Newcomb*, and *John Molony* alias *Malboni*, and ſeveral more. With theſe he committed a great Number of Robberies, of which we ſhall give a farther Account in ſome of their Trials.

While he lay under Sentence of Death, his Behaviour was the ſame it had been at his Trial; he ſhew'd the ſame ſoppish Airs, the ſame Levity and Unconcern, and was as full of Jokes. And as theſe were Novelties in the Condemn'd-Hold, and the Chapel of *Newgate*, it was no Wonder that the Report of 'em increas'd the Number of his Viſitors, and the Profit of his Keepers. *Carrick* perceiving the People came in a-pace: *You pay your Money, good Folks*, ſays he, *to ſee me in Newgate, but, if you'll go to Tyburn To-morrow, you may ſee me for nothing.*

There was no perſuading him to refrain from converſing with ſome Whores of his Acquaintance, who were almoſt continually with him in *Newgate*, and followed him to the Gallows.

When he came to the Place of Execution, he ſmiled upon, and made his Bows to all he knew. Inſtead of praying with the reſt of the Criminals, he employ'd that Time in Giggling, taking Snuff, making aſiſh Motions to divert himſelf and the Mob. When Prayers were over, he told them, the Sheriffs had made an Order, that no *Surgeons* ſhould touch his Body. The *Ordinary* adviſed him to conſider, whither he was going. To which he answered, that, being a *Roman Catholick*, he had receiv'd the Sacrament, and prepar'd for Death his own Way; and, then giving himſelf ſome pretty and genteel Airs (as he ſeem'd to think 'em) in adjusting the Halter about his Neck, the Cart was drawn away.

And

J. Molony, &c. for a Street Robbery. 205

And thus this Composition of Folly, Vanity, Debauchery and Villany, finish'd his Course at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, July 18, 1722*, in the 27th Year of his Age.

John Molony, alias *Malbony*, was born in *Dublin*; while he was very young he went to Sea with the *Queen's Letter*, and sail'd with the Fleet to the *Mediterranean*. He continu'd in the Service till the Ship he belong'd to happen'd to be lost; and there being a Presumption, that he, and some others of the Sailors, had been the Occasion of it (either through Carelesness or Design) they were called to a strict Account, but as nothing was proved against them they were discharged. After this he enter'd with others on Board a Privateer, and they succeeded so well, that in a few Months they took several Pirate Vessels, by which they made a large Addition to the small Stock they set out with.

The Privateer being order'd to *England*, the Men were paid and discharged. *Molony* was now out of Employment, and had indeed enough to have put himself into an honest Way of living, but that was what he had no Inclination to. His Delight was to haunt Taverns, Baudy-Houses and Gaming-Tables, and at such Places he scatter'd away his Money in less Time than he had gathered it.

Thus reduced to a State of Poverty, he lived for a while by spunging upon his old Companions, when the Dice turn'd up in their Favour. This indeed kept him from starving, but as it was uncertain, and far from being sufficient to support his usual Extravagances, he thought it expedient to try his Fortune in another Manner.

From the Business of a Gamester to that of a Highwayman is a common and very easy Transition; their Merits are so near an Equality, that it's hard to say, which of the two is most worthy of the Gallows. Several of his Acquaintance had already past from one of these Occupations to the other, and the Time was now come, when he himself was determin'd to pursue the same Course, and add one to their Company. As soon as his Mind was known to 'em, they made no Difficulty of admitting him to be joint Adventurer, for no Man could appear fitter for such an Undertaking.

He

206 J. Molony, &c. for a Street-Robbery.

He was a tall, big boned, swarthy, grim Fellow, and an uncommon Fierceness in his Looks, and he swore with a Voice like Thunder.

These Confederates made frequent Excursions, and committed a great Number of Robberies in and about *London*, till some of them were taken and hang'd, and others run away to *Ireland*, for Fear of meeting the same Reward; but *Molony* continued skulking about Town, till the Danger was pretty well over.

It seems there was a Suspicion of his being at least an Accomplice with some who were guilty of Coining, for in *March* last (if *Jonathan Wild's* Oath may be credited) he was committed to Prison for uttering counterfeit Money, but, the Bill not being found, he was set at Liberty again.

In two or three Weeks after his Discharge, hearing that one *Dorothy Wade*, an old Gentlewoman, in *St. Catherine's*, was considerably rich, he took it into his Head to make his Addresses to her, in Quality of an honourable Lover.

And he gain'd his Point at the first Visit, without the least Difficulty; for the good old Lady was as much transported with the sudden Prospect of Matrimony, as a condemn'd Criminal could be at the unexpected News of a Pardon. She had not, old as she was, forgot the comfortable Enjoyments, which, threescore Years ago, she had often partaken of in that holy State. No wonder then, that she did not reject an Overture that promised the same Blessings; but, impatient to be put in Possession, appointed the next Morning for that Purpose.

They met accordingly and were married; but the Day after the Wedding, *Molony* found he was bit; for the old Gentlewoman had but a few Days before disposed of her Effects to *John Duval*, who had married her Granddaughter, and he, with the Assistance of his Servant Maid, *Mary Bright*, had removed most of the Goods and Money. Vex'd at this Disappointment, *Molony* persuaded his Spouse to prosecute 'em for Felony, which, to oblige her Husband she consented to; but they were both acquitted. Their Trial is inserted in Page 142.

Molony confess that he had been acquainted with *Carrol*, and others of his Countrymen (whom he robb'd with) a considerable

Jackson and Murphey, for a Robbery. 207

considerable Time; but affirmed, that he had no Knowledge of *Carrick* till three Days before the Robbery for which they were condemned, and, that he met him first at a House where they danced and fenced together. He farther asserted, that he was at some Distance *before Carrick* and *Carrol*, when they robb'd Mr. *Young*; but this contradicts the Defence he made at his Trial; for he then said, not that he was *before* them, but that they were *before* him, and had robb'd the Chair *before* he came up.

He professed himself a *Roman Catholic*, and declared, that he was earnest in his Repentance, and had prepared himself for another World, according to his own Sentiments of Religion.

He was executed at *Tyburn* with *Carrick* and three others, on *Wednesday, July 18, 1722*.

What became of *Daniel Carrol* may be seen in the Account hereafter given of *Joseph Blake*, alias *Blue-skin*.

There was a Pamphlet publish'd in the Name of *James Carrick*, entitled, *An Account of all the Robberies committed by James Carrick and John Malhoni*: But as the Whole (except a few Hints borrowed from the Sessions-Paper and the *Ordinary's* Account) appears to be fictitious, I have made no use of it.

Nathaniel Jackson and John Murphey, alias Morphey, for a Robbery, *July, 1722*.

NATHANIEL JACKSON and John Murphey, alias Morphey, of *St. Pancras*, were indicted for assaulting *Richard Dennit* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him two Shirts, Value 10s. a Coat and Waistcoat, Value 23s. Five Ounces of human Hair, Value 10s. Six Lemons, a Handkerchief, and 13d. in Money, *June 20, 1722*.

Richard Dennit. About 11 at Night, I was walking between *Tottenham-Court* and *Hampstead*, with a Basket of Lemons upon my Head; a Man (whose Name, I have since learned, is *Neal O'Brian*) came out of the Grass, and ask'd me, whither I was going? I told him to *Hampstead*, he said, he'd go with me; and I bid him come along

208 Jackson and Murphey, for a Robbery.

long then. *God damn ye, says he, speak another Word, and I'll shoot ye thro' the Head this Minute.* And then giving me a Blow on the Breast, he cry'd, *Hip!* and immediately the two Prisoners came up, took me by the Shoulders, and dragg'd me into a Ditch, where they stript off my Coat, Waistcoat and Shirt, and bound me, and swore they would kill me. I had a Handkerchief and five Ounces of human Hair in my Coat Pocket. I found by their Brogue that two of them were *Irishmen*; and, in Hopes they would use me the better, I told them, I was born of *Irish* Parents, that my Father was born in the *High street* in *Dublin*, and I myself was born in *Hampshire*. *Be my Shout now (says O'Brian) this Man is a very good Hampshire Hog to kill.* I answer'd, *But indifferent.*——

Court. Did you lose any Money?

Dennit. Yes, 13*d.* but I saved a Guinea which I had put in one of my Shoes for Security. They took six Lemons out of my Basket, and eat some of them; and then went away with my Cloaths, and left me bound. With much struggling I got loose, and, meeting with *Edward Howard*, a Friend of mine, we follow'd the Prisoners to a Night-house in the *Hay-market*, where we took them, with some of my Cloaths in their Possession; but *O'Brian* made his Escape.

Prisoners. We will give the Court no farther Trouble. We own we committed the Robbery.

The Jury found them both guilty, and they received Sentence of *Death*; but *Murphey* was afterwards reprieved.

Nathaniel Jackson gave the following Account of himself.

I am now above 30 Years of Age: I was born at *Doncaster* in *Yorkshire*, where my Parents lived in Credit; my Father, I believe, would have given me a very good Education, had he lived much longer, but he died while I was very young, and before I had made any considerable Progress in my Learning. However, he left me with a small Fortune to the Care of a Friend, with whom I lived till I was old enough to be put out Apprentice; and then he bound me to a *Silk Weaver* in *Norwich*. My Master and I were often at Variance, he was an honest industrious Man, and my Delight was in Idleness, Extravagance and keeping loose Company. He was very uneasy

at

Jackfon and Murphey, for a Robbery. 209

at the Liberties I took ; and I was no lefs fo, at the Reftraints he endeavour'd to lay me under. Thus difagreeing, we lived for about three Years, and then I run away from him.

My Guardian, after a diligent Enquiry, heard where I was, and fent me Word, that, fince I had no Inclination to Trade, my Friends would advife me to purchafe a fmall Place with the Money my Father had left me. But their Advice was thrown away, for, a Settlement was not what I wanted, I thought a loofe rambling Life was much more preferable ; and therefore entered myfelf in the Army, and was fent to *Ireland*, where I came behind-hand with none of my Fellow-Soldiers, in Leudnefs and Debauchery of every kind.

Growing weary of the mean Condition of a common Soldier, I procured twenty Guineas of fome of my Friends, with fifteen of which I gained Admittance into a Troop of Dragoons, but did not hold it long ; for, quarrelling with one of my Comrades, a Duel fucceeded, in which I did not kill him indeed, but I hack'd and mangled him in a barbarous manner ; and for this my Officer cashier'd me, tho' I believe in fo doing he had more Regard to his own Profit, than to my Offence.

I continued about four Years in *Ireland* ; it was there I begun my Acquaintance with *John Murphey* and *Neal O'Brian*, and there after, I was broke I left them, and returned to my Guardian. I lived for a while in the fame Town with him, but not in his Houfe ; becaufe I could not perfuade myfelf to that regular and fober Life which he required, but chofe to forfake my Home for feveral Nights in a Week, to keep Company with Sots at an Ale-houfe, or Whores at a Baudy-houfe.

In vain my Friends tried to prevail with me to reform my Life ; I fometimes heard, but never regarded their Remonftrances, and at laft refolved even to hear no more. In this Mind I got what Money I could from them, and came to *London*.

I now imagined myfelf happy, in being delivered from the irkfome Reproofs of thofe, who I thought were too officioufly follicitous for my Welfare. But it was not long before I found my Miftake ; for by living idly, and humouring a vicious Difpofition, I was brought to fo
low

210 Jackson and Murphey, for a Robbery.

low a Degree of Poverty, that I wanted Bread. In this miserable State, unknowing what to do for a Maintenance, I took a Ramble one Afternoon to *Hide-Park*, and, there accidentally met with my old Acquaintance *John Murphey*, whose Circumstances were little better than my own. We had not walk'd far together, before we were overtaken by *Neal O'Brian*, who was dressed in a Livery. After the common Salutations, he invited us to drink at a *Sutler's Tent* in the Camp. We gladly accepted the Offer and went with him : we stay'd there two or three Hours, and drank very heartily, and then he called for the Reckoning and discharged it ; shewing us at the same Time a pretty deal of Money. As soon as we came out of the Tent, he said, *You see, my Bloods, how I live : I never want Money, and if you have but Hearts, and dare walk with me towards Hampstead To-night, I'll shew you how easy it is to get it.* Neither I nor *Murphey* wanted many Arguments to bring us to a Compliance ; for our corrupted Morals, attended with Poverty, had but too well prepared us to fall in with any Proposal ; so that we soon agreed. Between *Pancras* and *Hampstead* we met *Mr. Dennit*, and robb'd him of his Coat and Waistcoat, a Parcel of Hair, two Shirts, and 14*d.* *O'Brian* would have cut his Throat to prevent a Discovery, but neither I nor *Murphey* would consent to it. This was a poor Booty, and far short of what *O'Brian* had given us Expectation of ; but I must lose my Life for it, tho' not undeservedly.

To this Account let us add, in the *Ordinary's* own Words, “ That *Jackson* appear'd extremely grieved, and
 “ very penitent, for the many Offences of his Life, and
 “ *expresses* [the Chaplain means *express*] a sensible concern for the Disgrace his Death would bring upon his
 “ Family, and for the Affliction it was to his good and
 “ religious Friends ; adding, that a Letter sent to him
 “ from his Brother when he left *London*, having found his
 “ Endeavours to save him was [*were*] in vain, and which
 “ Letter he read to me, had more cut his Heart, if possible, than a thousand Deaths.

“ He assured me, that as I directed him, he spent all
 “ his Time below in Prayer to *God*, and in reading to
 “ the other *Malefactors* —that he made use of certain
 “ written

Thomas Butloge, for a Felony, 211

" written Forms, proper for Men in his Condition ; and
 " and frequently called upon the rest, to join with him in
 " those Prayers. *Before* [not after] he died, he said, he
 " earnestly desired to receive the Holy Sacrament, which
 " he did with much devotion, and seem'd perfectly re-
 " sign'd to this World, [that is, willing to forsake it] and
 " desirous to enter into a far better."

He was hanged at Tyburn, on Wednesday, July 18, 1722.

Thomas Butloge, for a Felony, July, 1722.

THOMAS BUTLOGE, alias Botlock, alias Futlock, alias Butline, alias Futloine, [the 6th it was his right Name] was indicted for stealing 71 Guineas, 4 Louisdores, 9 Livres, a Pair of Bracelets, a Parcel of Lace and other Goods ; the Goods and Money of *Claude Langlie*. in the House of *James Dunn*, May 20, 1722.

Claude Langlie. The Prisoner was my Servant, the Money was in my 'Scrutore, I lock'd it up between 10 and 12 on Sunday Morning, May 20, and went to Church. While I was there, a Thought suddenly came in my Head, that my Man had robb'd me. I went Home, intending to search my 'Scrutore ; but before I open'd it, the Prisoner said, *Sir, have you lost any Thing?* I answered, *Yes, a Guinea*. Then, *Sir*, says he, *you need not give yourself any farther Trouble, for here it is, I found it by the Side of the 'Scrutore*, I took it, and gave him 2 s. for his Pains and made no farther Enquiry. I went that Afternoon to *Chelsea*, and when I returned my Man was not at Home ; then I resolv'd to search thoroughly, and opening my 'Scrutore, I soon miss'd my Money and Goods. *Mr. D'Arcy*, who came over with me from *France* had procur'd Warrants for riding Post ; he had delivered these to the Prisoner, to hire Horses for him. The Prisoner kept them four Days, and then hired Post Horses for himself, and was going for *Ireland*, as I found upon Enquiry. I made Interest with my Lord *Gage*, and by his Care the Prisoner was stop't at *Chester*, with most of the Money and Goods upon him.

Prisoner.

212 Thomas Butloge, *for a Felony.*

Prisoner. My Master sent me with the Goods and Money, to deliver them to Mr. *Darcy*; and, he being gone, I rid after him.

Mr. *Langlie.* There is no Truth in that.

Mr. *Lumlie.* I have the Care of the Post-Office at *Chester*.—On the 22d of *May*, a Servant of my Lord *Gage* came Express, to stop such a Person. The Prisoner not putting up at the Post-Office, but at another House, nor sending Notice to the Office, as is usual, I suspected he was the Person; and, on making Enquiry, heard he was at the *Golden-Key* at *Chester*. I offered the Landlady of that House three Guineas to tell me where he was; but, while I was talking with her, I was told, that he had escaped at the Back Door: I pursued, and took him, and found upon him this Purse, with 64 Guineas, 4 Louisd'ors, and 9 Livres.—And he had left a Great Coat, a Pair of Pistols, a Pair of Bracelets, a Pair of Stockings, and some Lace at the Inn.

The Jury found him guilty, *Death*.

After Sentence he gave the following Account of himself.

I am now upwards of 23 Years of Age. I was born in *Ireland*, about 30 Miles East from *Dublin*. My Parents gave me a pretty good Education, tho' they were but in mean Circumstances. They had formerly lived in *Cheshire*, but left that County to accompany a Gentleman (on whom they had some Dependance) to *Ireland*. I was put Apprentice to a *Vintner* in *Dublin*, my Morals were quickly vitiated by the lewd Passages I frequently saw in my Master's House. My Master always used me kindly, and I had a great Respect for him; so that when, for fear of his Creditors he absconded, and concealed himself in *Chester*, I went over several Times to carry him small Supplies of Money, and inform him of the State of his Affairs at Home. But growing weary of such an uncertain Livelihood, I left his Service, and try'd several Projects to maintain myself in *England*; but none of them proving successful, I returned once more to my native Country, where I had not been long, before I had the Fortune to marry the Daughter of a wealthy Shopkeeper. This put me into pretty good Circumstances; and I might have lived happily enough, if I could but have apply'd myself to Trade, and been contented with a moderate Station

tion of Life; but I was impatient to make a gay Figure in the World, and that hastened my Destruction.

I received a Letter from a Gentleman, a Relation of mine in *England*, inviting me hither, and giving me Expectation of providing me a Place, in which I might live genteelly. This being so agreeable to my Wishes, I never hesitated; but leaving my Father-in-law to manage his own Business, and take care of my Wife, I took Shipping, and crossed over, not doubting, but soon to advance my Fortune, by the Interest my Relation could make for me.

Soon after my Arrival, I took Lodgings in the House where Mr. *Langlie* lived. As I lived too expensively, the little Money I had brought with me was soon gone, and the Place I depended upon, not being yet vacant, I had no other Way to maintain myself in the Interim, than by entering into Mr. *Langlie's* Service.

I cannot pretend, that Necessity prompted me to rob this Gentleman; for I was not in Want, nor did I think of doing it, till half an Hour before it was done. But, being left in my Master's Room, when he and the rest of the Family were at Church, I sat looking at the 'Scrutore, and, knowing there was a considerable Sum of Money in it, a sudden Thought came into my Head, how easy it was for me to be Master of it all; and what a Figure I might make with it. I considered too, that I should run but a small Hazard; for if I was taken immediately, my Master being a Foreigner, and speaking very bad *English* I fancy'd he could not be understood, plain enough to convict me; but, as I knew he was to return to *France* in a few Days, I made no Doubt, but I could keep out of the Way for so short a Time; and then I concluded I should be free from all Danger, and might publickly live upon the Spoil. Deceiv'd by these flattering Appearances, I broke open the Drawers, took out the Money, and other valuable Things, got safe out of Town, and rid Post to *Chester* a Place where I was well known, and where, for that Reason, my Vanity made me fond of appearing with so much Money,

While he lay under Sentence, he behav'd decently; appear'd easy and compos'd; declared, that he neither expected nor desired to live; and that he wonder'd at those
who

214 Isaac Francis Nicholson, *for Murder.*

who attempted to escape Justice at the Expence of Blood.

He was executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday, July 18, 1722.

Isaac Francis Nicholson, *for Murder,* July 1722.

ISAAC FRANCIS NICHOLSON, was indicted for the Murder of *Richard Abington*, by giving him with a Sword one mortal Wound in the Belly, of the Length of half an Inch, and Depth of eight Inches, May 21, 1722, of which he instantly died.

He was a second Time indicted, on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

Elizabeth Jones. About twelve at Night, as I was walking with the Deceased in *Bridges-street*, the Prisoner pulled me by the Arm; the Deceased ask'd him, what he meant by it? The Prisoner return'd a rude Answer, and stood up against a Door. I perswaded the Deceased to go forward, and not mind him. The Prisoner follow'd, and the Deceased ask'd him, if he follow'd *us*? He answer'd, Yes; and some Words passing between them, the Deceased threw me from him; the Prisoner clapt his Hand to his Sword, and they both drew. And, as I turn'd about, the Prisoner had collar'd the Deceased, and thrust his Sword into his Belly. Then the Deceased fell down, and the Prisoner upon him. Mr. *Rolls*, a Barber, and some others, came by at the same Time.

Paul Rolls. As I came from *Russel-street*, I saw the Deceased and two Women coming out of the *Rose Tavern*. I knew both the Women, one of them went a little before him, and the other held by his Arm. Her Name was *Elizabeth Jones*; and, as I walked by, I heard her say to him, *Sir, you are in Liquor; you had better take Coach.* He answer'd, *No, I'll see you Home.* Going forward, I met the Prisoner. He seem'd to be drunk, and offer'd to lay his Hand on his Sword, as I passed him. Presently after, I met *Dearlove* the Watchman, and standing to talk with him, I heard *Elizabeth Jones* shriek out; and turning back, I found the Prisoner holding the Deceased by the Collar, as they lay on the Ground.

Mr.

Isaac Francis Nicholson, for Murder. 215

Mr. *Sparkham*, Surgeon. On the 22d of May, I view'd the Body of the Deceased. The Wound entered half an Inch above the Navel, and pass'd obliquely into the Belly, where I found a large Quantity of Blood settled, by which I judg'd the *Vena Porta* was hurt. The Wound was the Cause of his Death.

Prisoner. Having newly taken a Post under the Duke of *Chandois*, I had been drinking with some Friends in *St. James's Park*. And, it raining soon after we parted I went to the *Queen's-head* in *St. Martin's-lane*, where I staid till the Shower was over; and then going through *Bridges-street*, in my Way Home (my Circumstances obliging me to be on the other Side of the Water) I met *Paul Rolls*, and presently after the Deceased, and two Women of the Town. *Elizabeth Jones* (one of the Women) held by his Arm; and the other whose Name is *Macully*, walk'd before him. It raining, and I being in haste, I said to *Macully*, *By your Leave, Lady*, and was going to take the Wall of her, but she held up her Elbow to hinder me; upon which I gave Way; and, as I was going round by the Deceased, he said, *G—d damn ye, Sir, what do you affront the Lady for?* I answer'd, I was going home. *G—d damn ye, Sir*, says he, *I'll teach you another Way*; and so drew his Sword. I perceiving it, fell back, and drew mine. I made an Offer at him, and he push'd at me, and he said, *By G—d I have ye now, Sir*. I reply'd, *By G—d but you han't*. At the first Pass he cut my Finger, and at the second he run me thro' the Coat; and I, in defending myself, unfortunately kill'd him.

Mr. *Marine*. On Sunday Night, May 20, the Prisoner came into the Tap house in *St. Martin's-lane*, and call'd for a Mug of Beer. I never saw him before; but, he was drunk, and a Sailor was very affronting to him, and at last threw him against the Fire. The Prisoner did not seem to resent it, but gave his Sword to the Landlord, for fear some Mischief might happen.

Robert Halliwell The Prisoner came into the *Queen's-Head* in *St. Martin's lane*, about eleven at Night, and had a Pint of Beer. He was fuddled, and very merry, and sung and danced about the Room. I check'd him for it, and then he said he'd be quiet. But a Sailor coming

coming in, abused him very much, and threw him against the Grate, which he never resented, but went away quietly.

Mr. *Colthart*, Surgeon. I went to the Prisoner in the Round-house, and dress'd a Wound he had of half an Inch long, and a Quarter of an Inch deep, in the fore Finger of his Left Hand. And I saw a triangular Hole in his Coat.—About two Months before this happened, I met the Deceased about nine at Night, in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden*, and, without any Provocation, he struck me on the Right Arm. *Pray, Sir, says I, what's that for?* Upon which he clapt his Hand to his Sword, and said, *G—d damn ye, Sir, will ye fight?* He was drunk and stagger'd: And so advising him to go to Bed, I left him muttering.

Robert Kirk, Constable. Between twelve and one on Monday Morning, May 21, *Dearlove* and *Collins*, the Watchmen, who since are both dead, brought the Prisoner to me, and I carried him to the Round-house. I saw his Finger was cut, and a Hole was in his Coat.

The Jury found him guilty of Manslaughter. *Burnt in the Hand,*

John Nichols, *for Murder*, July 1722.

JOHAN NICHOLS, of *St. Margaret's, Westminster*, was indicted for the Murder of *Isaac Hancock*, by giving him with a Sword, one mortal Wound under the Right Ribs, of the Length of three Quarters of an Inch, and the Depth of six Inches, May 28, 1722. He was a second Time indicted on the Statute of Stabbing: And a third Time on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

John Taylor. Being upon Duty in *Hyde-Park*, I heard some Company coming forward, and challeng'd them. They answer'd, they were Friends. Presently one of them called the other Scoundrel; and then I heard a clashing like Whips or Swords; upon which I called the Quarter-guard, and coming up with them (it being a little Moonlight) I saw the Prisoner give the Deceased two home Thrusts, the Deceased being reeling, and endeavouring to retreat,

retreat, — he cry'd, *Oh!* — I saw no Weapon in his Hand.

Council. But, you say, you heard a Clashing like Swords?

Taylor. Yes. And a Stick and a drawn Sword that belonged to the Deceased, were afterwards found near the Place where he was.

Court. How many were there in Company?

Taylor. Four. — The Prisoner then put up his Sword, and I took hold of his Arm. I saw no Wound nor Blood about him, nor heard him complain of any, while he was in Custody.

John Barret, Serjeant. Being in the Rear of my Tent, I heard a murmuring Noise, and two Blows given like the flashing of Whips; upon which, advancing to the Front, I saw the Prisoner, with a drawn Sword, give the Deceased two Thrusts: and the Deceased without making any Resistance, retreated about ten Yards, and said, *By G—d I am murder'd.* — Others coming up to him, asked him, if he was wounded? He answered, *Yes, by G—d, and I am afraid mortally.* I saw him have no Sword nor Stick, but Serjeant *Sommers*, afterwards, shew'd me a Cane with a great Cut in it, and said it belonged to the Deceased.

Court. How far was you from the Prisoner when you saw him make those Thrusts?

Barret. Five or six Yards.

Henry Brotherton. I saw the Prisoner with his Sword drawn, retreating from the Deceased, who was in no Posture of Defence, but, with his Cane hanging on his Wrist, and looking back over his Shoulder, he reel'd, and endeavoured to get off. The Prisoner then advancing again, gave him a home Thrust, and he retreated 8 or 9 Yards, and said, *I am mortally wounded?* And afterwards being laid in a Tent, he clapt his Hand to his Side, and said, *What have I done to be thus hurt?*

John Merryman. As I was upon Duty, I saw four Men coming along, and challenged them. They said they were Friends, and so passed by. The Prisoner was then at the Right Hand of the Deceased. When they were got about fifteen Yards off, I heard one of them say, *Sir, you are a Scoundrel.* And the other answered, *Use me with good*

Manners, Sir, and not with ill Manners. Then the Prisoner drew his Sword, and the Deceased seemed to make some Defence. I heard the clashing of 2 Swords, or of one Sword and a Cane, I cannot say which; but, upon that I called the Quarter guard.

William Sommers, Serjeant. Colonel Murray delivered the Prisoner to my Charge, and I delivered him to *Merryman*; and then went and took the Deceased under the Arm, and he let fall his Cane, which was cut and sliced. His Sword was found afterwards, and shewn to me by the Serjeant of the Guard. It was bloody on the Handle, the Hilt, and the Blade. Next Morning the Prisoner told me, he was wounded in the Face, and shewed me some Blood, and a Scratch upon his Forehead.

Colonel Ridley. Sitting in my Tent, I heard the Quarter-guard called, and somebody said there was a Quarrel; upon which I went out, about twelve Yards, and found ten or a dozen People together. Colonel Murray demanded the Prisoner's Sword. The deceased seemed to stand firm, but he said he was a dead Man; and upon opening his Coat, he bled prodigiously, which I did not perceive before. *I hope, Sir,* says I, *you had fair Play for your Life?* To which he making no Answer, *I mean Sir,* says I, *that I hope your Sword was drawn before you was wounded.* And then he replied, *No, Sir, I am inhumanly murdered.* Soon after which he sunk down, and was carried to Colonel Darby's Tent. I saw no Sword, but that which Colonel Murray demanded of the Prisoner.

Col. Edward Wolfe. I followed Colonel Murray out of his Tent, when the Quarter guard was call'd, and coming up in the Street between the Tents I saw the Prisoner in the Hands of two Soldiers, and the Deceased bleeding, and leaning upon his drawn Sword. The Deceased said he was murdered, and that he received his Wound before his Sword was drawn. But by what I know of the Prisoner's Character, I don't believe he was capable of doing so base an Action.

James Jones, the Beadle. The Deceased was stript in the Camp, and here's his Coat. You may see three or four Cuts in the right Sleeve, and two in the Left; two Holes through the Right Side, and one through the Left. And here's his Sword too. It was deliver'd to me about eleven

eleven o'Clock the next Morning. The Mark of the Blood appears but on one Side of it; there's none upon the Hilt now, but you may see it has run down from the Hilt to the Middle of the Blade.

Mr. *Stephens*, a Surgeon. I examined the Body of the Deceased after he was dead. He had four Wounds, one was a cut a-crofs the little Finger, which took off Part of the Nail, and from this Wound, I suppose the Blood might run down his Sword. He had another under the left Arm. A third on the right Side, which past under the Muscle of the Breast, but did not penetrate the Cavity of the Thorax: This was not mortal, but the last was, for it entered betwixt the right Ribs, and passing upwards, went through the Liver. In receiving these two Wounds he must have been in a Posture of Defence, and indeed, he could hardly have drawn his Sword afterwards.

Mr. *Westbrook*, another Surgeon, deposed to the same Effect.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. Capt. *Gray*, Mr. *Shirley*, Mr. *Nepheur*, the Deceased, and I, were all at Colonel *Meyrick's* House at *Twickenham*. The Colonel had invited us to his Tent in *Hide-Park*. I and the Deceased went in a Chaise, which I drove, and the others went in the Colonel's Chariot. The Chaise and Chariot being put up, we walked to the Colonel's Tent, where we all (except Capt. *Gray*) staid till one in the Morning. We drank freely, and nothing but Mirth and good Humour appeared in the Company. When we broke up, we agreed to walk along the Line towards *Kensington*. Mr. *Nepheur*, Mr. *Shirley*, and the Colonel went out first, and the Deceased and I staid to put our Swords on. Our first Talk was about, who should drive Home; but, some how or other we presently turned from that to discourse of Gallantry. By this Time the rest of the Company were got about twenty Yards before us. The Deceased, who was very fat, and between thirty and forty, began to brag of his Feats among the Ladies. *I wonder*, says I, *how you can talk so extravagantly, when I know the Ladies look upon ye to be as great a Fumbler as an old Fellow of Threescore.*—*You're a damn'd impertinent Fellow*, says he,—*Pray Sir*, says I, *use me with good Manners.* He

reply'd, *You're a Scoundrel*, and at the same Time struck me on the Head with his Cane. Being very much provoked at this Usage, I retired and drew my Sword. We closed, and in the Scuffle I unhappily killed him — We were intimate Friends, and I had been at making up of several of his Quarrels.

Col. *Meyrick*. Two Days before this Misfortune, designing to walk from *Twickenham* to the Camp, I left my broad cutting Sword at Home, and took the Prisoner's which was lighter. I had invited him and some other Gentlemen to my Tent; when they came they were all merry and in good Humour, and about one in the Morning we broke up, Mr. *Nepheur*, Mr. *Shirley*, and myself went out first, and the Prisoner and the Deceased staid, I suppose to put on their Swords, for they had none in the Tent. When we were got about twenty Yards before them, I heard the Words *Impertinent Fellow*. Upon which I stepped back, and saw the Prisoner run in, and close with the Deceased. And nobody else being near them, I endeavoured to part them, by which I got a Cut in my Finger, tho' I saw no Sword, nor any Stroke given, for the Moon was behind a Cloud. The other Gentlemen coming up, I went 4 or 5 Yards and call'd the Centry, and the Centry call'd the Quarter-Guard. Turning back, I saw the Prisoner leaning upon my cutting Sword which I left at *Twickenham*, and did not know 'till then, that he had brought it with him. It had been ground and sharpen'd but four Days before. — I don't remember that the Centry challenged us, or that I saw him at his Post, before the Disturbance happen'd.

Taylor again. I was at my Post, and challenged four Men. The first two that I saw were the Prisoner and the Deceased a quarrelling, and, when I came up to them, Colonel *Meyrick* was there.

Col. *Ridley* again. I saw *Taylor* there, and he told me that the Deceased's Sword was not drawn, which was the Occasion of my asking the Deceased that Question.

Capt. *Johnro*. The Night after the Deceased died, *Taylor* and *Ravulins* said, that all was fair on both Sides, for both their Swords were drawn.

Brotherton again. I saw the last thrust when the Deceased stagger'd, and look'd back over his Shoulder, and

and *Rawlins* was then standing Centry at Colonel *Meyrick's* Tent.

Robert Shirley. I heard the Deceased say, *You're an impertinent Fellow*, and some Blows following, I turned back and saw Col. *Meyrick* a parting them, and I went to his Assistance. — I believe we were challenged by the Centry.

Mr. Nepheur. I heard the Deceased say, *By God, Nichols, you're damn'd Impertinent*, and he had hardly spoke, before I heard some Blows. I turn'd about, and saw Col. *Meyrick* endeavouring to part them, and Mr. *Shirley* assisting him. — The Quarter-Guard was call'd, and an Officer and six Soldiers came up. I saw the Sword taken from the Prisoner as he was going to sheath it. I never knew him to be quarrellsome, or to take any Liberties unbecoming a Gentleman.

Capt. George Jones. The Prisoner was instrumental in making up a Quarrel betwixt me and the Deceased. Though after it was made up the Deceased sent me a Challenge.

Ann Bennett. The Deceased came to Capt. *Jones's* House, and affronted his Lady. For as she and some others were walking in the Garden, and laughing together, he call'd 'em impudent Bitches, Sows, Whores and Sluts, and ask'd 'em who they laugh'd at? Next Morning he came again, and said, *Where's Jones?* — *I'll break every Bone in his Skin.* — *What*, says I, *because you call'd his Lady and Sister Whores?* — *Damn 'em*, says he, *they're all Whores.*

Batty Langley. After the Deceased had quarrel'd with the Lady, I met him with a large Cane. *Langley*, says he, *What do you think of this?* I told him it was too big to walk with. *Aye*, says he, *but I brought it purposely to break Jones's Bones.* But may be, says I, *Captain Jones has got as good a Stick to match it.* *Why then*, says he, *I'll take my Sword.*

Capt. Enos. The Deceas'd was very abusive. He affronted me in Capt. *Jones's* House, and I would have beat him for it, but the Prisoner parted us.

Capt. Clark, Thomas Storr the Constable, *Thomas Dowell*, and Corporal *Glynn* depos'd, that the Prisoner's Forehead and Arm were both bloody, and appear'd to have been

222 Thomas Etheridge, *for a Robbery.*

wounded with a Sword ; and Mr. *Westbrook*, a Surgeon, depos'd, that he dress'd the Wound in the Prisoner's left Arm, that it was half an Inch long, and was two Weeks before it was cured, and that the Prisoner told him that he received it in the Re-encounter.

Col. *Richbell*. I saw the Deceased leaning upon his Cane and his Sword, which were both in his left Hand. I took them from him, and gave them to somebody that stood by, and then helped him into a Tent.

Several Gentlemen and Officers gave the Prisoner the Character of a very good-humour'd, peaceable Man. The Jury found him guilty of Manslaughter, and he was burnt in the Hand.

Thomas Etheridge, *for a Robbery, September,*
1722.

THOMAS ETHERIDGE, of *St. Mary-le-bone*, was indicted for assaulting *James Corbidge* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him Ten Shillings, *June 10, 1721.*

He was a second Time indicted for assaulting (at the same Time and Place) *Edward Sharp*, putting him in Fear, and taking from him five Shillings.

James Corbidge. About nine in the Evening, coming in a Coach from *Wilsdon-green*, with Mr. *Sharp* and two Ladies, the Coach stopt near *Paddington*. I ask'd the Coachman what he stopt for? He answer'd, For his Horses to piss. *Then*, says I, *we will too.* And so Mr. *Sharp* and I got out, for we were a little suspicious of the Coachman. We found he stopt to let a Fellow get up on the Coach-Box, then we got in again, and he drove to *Paddington*, where he set the Fellow down, and went forward ; when we came betwixt *Paddington* and *Tyburn*, the Prisoner came to the Coach, look'd hard at us, and riding a little Way towards *Tyburn*, he turn'd about, pull'd a Pistol from under his blue Rug Coat, and coming up to the Coach again, demanded our Money. I gave him 10 s. and the rest gave him some Silver, but I don't know how much. Then he asked for our Watches and Rings, but, we telling him we had none, he went off ; we were then within 200 Yards of *Tyburn*, and near the Turnpike, we call'd

call'd out, *Stop! Highwayman!* The Turnpike Men came out with a Blunderbuss, and upon that the Prisoner turn'd his Horse, and rode off the other Way.

Sometime afterwards, as I was going to *Stanmore* and *Hampstead*, I saw the Prisoner sitting at Mr. *Beard's* Door, the *Bull* and *Busb* at *North-end*. I asked the Landlord, if he knew him? He said the Man had drank there two or three Times before. I look'd at the Prisoner wishfully, and asked him, what Countryman he was? and how he lived? He told me, that he was Keeper of *Moreton Park*, and was going to Town with Venison, but his Horse falling lame, he had left him at *Hampstead*, and, to satisfy me that he was a Park-keeper, he would shew me a Brace of Pistols which he always carried about him. Hearing this, I drew my Sword, and threaten'd to stick him if he offered to put his Hand to his Pocket; however, he ventur'd, and I heard him cock a Pistol; upon which I seized his Hand, and wrenched the Pistol from him, and then he surrender'd.

Court. When the Prisoner robb'd the Coach, could you see him so plainly as to know him again?

Mr. Corbidge. Yes, it was light enough, he was bare-faced, and I had a full View of him, he rode on a Horse 14 Hands high.

Edward Sharp. On this Side *Paddington*, soon after the Fellow had jump'd off the Coach-Box, the Prisoner rode by, and look'd wishfully into the Coach, I told the Company that I believ'd he was a Highwayman, and therefore it would be well for 'em to secure their Watches and Rings. This we had hardly done, when the Prisoner came back, clapt a Pistol to my Breast, and demanded our Money. I gave him five Shillings, my Sister gave him twenty, and he took something from the other two in the Coach. He demanded our Watches and Rings, but some of us saying we had none, he call'd to the Coachman, and, said, *Have these People no Watches nor Rings?* The Coachman answer'd, *No*, and then the Prisoner left us. When I went to see him in *Newgate*, he met me, bowing, and said, *Sir, I beg you'd be favourable to me, for this was my first Fa&.*

Richard Beard. The first Time the Prisoner came to my House was in *May* last, about six in the Evening. He

224 Thomas Etheridge, *for a Robbery.*

was upon a black Horse. He ask'd, if he could have good Lodging and Stabling? I told him Yes. Having put up his Horse, he supp'd and went to Bed. He got up next Morning about Nine, and, having breakfasted, call'd me into the back Yard, and told me that he had been a little extravagant, and run more in my Debt than he had Money to pay at present. I bid him not be uneasy on that Account, for as he had behav'd himself like a civil Gentleman, I would take his Word 'till he came that Way again. He said I was very obliging, and should not find him ungrateful, and so he took his Leave. He call'd again in about a Fortnight, paid me very honestly, and gave me many Thanks. He staid Dinner, and drank two Pints of Wine, and in the Afternoon invited me to ride with him to *Finchley*, which I accepted, and he treated me handsomely. We return'd at Night; he drank a Pint of Wine with me, and so we parted. He afterwards came to my House on Foot, I asked him where his Horse was? He said he had lamed him, and left him at the *White-hart*, at *Hampstead*, and then he sat down on the Bench at my Door. While he was there Mr. *Sharp* coming up the Road from *Hendon*, happen'd to see him, and after some Discourse, apprehended him for this Robbery. Mr. *Sharp* describ'd the Prisoner's Horse to me, and the Horse answer'd the Description.—The Horse was not left at *Hampstead*, as the Prisoner told us, but at the *Castle*, by *St. Giles's-Pound*.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. I have Witnesses to prove that I was at Mr. *Douglas's*, at the *Angel-Inn*, in *Piccadilly*, when this Robbery was committed.

Richard Hatt, Offler at the *Angel* in *Piccadilly*. The Prisoner came to our Inn between seven and eight at Night, on *Saturday* the 9th of *June*, and lay there. He rode out the next Day, and return'd at 7 in the Evening, and at 9 I did his Horse up for good, and the Horse was not out that Night.

Court. Was not the Prisoner out neither?

Hatt. No, he staid in the Kitchen, drinking with Mr. *White* and Mr. *Shaw*, 'till between 10 and 11, and then he went to Bed, and did not stir out of the House till next Morning, which was *Monday* the 11th of *June*.

Court.

Thomas Etheridge, *for a Robbery.* 225

Court. How came you to recollect the 9th of *June*?

Hatt. I always set down the Time when *Horses* come in, and go out, and I set this down, *A Gentleman's black Horse came in the 9th of June.*

Court. Have you the Book here, in which you made this Entry?

Hatt. Book! my Lord—I can't write.

Court. Not write, Man! Why how did you set down, *a Gentleman's black Horse came in on such a Day?*

Hatt. I set it up with Chalk.

Court. But if you can't write, how do you distinguish a black Horse from a Horse of another Colour?

Hatt. I remember it was a black Horse.

Court. How do you chalk up the 9th of *June*?

Hatt. I could make a Figure of 9, and a long Stroke for an J.

Court. Did the Prisoner frequent your House?

Hatt. I don't remember that he was there before.

Court. Were you acquainted with him?

Hatt. Not much; but I knew his Father and Mother in *Burr-street.*

Court. Did you make any Mark for the Prisoner's Name?

Hatt. No.

Court. Then for ought you know, this 9th of *June* might be set down for some other Guest. How long is it since you saw these Marks?

Hatt. I shew'd 'em to my Master on *Monday* Morning the 11th of *June*, when the Prisoner paid his Reckoning, and then I rubb'd it off.

Court. That was three Months ago. Had you seen them lately? They might have refresh'd your Memory; but as you have not, I must ask you, how you came to take such particular Notice of these Marks, as to remember that you made such, rather than any other?

Hatt. I know it must be the 9th of *June*, because the next Day was the 10th; and the 10th of *June* is a remarkable Day.

Court. So you remember the 9th of *June*, by certain Marks which you made, and you remember those Marks, because you made them on the 9th of *June* — — What

226 Thomas Etheridge, for a Robbery.

do you mean by trifling with the Court in this Manner?
— Officer, don't let that Witness go out of Court.

Christopher White. About nine o'Clock, on *Saturday* Night, the 9th of *June*, I went to the *Angel Inn* in *Piccadilly*, and finding the Prisoner drinking with Mr. *Shaw*, in the Kitchen, I sat down and drank with them.

Court. Then you know the Prisoner?

White. Yes, very well.

Court. Which is he?—Let no body shew him.

White. [*Looking about and at last pointing to another Man*] Here he stands.

Court. Are you sure that is the Man?—Look at him again.

White. Yes, I am positive.

Prisoner. Lord! Mr. *White*, you don't see me.

Court. No, but he has sworn to another Man.

Prisoner. My Lord, he is very dim-sighted.

White. Yes, my Lord, I have been very dim-sighted these many Years.

Court. And yet you was very positive to a wrong Person.

White. My Lord, I ask Pardon, I find I was mistaken; but I know the Prisoner now by his Voice.

Court. Officer, Take Care of that Man too.

James Douglass. I have kept the Inn about six Years. On the 9th of *June*, between 7 and 8 in the Evening, the Prisoner came in, and staid drinking till near 11 at Night, and then went drunk to bed. I saw him again next Morning about 9, but don't remember I saw him afterwards.

Court. Did not you see him on the *Monday* Morning, when he paid his Reckoning?

Douglass. I believe not.

Court. Did not the Hostler shew you the Board upon which he had chalked the Day of the Month?

Douglass. I saw no such Board; and know nothing of keeping such Account of Horses.

Anthony Wrigglesworth. The Prisoner was my Neighbour; he lived in *Burr-street*, near *Humphry Parsons's*. He was brought up a Gentleman,——His Mother came crying to me, and said her Son was in *Newgate*. I went to see him, and found him in the Condemn'd Hold. I asked him if he could remember where he was at the
Time

Sir C. Burton, Bart. for privately Stealing. 227

Time the Robbery was committed. He said, at the *Angel* in *Piccadilly*. I and some others went thither to enquire. The Ostler told us, the Prisoner was there on the 10th of *June*, dined and stay'd all Night, and he would swear it. Then we went to the *Castle-Inn*, in *St. Giles's*, where we found the Prisoner's Horse, and the Ostler said he would swear that was the same Horse the Prisoner had at the *Angel*, and which was in the Stable there, from the 9th to the 11th of *June*.

Court. How came the Prisoner to be in *Piccadilly* those three Days?

Wrigglesworth. His Father, with whom he lived, is a Tide-Surveyor, and the Prisoner sometimes assisted him in searching Ships; but, having some Words together, they parted, two or three Weeks before the Prisoner was taken; and 'till that Time he had a good Character.— He was not given to drinking or swearing.

Humphry Hassel. I keep an Ale-house in *Burr-street*. I have known the Prisoner two Years, and he behav'd himself, as far as ever I saw, in a very sober, civil Manner.

Richard Barns, and *Edward Pollington*, gave the Prisoner the same Character.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.* And the Court ordered *Hatt* and *White* to be taken into Custody, for Perjury. But there being no Prosecution against them at the next Sessions, they were discharged.

Etheridge was afterwards reprieved.

Sir Charles Burton, Baronet, for privately Stealing, September, 1722.

SIR CHARLES BURTON, Bart. of *St. Gregory's*, was indicted for privately stealing a Cornelian Seal set in Gold, Value 15*s.* the Goods of *John Ward*, in his Shop, *July 12, 1722.*

John Young. I am next Neighbour to *Mr. Ward*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. He and his Wife were gone out of Town, and their Daughter left in the Shop. She called me in, and told me the Prisoner came to cheapen some Goods, and she miss'd a Seal; and she desired me
to

228 *Sir C. Burton, Bart. for privately Stealing.*
to secure him while another fetch'd a Constable. The Prisoner shook his Handkercher; but she taking it from him found the Seal.

Jeremy Pain. I was in the Shop when the Prisoner came and asked for a Seal. Mrs. Kirton took out a Drawer to shew him some; but in four or five Minutes she said she mis'd one. She desired him to shake his Handkercher, which he did; but she taking it from him, and shaking it herself, the Seal dropt out.

Susan Kirton. The Prisoner cheapened a Seal, for which I asked 3s. and he bid me 1s. Presently I mis'd a Cornelian Seal, set in Gold, and looking about for it, he was in haste to go; and said, *If you won't take 18 d. I won't have it; and so, Madam, your Servant.* Stay, Sir, says I, *for I mis'd a Seal. What d'ye mean by that,* says he, *Do ye charge a Gentleman with Theft?* Pray, says I, *shake your Handkercher.* He did so; but I observed he held it fast by one Corner, upon which I took it from him, and found the Seal in it. I sent for a Constable; but before he came, the Prisoner went away.

Prisoner. I asked for a Seal of a Shilling or 18d. Value. She shewed me a green Glass Seal set in *Bath Metal*, for which she ask'd 2s. And presently she said she mis'd a Seal. I laid my Hands on the Counter, my Handkercher being in one Hand, and said, *Search me.* She bid me shake my Handkercher, which I did; and at the third shaking the Seal dropt out, and I believe she might put it in. I walked slowly out of the Shop, as far as to the Middle of *Ludgate-street* before I was apprehended.

Mr. Cox. The Prisoner comes of a good Family in *Lincolnshire*, and is a very civil Gentleman. His Mother left him 500l. but he has lately been reduced by Misfortunes.

The Jury found him guilty to the Value of 4s 10d. and he was ordered to be transported; but at the next Sessions (in *October, 1722*) that Judgment was reversed, and the Court ordered he should be privately whipt.

John Casey and Arthur Hughes, for a Robbery, September, 1722.

JOHN CASEY, and *Arthur Hughes*, were indicted, for that they, with *John Levee*, alias *Junks*, not then taken) did assault *Michael Honeybourn* in an open Place, near the Highway, put him in Fear, and take from him a Silver Watch, Value 40s, April 24, 1722.

Michael Honeybourn. Being in Mr. *Mason's* Skettle-ground, at *Pimlico*, I was knock'd down the Cellar, and my Fellow-Servant help'd me up. A Mob got about me, and some of them punch'd me, and so I lost my Watch.

John Carrol. The Prisoner, *Hughes*, was committed to *Tothill-fields Bridewell*, for cutting off a Woman's Pocket; and being sent for, to go before Justice *Blackerby*, he confest to me, that *Junks* had sold or pawn'd the Watch for 20s. had given him and *Casey* 5s. a-piece, and kept the remaining 10s.

Robert Kirk, Constable. I took up *Casey*, in *Covent-Garden*, for robbing Mr. *Wright*, and carried him before Justice *Vaughan*, where, in hopes of being made an Evidence, he confest this Robbery, and where the Watch was pawn'd for 20s. We found it there accordingly, and here it is.

Edward Lewis Jones. I met the three Rogues the Night of the Robbery. *Casey* being poor, and but just come out of *Tothill-fields Bridewell*, I took 'em to an Alehouse, and gave 'em a Pot of Beer. *Casey* there ask'd me, if I'd buy a Watch, and *Junks* pull'd the Watch out of his Pocket, and offer'd it me for 30s. I looked on it, but not having Money enough, I gave it to *Hughes*; and next Day I heard it was pawn'd for 20s. to *Mason*, who keeps the Alehouse.

Casey. It's hard I should be try'd for this, after I had made myself an Evidence.

Hughes. I was at *Kensington* from eight in the Morning 'till six in the Evening, and then I came to *Mason's* Skettle-ground, where the Prosecutor quarrell'd with one who play'd with him at Skettles; and so they fell to fighting, and he tumbled down the Cellar. After this I met with
Casey,

230 John Casey, &c. for a Robbery.

Casey, who ow'd me a Crown, and he said, if I'd go with him he'd pay me; and so he pawn'd this Watch—I don't know how he came by it——and paid me the 5 Shillings.

The Jury found them both guilty. *Death.*

We have seen the Trial of *John Casey*, in *May* last, for robbing *Francis Goddard*, whom he charged with Sodomitical Attempts, and so got off for that Time. His Brother *Will* (as appears in his Trial above) was in hopes of escaping Justice, by the same Method, but was disappointed.

Jack gave but a short Account of himself. He said he was about 18 Years old, was born in *London*, and put Apprentice 130 Miles from thence; but quarrelling with his Master, they were both willing to part. His Father then made a Soldier of him, as his Brother *Will* had been before. But, proving a disobedient and graceless Youth, in keeping loose Company, and lying out a-nights, he said his Father rashly swore upon the Holy Bible, that, if ever he staid out after ten at Night again, he would never see him more. However, he so little regarded this Threatning, that, instead of reforming, he grew worse; and, having a tolerable Capacity for Roguery, resolved to take up the Business his Brother was hang'd for. This he began about half a Year ago, and was so very diligent in his new Calling, that he got Money apace, and might have made great Improvements, if his sworn Enemy, the Law, had been a little less troublesome, and suffered him to have proceeded without Interruption.

He said, that when he attended his Brother in the Cart, to *Tyburn*, he little imagined he should be so soon carried the same Way on his own Account. But his Father told him for his Comfort, that it was for his Good; for, if he had lived longer, he might have lived worse, and died a greater Rogue.

He was executed at *Tyburn* on *Monday September 24 1722.*

Arthur Hughes was a second Time indicted for assaulting *Jane Young* on the Highway, putting her in Fear, and taking from her a Pocket Handkerchief, and nine Shillings and three Half-pence, *July 17, 1722.*

Jane

Matthias Brinsden, for Murder. 231

Jane Young. On the 17th of *July*, at a Quarter past 10 at Night, as I was going along *Panton-street*, I observed four Men sitting on a Bench, and heard them curse the Moon as I past by. One of them follow'd me, took hold of my Arm, gave me a Kick, threw me down, and cut my Pocket off, and threw it to his Comrade. I cry'd out, *Murder!* and he punch'd me on the Breast with a short Stick which he pull'd out of his Sleeve, and ran away; but he was presently stopt.

Francis Martin. The Prisoner was not got above twelve Yards from the Woman before I stopt him. I took the Stick out of his Sleeve, and asked him what he did with it? and he said he had been playing at Trap-ball.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary gives no farther Account of *Arthur Hughes*, than that he said, he carried the short Stick in his Sleeve on purpose to stun those that he robb'd, it serving his Turn better than a Pistol, because it made no Noise. That the three Men who sat on the Bench with him, were not apprized before-hand, of his having a Design to rob any body: And that when he and *Jack Casey* robb'd *Honeybourn* in Mr. *Mason's* Yard, they did not push him down the Cellar; but, there being a great Croud of People, he fell down.

Hughes was executed at *Tyburn* on *Monday, September 24, 1722.*

Matthias Brinsden, for Murder. *September, 1722.*

MATTHIAS BRINSDEN, of *St. Ann, Black-fryars*, was indicted for the Murder of *Hannab* his Wife, by giving her with a Knife, one mortal Wound under the left Pap, of the Length of one Inch, and the Depth of six Inches, *July 16, 1722.* of which mortal Wound she instantly died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

Hannab Brinsden, the Prisoner's Daughter. About nine at Night, as my Mother was sitting on the Bed, and suckling the Child, she ask'd my Father, what she should have

232 Matthias Brinsden, for Murder.

have for Supper? He answered, *Bread and Cheese,—* Can't you eat that as well as the Children? No, says my Mother, *I want a Bit of Meat.* But, says he, *I have no Money to buy you any.* You know, says she, *I have had but little to-day.* Damn ye, for a Bitch, says he, *I'll stick ye the next Word ye speak.* And my Mother asking again for some Meat, he pushed her back on the Bed with his Left-Hand, and stabb'd her under the Breast with a Knife that he had in his Right-Hand. The Blood ran a-pace from the Wound. I snatched the Child from her Breast, and my elder Sister, Betty, cry'd, *Oh! Lord! Father, you have kill'd my Mother.* Damn ye, says he, *hold your Tongues, ye Bitches, or I'll stick you too.* Then putting the bloody Knife into his Mouth, he sent me for some Sugar and Basilicon, which he apply'd to the Wound, and so went away, and she died in about half an Hour after.

Prisoner. My 'Prentice, Henry Wright, has subverted her to say all this.

James Welch, Constable. I was called out of Bed, and told of this Murder. I went to the Prisoner's House, and saw the Deceased lying dead on the Floor.—Here is her Gown all bloody, and here is the bloody Knife which was in the same Room. The Prisoner was gone; but by means of a Letter sent to Mrs. Horn, we found him a-bed at a Barber's, at Shadwell dock, and carried him before Sir Francis Forbes. There he confest, *That, coming home in the Evening, he found two or three drinking with his Wife; that they left her at nine o'Clock; and Words then arising betwixt him and her about something for Supper, she strove to go out, and he endeavoured to hinder her; and in struggling she fell upon a Knife which he had in his Hand.*

—*Surgeon.* I was sent for to the Deceased. She had a large Wound under the left Side of her Breast. I pass'd my Finger thro' the Ribs, and found it mortal. I perceived no Motion or Pulse, and she died in a Minute after. I believe the Wound was six Inches deep.

Prisoner. That could never be, for the Knife is not six Inches long.

Mrs. Horn. Some Time ago the Prisoner burnt his Wife's Arm with a hot Iron; and the Monday before her Death, he cut her in the Head with a Pair of Scissars. The Day after he had kill'd her, he sent me a Letter, inclosing

closing another to his eldest Daughter. Here they are both. He commonly used to call me his Count, and he calls me so in this Letter.

" For Mrs. Horn, at Mr. Seymour's, a Sawyer, in Bridewell Precinct.

" My Count, July 17, 1722.

" I Desire to see you, with Betty, To-morrow Morning;
" for I can intrust none but you and Betty where I am.
" I have sent her a Letter inclosed in yours, but no Direction where but to you.—You may hear of me at
" Mr. King's, a Barber's, at *Shadwell-dock*.—As soon
" as you receive this, send the Letter to her pray;
" and she and you come together by Water."

The inclosed Letter is directed

" For Eliz. King.

" Betty, July 17, 1722.

" TAKE the blue Coat from Norris's, and borrow
" six Shillings on it at *Salisbury court*, and pay
" Norris, and bring the rest to me To-morrow Morning;
" for I han't Bread to eat, and I e'en long to see you.
" Mrs. Horn will tell you where I am. Bring my Hat
" with you, and a clean Shirt. Come down by Water.
" —Mind nobody dogs you.

Mary Wright, the deceased's Mother. I have expected these twelve Years that the Prisoner would be the Death of his Wife, some time or other; for he was frequently beating and abusing her. One time he burnt her Arms with a red hot Poker; and a Week before her Death, he stabbed her in the Skull with a Pair of Scissars, so that she was all over Blood; and thinking he had killed her, he ran away, and staid till he heard she was likely to get over it, and then he came home again.

Mrs. Gafely. He often beat and abused her; and one Time he turned her out of Doors, with nothing on but her Shoes and her Shift.

Mrs. Goodwin. His eldest Daughter Betty came and said to me, *My Father has murdered my Mother. And why did you not call me?* says I, *Why*, says she, *when he had done it, he put the bloody Knife in his Mouth, and swore at me and my Sister, God damn us, he would stick us both if we did not hold our Tongues.—But at last I got the Knife from him, and threw it behind the Bed—*This Daughter of

of his is sent out of the Way, that she might not appear against him.

Prisoner. About seven at Night I came home, and found Mrs. Chapman and another Woman with my Wife. They were very merry ; and while they staid, I sent for a Half-peck Loaf, a Pound of Cheese, and some Onions. They went away about nine, and then my Wife said, *What must I have no Victuals. but Bread and Cheese for Supper, as well as for Breakfast and Dinner ? Why, my Girl,* says I, *can't you eat the same as I and the Children eat ?* No, says she, *I want a Bit of Meat, for I have had none to-day.* Child, says I, *be satisfied to-night, and we will have some Meat to-morrow,* No, says she, *I won't stay till to-morrow. I'll have some now ; and if I can't have it at home, I'll go out and get it.* Being willing to avoid a Noise, I cuts off a Heel of the Loaf, and a Piece of Cheese, and puts in my Pocket, intending to go to the Ale-house, that I might eat my Supper in Peace. Then I was going to cut some for the Children ; but my Wife being *half speed*, and wanting to go to her Companions, at the Gin-shop, she endeavoured to slip behind me ; which I observing, I turned about with the Knife in my Hand, in order to prevent her ; and she, in struggling to get out, thrust herself against it, before I was aware.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

There having been published two Accounts of this Criminal's Life, which disagree with each other in some Particulars, I shall make Extracts of all that is material in each, that the Reader may the better compare them, and judge which deserves the most Credit.

The first was published by T. Purney, the Ordinary of Newgate : and the other by R. Marwson, a Partner with Mr. Mift, in printing the *Weekly Journal*.

I. *The Ordinary of Newgate's Account of* ———
Matthias Brinsden.

“ This Account [the Ordinary says in the Title Page]
“ was omitted in the common Account of the Dying
“ Speech, for want of Room, and the Largeness of this
“ Account.

But, however, he did not quite forget Brinsden in his common Account ; for, says he, ——— “ Benjamin Shambler [one of the condemned Prisoners] ——— told me,
“ that

“ that he often excited *Matthias Brinsden*, to join with
 “ him in Prayers and Psalms that he set ; *Brinsden*, be-
 “ ing at first continually in Bed, and regarding little but
 “ Eating and Dozing, complaining of the Hardness of
 “ his Case, to be condemned to die, for accidentally kil-
 “ ling (as he said) a Woman, his Wife ; and scorning,
 “ (as seemed to others) to speak or pray with Rob-
 “ bers and Plunderers.”

Let us now proceed with the Chaplain's other Account.

“ This Malefactor [*Brinsden*] being a considerable
 “ Time under Confinement, before his Trial ; and the
 “ Clamours of the Town being strong and violent against
 “ him ; I was desired by a great Number of People, to
 “ take a *peculiar* Regard of his Soul * ; his Death being
 “ as certain as his Imprisonment.

“ Accordingly, I sent for him to the Chapel, obser-
 “ ving he absented himself ; but he made an Excuse not
 “ to be there. Upon my repeating [repeating what ?]
 “ and sending to him, the Messenger told me, and [also]
 “ said, he was brought up according to the Way of the
 “ *Roman Catholicks*, and had nothing to do with our
 “ Chappels, Parsons, or Prayers. But, this I believe,
 “ was only to prevent his being forced to the Chapel, that
 “ he might indulge himself in Sloth and Idleness :
 “ Though, afterwards, he deny'd that ever he declared
 “ himself a *Roman Catholick*, or so much as ever spoke
 “ to the Messenger I sent.

“ However, during the whole Time that he lay before
 “ Condemnation, he never once appeared at Prayers.
 “ When he was upon his Trial, it was thought remark-
 “ able,

* *This must not be taken in a literal Sense ; for that would be to suppose, that Brinsden's Soul was of more Value, and deserved more regard than the Souls of other condemned Criminals, who were less wicked : And this because he had been long under Confinement, and the Town clamour'd against him :—No, the Expression of a peculiar Regard to his Soul is figurative, and means no more, than that the Chaplain should exert his utmost Endeavours, to persuade this Felon, in particular, to give a full and true Account of his Life, and to make a Dying Speech at the Place of Execution.*

236 Matthias Brinsden, for Murder.

“ able, and a Token of Savageness and Barbarity of Nature, that, instead of throwing himself upon the Mercy of the Court ; instead of desiring Death, rather than Life, with Remorse of Conscience ; instead of bursting into Tears for the Loss of the Partner of his Bed, his Joys and Griefs ; he insisted on trifling Allegations ; said his Wife loved Brandy and Geneva ; disobey’d his Commands ; and would not be easy to live as he lived : Making a Remark, that the Surgeon must swear falsely, in asserting, that the Wound was six Inches deep, when the Knife produced in Court was not six Inches long.*

“ After his Condemnation, he being at Chapel, I examined him, and taxed him with having so little Regard for his Soul, which must, so assuredly, make its Appearance in another World, in so short a Time. He answered, *That he trembled at the Thoughts of an avenging God ; but, not the more for having ended his Wife’s Days, which was accidental.* At the same Time he took hold of my two Shoulders, turned me round, twisting his Body in a very strange Manner, in order to explain fully to me, the Way in which he performed the Murder : His Wife he said, being pushing violently by him, that she might force her Way to the Brandy-shop, near her House, where, he said, she continually went.

“ During the Sermon,——*Matthias* behaved himself no way indecently ; yet appeared somewhat serene and composed, as if he was no ways ashamed before Man (of) what he had performed, or afraid before God. He complained of the prodigious Croud of Spectators in the Chapel, who were mostly there, he feared, to
“ make

* *The Surgeon did not swear positively, that the Wound was six Inches deep ; but only, that he believed so. It seems the Chaplain did not think this sufficient to obviate Brinsden’s Objection ; and therefore, to put the Matter quite out of Dispute, when he tells us (from the Sessions Paper) what the Prisoner was indicted for, he adds to the Text, that the Knife was seven Inches in Length.——What a laudable Expedient is this, for clearing up a Difficulty ? And how worthy of its Reverend Author ?*

“ make Remarks, and triumph at his Misfortunes and
“ Calamities.

“ Soon after this, I took him to discourse with into
“ a private Closet, where I asked him, *how he could bathe*
“ *his Hands in the Blood of his Wife, who was his own*
“ *Flesh?* and we are told no Man ever yet bated his own
“ *Flesh.* What induced him to pierce that Breast, that had
“ thought so kindly of him, as to wed him? How he could
“ wish to see that Face pale in Death, in which he had e-
“ ver delighted in? To this he answered, that he was as
“ innocent of Guilt, as the Child unborn. That his
“ Wife was jovial and gay, with four or five Women at
“ his House that Evening when he went Home, was free
“ and merry with them for a considerable Time: They
“ going away, he took up a narrow sharp Knife (which
“ he used in his Business) in order to cut some Cheese;
“ his Wife enquiring, if she must feed on Cheese and
“ Bread at Noon, and also at Night? He asked her, if
“ she was so nice, that she could not digest what he
“ and the Children did? Whereupon she answered in
“ Anger, *She would not.* That he intended then to give
“ his eldest Daughter a Pye, as he sometimes befriended
“ her a little in her Diet, because she was, he said, a
“ good Girl, took Care of his Children, when his Wife
“ was at the Geneva-shop, and did a great deal of Busi-
“ ness, and, he thought, well deserved much more than
“ was in his Power to bestow upon her.

“ He added, that these Things exciting his Wife in
“ some Measure to anger, she thrust by him to get thro’
“ the Door; he resolving she should not go Abroad, but
“ stay at Home at Nights, as became a good Wife. In
“ preventing her going out (having the Knife and Bread
“ in his Hand) the Knife unhappily she thrust into her
“ own Side. We asked, how then the Wound could be
“ so deep? He answer’d, thro’ her resolved Temper to
“ go to the Geneva Shop, that nothing but Death could
“ stop her; denying that he did it thro’ Passion, or was
“ so much as angry with her. Being asked then, How
“ he came to burn her Arms with a red hot Poker some
“ Years ago? He said, she was of such an odd Temper,
“ that nothing but beating would do with her, and she
“ was commonly good for a Week after; but if he let her
“ alone

238 Matthias Brinsden, *for Murder.*

“ alone a Fortnight, she would consume all, and turn
 “ the House up-side down ; which was the Reason, that
 “ it was just a Week before this Scuffle, as he intended
 “ it, that proved her Death, and the Fray the *Monday*
 “ before, when the Sheers were run into her Scull,
 “ and she was covered with Blood, so that he run
 “ away till he heard she was not dead.

“ He said further, that though his Daughter swore, he
 “ threw his Wife down on the Bed with one Hand,
 “ and stabbed her with the other ; he laid her gently on
 “ the Bed, to preserve her from Death, and to save the
 “ Infant that was sucking at her Breast. He added, that
 “ he would that Moment have given a thousand Worlds
 “ for her Life, and sent for Basilicon and Sugar to re-
 “ tain that Life a while, which he could not recal ; in
 “ order to have her declare, *That there was no Malice*
 “ *between them, and she could not believe he designed her*
 “ *Death.*

“ He also said, that when he was escaped to Mr. Key’s
 “ [King’s] at *Shadwell dock*, he felt that Uneasiness in his
 “ Mind, that he wished he might be taken up, and,
 “ though he was then in Bed, the Apprehensions of his
 “ Mind would not let him sleep, but he fancied he heard
 “ the Constable approaching to seize him every Mo-
 “ ment, even while he was safe on his Pillow.

“ After this he kept constantly to Prayers, except a
 “ Day or two that he was sick of three Maladies (he
 “ said) at once. But, when his Daughter, who was an
 “ Evidence against him, appeared in the Chapel to beg
 “ he’d forgive her, he turn’d away and would not see
 “ her, when the Girl kneeled down before him, with the
 “ [her] Hands lift [lifted] up, and in Tears begged him
 “ to forgive her ; and there were near twenty other Per-
 “ sons (some of them kneeling to him) begged with
 “ Tears, he would pardon his Daughter, &c. He was
 “ about half an Hour before he could be induced to kiss
 “ her, as she begg’d most earnestly he would ; though
 “ two Clergymen, and others, represented to him, that she
 “ was but a Child of sixteen, could mean him no Harm,
 “ and had only done what Justice the Law obliged her to
 “ perform. At last, when he seemed really to be in Cha-
 “ rity with her, he said, (crying very lamentably) *For*
 “ *Christ’s*

“ *Christ’s Sake, my Child, God, forgive me, I have robbed you of your own Mother ; be a good Child, and rather die than steal : Never be in a Passion, but curb your Anger ; and honour your Mistress, she’ll be both a Father and Mother to you. Farewel, my dear Child, pray for your Father, and think of him as well as you can.*

“ During this, the sad Sorrow of the Daughter was encreased by the Sight of her Father, wasted away to a Skeleton, from a sanguine, florid Complexion ; which was not occasioned, he said, so much by any Sickness he sustained, as by the inward Vexation of his Mind, which prevented his receiving any Nourishment from his Food.

“ The Morning before he died, he said, Death was very acceptable to him ; but, he hoped he should not be refused the Sacrament, but allowed to receive it in some Place free [freer] from Noise and Tumult, than the Chapel used to be ; which was administer’d to him on Monday Morning, agreeable to his Request. Before he went to the Sacrament, he took his last Farewel of all his Children, with an incredible Number of Tears from him and them. As the Sacrament was given, he passionately called on Christ, cried vehemently, wrung his Hands, &c. After he had received it, he grew calm, and so continued till his Death.

“ Being taken out of the Cart, and placed under *Tyburn*, while some others were adjusting the Ropes about their Necks, or taking Leave of their Friends, or throwing Books or Handkerchiefs to ’em in the Crowd, Mr. *Brinsden* regarded none, but stood as wholly wrapt in Thought, without any Surprize or Consternation. But, afterwards, the Prayers being begun, he was earnest and attentive. Then, desiring Silence among the People, he desired I would speak aloud, what was directed to me by him, his Voice being too weak to reach the People around ; it was as follows :

I Was born of kind Parents, who gave me Learning ; I went Apprentice to a Fine-Drawer. I had often Fars, which might increase a natural Waspsishness in my Temper. I fell in Love with Hannah, my last Wife, and after much Difficulty won her, she having five Sailors courting her at the same Time. We had ten Children (half
of

of them dead) and I believe we loved each other dearly; but often quarrelled and fought. Pray, good People, mind, I had no Malice against her, nor thought to kill her two Minutes before the Deed; but I designed only to make her obey me thoroughly, which the Scripture says, all Wives should do. This I thought I had done, when I cut her Scull on Monday, but she was the same again by Tuesday.

Good People, I request you to observe, that the World has spitefully given out, that I carnally and incestuously lay with my eldest Daughter. I here solemnly declare, as I am entering into the Presence of God, I never knew whether she was Man or Woman since she was a Babe. I have often taken her in my Arms, often kissed her, sometimes given her a Cake or a Pye, when she did any particular Service, beyond what came to her Share; but never lay with her, or carnally new [knew] her, much less had a Child by her. But when a Man is in Calamities, and is hated like me, the Women will make Surmises be Calamities. Good Christians, pray for me! I deserve Death; I am willing to die; for, tho' my Sins are great, God's Mercies are greater.

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, September 24, 1722.

II. *The Case of Matthias Brinsden, by R. Mawson, abridg'd,*

— At the Assizes of Oxford, one Spicer Bromley was convicted for the Murder of his Father; at Lincoln a Woman, for the Murder of her Husband; and a Girl for the Murder of her Grand-mother; at London, Ann Morris, for the Murder of her Bastard Child; and this Mr. Brinsden, for the Murder of his Wife.

But, as the others were *designedly* committed, this latter was committed in the Heat of an excessive Passion. he had a considerable Time suffered too much to grow upon him*.

He

* This Distinction, between Passion and Design, insinuates, that Brinsden had no Design to kill his Wife, though he stabbed her as she sat on the Bed, without any Provocation, except it was a Provocation to ask for a Bit of Meat. This his own Daughter swore; and there is not the least Appearance of her being prejudic'd against her Father. Besides,

Matthias Brinsden, for Murder. 241

He was about forty-five Years of Age, brought up by his Father, who was a Cloth-drawer in *Holborn*, to his own Business. He was covenanted first to Mr. *Beech*, a Cloth-drawer in *Ireland-yard*, in *Black-fryars*; and afterwards to Mr. *Byfield*, who succeeded Mr. *Beech* in the same Employment. *Byfield* died about twenty-five Years ago, and left the whole Business to young *Brinsden*, who soon after married the Deceased's Widow, who was a reputable, sober Woman, and every Way qualified to make a Tradesman a good Wife. She had been some Time Servant in the same Parish, to a *Taylor*, for whom Mr. *Brinsden* did a great deal of Work.

At the Time of her Marriage her Mother (who was a Waterman's Widow) having other Children, prevailed with Mr. *Brinsden* to take one of them Apprentice.— His Name was *Henry Wright*.—

[*Brinsden*] being settled in the World, he had for some Time Business enough for himself, his Wife, and an Apprentice or two; and, as his Children grew up, he taught two of his Daughters his Business. But, being seized with a violent Fever, which brought such a Distraction upon him, that he was forced to be tied in his Bed for several Months, he was reduced to very low Circumstances in the World; for his Family was so large, and himself so long before he recover'd Strength sufficient to manage his Business, that even when he could do it, the Debts contracted in his Sickness would not suffer him, for a considerable Time to shew his Head. And besides, other People had displaced him of a considerable Part of his Business, which chiefly lay among Merchants and Taylors; the former by reason of his Poverty, not caring to trust such Quantities of Cloth as usual; and the latter, by knowing his Necessity, brought him down to such low Prices, that he never after recovered himself.

sides, if there is any Meaning in saying, He killed her in an excessive Passion, he had long suffered to grow upon him, the Words imply, not so much a sudden Anger as a premeditated Malice, which daily encreased, till, arriving to the highest Pitch, it produced this Butcherly Action. He himself pretended, that he was not in any Passion at all, but killed her accidentally.

M

As

As he had a numerous Family, he was very willing to turn his Hand to any Thing for the Support of it. He try'd several Ways, and once in particular he came to me when I lived in *Black-Fryars* (afterwards next Door but one to him) and desired I would let him carry out some Journals for me, which I then printed, complaining, that the Decay of his Trade since his Sickneſs had put him ſo behind-hand in the World, that he would willingly do any Thing in an honeſt Way for a Maintenance. As he was a Neighbour whom I had ſome Knowledge of, and as I had ſeveral Customers who had ſubſcribed for my Paper, from the firſt of its coming out, I gave him 3 s. for ſerving ſome of them, which he would do early in the Morning, and afterwards do as good a Day's Work at his own Buſineſs, even if it was Abroad, as if he had done nothing before. For as he ſerved them moſtly to my Acquaintance, there was no more for him to do, than only juſt deliver them, and go about his Buſineſs, without crying them as the Hawkers do. And this, to the beſt of my Remembrance, he follow'd as long as the Government would let me print it without Trouble, which is now almoſt ſeven Years ago, and then I left that Neighbourhood.

The Merchants not bringing their Buſineſs to his Houſe, for the Reaſon above, he would go and do it at their Warehouſes, or other Places where they pleaſed to appoint him. But here was the Difference between working at Home and going Abroad. At Home they were not Judges of the Time it took him up; but when they came to have it done at their own Houſes, they brought him to ſo much a Day, and ſo paid him as a Journeyman. And this Buſineſs Abroad held but for ſome Months in the Year; and what he had at Home being but trifling, he was often out of Work, and ſo fell into ſuch Company, that he ſeldom brought much to his Wife; and ſometimes would force from her a great Part of what ſhe got for Jobs in his Abſence, in order to ſupport his own Expences, notwithſtanding her Entreaties, and the Neceſſities of his Family.

I had but little Knowledge of him after I left that Neighbourhood, till about a Year ago, when he came to me, and deſired I would put him in a Way to contradict

a Report spread by some of the News-Papers, *That his eldest Daughter was with Child by him.* I gave him Directions, by which he had it contradicted accordingly. And a *Taylor's* Wife, who had occasioned it, begg'd his Pardon in most of the Houses of Call for *Taylors* in *Black-Fryars*, as a Part of his Livelihood depended upon that Business. The Report being pretty well, tho' not entirely silenced, I afterwards informed him of a Neighbour of his, who told me, she had seen an indecent Familiarity betwixt him and his Daughter; but tho', had he sued her for the Scandal, I could have positively sworn it; yet she denied it with all the Impudence imaginable; from whence I had the Charity to believe him innocent, and 'tis very likely, that the whole Story was raised by that Woman's telling the same to others as to me. However, upon this Occasion he sent for his Daughter Home, that it might not be said, she was going Abroad to lye-in, tho' he had Hands enough to do his own Business, and she had just agreed with another *Cloth-drawer* for 8 l. a Year, and her Diet; she being accounted (tho' a Woman) as good a Hand as most in the whole Business; for she was able to earn 15 or 16 s. a Week, for several Months in the Year.

The Murder of his Wife revived the Story of him and his Daughter; and, as Stories seldom lose by carrying, by the Time he came to his Trial, it was reported, he had had two or three Children by her, and, that she was then big with another, for which, it was said, she ought to be torn to Pieces, and the Lord knows what besides; and all from the heedless Tattling of a drunken Woman, who has since confessed, that she never saw any Thing between the Father and Daughter, that might give the least Occasion for what she had reported.

A few Months before the Murder, this Daughter (who being a Daughter of a Freeman, had a right to work in the City) lost her Privilege, by marrying a Man who was not a Freeman, and, who, 'tis reported, has another Wife and Children; or at least a Woman and two or three Children, who lay Claim to him. And this Privilege she cannot recover, except she who pretends a prior Marriage, can, and will prove it, in order to prove the second Marriage unlawful.

Another Help, to reviving this Report of their Incest, was, that a Clergyman, the Reader of the Parish, had said in Publick, *That he knew a Man, who could prove the Daughter had been delivered of a Child, that she had by her Father.* Had this been true, I can't comprehend what Occasion they had to bring a Man into the Secret. But suppose her Case might require the Help of a Man Midwife, here must certainly be a Murder concealed *, and the Person, thus let into the Secret, must be one of a very slender Reputation, for not divulging it sooner.

This Story occasioned my waiting upon that Clergyman, who not only assured me, that it was very false, but visited Mr. Brinsden last Friday Morning; and afterwards expressed himself in Favour of the Criminal, to this Purpose, *That he was very sorry the World should raise such a malicious Report of him; and, that he left him a true Penitent.* This was sometime after the Daughter (who was the Evidence against him at his Trial) had earnestly desired to see him, to ask his Pardon for what she had sworn against him; and to desire him to be reconciled to her before he died; but, attempting that Reconciliation in the Chapel, he refused it then, but was brought into better Temper next Day. This Reverend Gentleman, and another, visited him afterwards, by Reason the Ordinary prest him so much to own the Incest with his Daughter, that, as the Prisoner and others, his Fellow Sufferers expressed it, *The Chaplain urged the Confession of Sins they were never guilty of, to such a Degree, as put them out of Temper, and hindered them from that great Work which they had but so small a Time to perform.* As for Mr. Brinsden, of the ten Weeks from the Time of his Commitment, to that of his Execution, he was ill of the Prison Distemper above seven Weeks at Times, to a Degree that often bereaved him of his Senses.——

When he lay under Sentence, his Children petition'd the Princess, *That she would graciously be pleased to intercede for Mercy for him; for that he had formerly been ty'd down in his Bed nine Months together; and that the Murder was rather the Effect of Madness than any Design.* However, it is supposed, that this latter Part of it might be

* This is not a necessary Consequence.

Matthias Brinsden, for Murder. 245

be intended only to make his Case look the better ; but, as it happen'd to have no Effect, I shall say no more of it.

In his Way to Tyburn, the Daughter, who had been Evidence against him, was put up to him in the Cart at Holborn Bridge, to take her last Farewel ; where, after kissing her several Times, he repeated, *That he forgave her and all the World.*

At the Place of Execution, he delivered a *Thomas a Kempis* to a Friend, and behaved himself the most sedately of all the Prisoners.---

To the Reverend Mr. Purney, Ordinary and Chaplain of Newgate.

Reverend S I R,

“ — **A**S to the Speech you have told the People Mr. Brinsden told you ; I must beg Leave to tell you that he was never apprenticed but learned his Trade of his Father. That he had eleven Children by his Wife, and has six Children now living ; which is one more born, and one more alive than what you have mentioned. That a Man should forget how many Children he had alive seems to give no small Discredit to the rest of the Account.

“ As to your Messenger, you sent for him to come to Chapel, had you visited him yourself, instead of hearing he was a *Roman Catholick*, you had found him in a very weak Condition, unable to come up to Chapel ; that his Friends were obliged to get other Ministers to come and give him instructions ; which his not being able to come to Chapel deprived him of.

“ I desire you would excuse my not crediting what you have said of him, in relation to his Wife, viz. that he said she was of such an odd Temper, that nothing but beating would do with her ; and she was commonly good for a Week after ; but, if he let her alone for a Fortnight, she would consume all, and turn the House almost upside down.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

Sept. 29, 1722.

R. M.

246 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

Robert Wilkinson and James Lincoln, for Murder; and with Richard Oakey and Thomas Milkfop, for Robberies, September, 1722.

ROBERT WILKINSON, and James Lincoln, alias Jones, alias Williams, of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were indicted for assaulting Fleetwood Clark on the Highway, putting him in Fear and taking from him a Sword, Value 15 s. and 10 s. in Money, June 4, 1722.

They were a second Time indicted, for that they, with Daniel Carrol (not then taken) did murder Peter Martin; Wilkinson by giving him with a Sword one mortal Wound in the Back, under the Left Shoulder, of the Length of one Inch, and Depth of nine Inches, on the 4th of June, of which mortal Wound he instantly died; and Lincoln by being present at the same Time, aiding, abetting and maintaining the said Wilkinson, in committing the said Murder.

First Indictment.

The Witnesses were examin'd a part.

Fleetwood Clark. Between 10 and 11 at Night, as I was passing in a Chair from the Bedford-Head Tavern in Covent-Garden, to Conduit-street, the Chair was stopp'd in a Court by four or five Men; one of them, coming to the left Side of the Chair, dash'd a Pistol thro' the Glass, by which Means I received a Wound in my Thigh, and then robb'd me of my Sword and 10 s. A Woman looking out of a Window said, Pray, Gentlemen, what is the Matter? Upon which one answer'd, G—d D—n ye for a Bitch, what's that to you? And immediately fired a Pistol at her, and narrowly missed her.

William Lock. Valentine Carrick (who has since been executed by the Name of James Carrick) and Daniel Carrol brought me acquainted with the Prisoners. On Monday the 4th of June last, about 10 at Night, we all went out together upon Street-Robberies, and, seeing this Chair, says Carrick, Let's follow it, which we did, and stopp'd it in a Court near Golden-Square. I staid at the lower End of the Court to watch; Lincoln went to the upper

upper End for the same Purpose ; *Wilkinson* stood with a Pistol over one Chairman, and *Carrol* over the other, and *Carrick* robb'd the Gentleman. A Woman at the same Time looking out at a Window, and asking, *What was the Matter ?* *Wilkinson* damn'd her for a Bitch, and fired his Pistol at her ; the Bullets broke the Glass, and just missed the Woman. It was a rainy Night.

William Hedges, Chairman. Between *King street* and *Swallow-street* the Chair was attack'd by four Men,—there might be more, but I saw no more.—One of them held a Pistol to me, and said, *Stand !*——*If ye offer to stir, I'll shoot ye thro' the Head this Minute.*

Court. Look at the Prisoners—Did you see either of them there ?

Hedges. Yes, that's the Man that stood over me with the Pistol. [*Pointing to Wilkinson.*]

Court. Are ye sure of it ?

Hedges. Yes, I went to see him in *Newgate*, and pick'd him out directly from amoung fourteen or fifteen.

Wailwright, the other Chairman. Aye, that's he,—I went with *Hedges* to *Newgate*, and we both fix'd upon the same Man, tho' we were not together when we saw him there first, but were called up singly.

Court. Had you any Light to see him by, when the Chair was robb'd ?

Wailwright. Yes. I saw him plainly by the Light of my Lanthorn, and I have Reason to remember him, for he gave me a plaguy Knock o'er the Pate with his Pistol.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Wilkinson. When the Chairmen were in *Newgate*, they were not *positive* that I was the Man ; but only said, they *believed* it, and I can prove I was at another Place when the Robbery was committed.

William Hide, Waterman. I was arrested on the 4th of *June* last.——

Court. Where do you live ?

William Hide. At the *Green-Dragon*, in *St. Mary Overy's Church-yard*.——And while I was in the Bailiff's Hands, my Goods were carried off, I asked my Wife who helped her to move 'em ? and she said, *Bob. Wilkinson* and *Dick Beach*. Having made up the Matter with

248 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

the Bailiff, I went to the *Dragon* about 12 o'Clock that Night, and found them both there.

Court. Were you acquainted with *Wilkinson*?

William Hide. I had drank with him before.

Mary Hide. I went to Mrs. *Wells's* at the *Green-Dragon* in *Foul-Lane*, and asked her, if she knew of any Body that would help me to move my Goods to her House. She told me of *Wilkinson* and *Beach*, *Wilkinson* lodg'd in the House, and he and *Beach* were then both drinking there. So I spoke to them, and they said, they would lend me a Hand with all their Heats, wherefore I desired them to come as soon as it was dark.

Court. Your Husband says, it was the *Dragon* in St. *Mary Overy's* Church-yard.

Mary Hide. The *Green-Dragon* Ale-house is in a Passage (called *Green-Dragon Court*) that goes from *Foul-Lane* to St. *Mary Overy's* Church-yard.

Court. Where did you live before you moved to the *Dragon*?

Mary Hide. In St. *Thomas's* Church-yard.

Court. Why did you order them to come when it was dark?

Mary Hide. We ow'd half a Year's Rent, and I was afraid, if some of the Neighbours should see us move they might tell my Landlord, and he might stop us, and seize for what was due to him—So, when *Wilkinson* and *Beach* came, they carried some of my Goods, and I went with them, and then I left them to carry the rest, and went to my Husband, who was at the Bailiff's House, the Sign of the *Monument* in *Tooley* [St. *Olave's*] Street.

Court. Is the Officer here?

Mary Hide. No, he has attended three Days, but now he's absent—He took my Husband's Note, and so my Husband and I went to the *Dragon*, where we found *Wilkinson* and *Beach* a drinking about 12 o'Clock.

Court. What Day of the Week was this?

Mary Hide. It was *Monday* Night, and I remember it rained.

Richard Beach. I went to drink at *Wells's* about 7 in the Evening, and there I saw *Wilkinson*.

Court. Were you acquainted with him?

Beach.

Beach. I had seen him there before—I have known him about a Month. We sup'd together upon Part of a Neck of Mutton; and then Mrs. *Hide* came in, and desir'd Mrs. *Wells* to get somebody to help her to move; and Mrs. *Wells* spoke to us; and Mrs. *Hide* pray'd us to come as soon as it was dark, and so we did: But then, hearing her Husband was arrested, she went to him, and left us to take Care of the Goods; and we moved them all to Mrs. *Wells*'s House by 11 o'Clock, and then we staid to drink a Dozen of Beer, that is, twelve Pennyworth, and about 12 o'Clock Mr. *Hide* and his Wife came in.

Court. What Day of the Month and Week was it?

Beach. It was *Monday* Night, the 4th of last *June*.

Court. What Weather was it?

Beach. It was a rainy Night.

Court. And did you carry the Goods in the Rain?

Beach. It did not rain till after we had made a Beginning; but then, as it was a Case of Necessity, we went thro' Stich with it.

Katherine Wells. Three Days before the 4th of *June* *Wilkinson* was sick; and not being quite recover'd on that Night he help'd to move the Goods, and, it rained hard, he got Cold, and was ill for two or three Days after. Mrs. *Hide* came to desire my Husband to lend her a Hand to move, and he promised her he would; but other Business calling him out, and there happening a Quarrel that Night, which brought him into a little Trouble. she got *Wilkinson* and *Beach* to do it, and our Ale-house Boy help'd them—They went to Mrs. *Hide*'s House about 10 at Night; and when they had taken a Turn or two, she left Orders that they should drink what they wou'd, and went to her Husband who was arrested.

Court. How do you remember it was the 4th of *June*, rather than any other Day?

K. Wells. By a *Very good Thing*, that is not fit to be spoke of now.

Court. What Weather was it?

K. Wells. It rained hard soon after they begun.

Court. What Business does *Wilkinson* follow?

K. Wells. I have heard he was a *Holland* Trader.

Moses Webb, Butcher. On the 4th of *June*, about 9 at Night, I saw *Wilkinson* at the *Green-Dragon*, and I

250 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

remember it, because it was the same Day *Hide* was arrested.

William Lock again. While I was asleep in *Newgate*, my Information was picked out of my Pocket, and carried to the Woman that keeps the Tap-house there, and she shewed it to the Prisoners, that they might prepare for their Defence. In that Information I had set down several Particulars of the Robbery; as it was done on a Monday, the 4th of June, between 10 and 11 at Night.

—— A rainy Night.

Mr. Perry, the Turnkey. *Lock* complained in *Newgate*, that his Pocket was pick'd of his Information, and there was a Paper doubled up like a Letter at the Tap-house Bar, with *Val. Carrick*, and something else writ on the Back-side; but I don't know what was within it; for I did not see it open.

Wilkinson. When I went to make myself an Evidence I gave an Information of other Robberies; and had I been guilty of this with *Lock*, its reasonable to think, that I should have impeached him as well as others.

Lincoln. I have been come but nine Months from Sea. I belonged to the *Wisbich* Galley, Capt. *Staines*; and I was at *Cambridge* when this Robbery was committed.

Court. Can you prove that?

Lincoln. I could have proved it; but that I had no Money to fetch my Witnesses up.

Wilkinson. *Lock* had six Guineas from *Edward Pollard's* Mother, to swear me into this Robbery, in order to clear her Son.

Court. Have you any Witnesses to that?

Wilkinson. No; but he can't prove that I kept him Company.

Lock. I have often been with him at *Frazier's*, the *Cherry-Tree* in *Wild street*, a House where *Carrick*, *Molony*, and several others used to resort. But, after *Mr. Young*, was robb'd by *Carrick* and *Molony*, the Constables going to search that House, they were very much abused by some of the Company; and, Complaint being made, the House was broke up. Some were hang'd, and the rest ran away; but I can prove my being in Company with *Lincoln*.

Mr.

Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder. 251

Mr. Redgate. I keep the Red-Gate in King-street, St. Giles's; and Lock, Carrick and Lincoln were there together ten Weeks ago, about 9 at Night.

The Jury found both the Prisoners guilty. Death.

The Second Indictment.

Edward Parry. The Deceased, Peter Martin, was a Pensioner of Chelsea-College. On the 4th of June last, between 10 and 11 at Night, I walk'd with him from Chelsea to the Camp in Hide Park, where I left him, and he then had his Fusil (his Gun) with him.

Lock. After the other Robbery, I went the same Night with the same Company along Piccadilly, to the Corner of Hide-Park. We saw the Deceased coming up with a Fusee in his Hand; which at first, I thought had been a Stick. Wilkinson, Carrol and Lincoln jump'd over the Ditch first, and Carrick and I follow'd. Then Wilkinson stopp'd the Deceased, and seized his Gun. The Deceased cry'd out, *Thieves!* upon which Lincoln punch'd him in the Face with a Pistol, and knock'd him down. A Door being opened at a House just by, they sent me to watch who came out. When I returned, I found the Deceased lolling between Carrick and Wilkinson: As they led him he rattled in the Throat, and he not going fast enough, Wilkinson took a Sword, and said, *Damn ye, go along,* and thrust it several Times into his Back. The Deceased sunk down; Lincoln rifled his Pockets; but finding nothing but a Key and a Knife, he threw them away, and said, *Damn him! he has got no Money;* and so we went off. A Hackney Coach coming along we stopp'd it; but finding it was empty, we let it pass. Presently after we met another Coach, with a Gentleman [Capt. Langley] in it. Wilkinson, having the Gun he took from the Pensioner, stept up first to the Coach, and, presenting the Gun, demanded the Gentleman's Money. The Gentleman drew his Sword to defend himself; upon which Wilkinson offer'd to fire, but the Gun would not go off, Carrol then stepp'd up, and fired a Pistol; Carrick fired another, and Wilkinson did the like; but they all missed the Mark. The Gentleman called to the Coachman, and bid him drive on; and they swore, they'd shoot the Coachman if he offer'd to move. The Noise alarming the Country, two Soldiers came towards us, which I observing, I

fl.pt

252 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

flapt my Hat, and crossed the Road. The Soldiers coming up first to me, and asking what was the Matter? I answered, *I believe there's some Rogues a robbing a Gentleman; for God's Sake go and help him!* With that, they went towards the Coach, and one of them cock'd his Piece at *Carrol*, but it only flash'd. *God damn ye*, says *Carrol* to the Soldiers, *Down with your Pieces*; and, as he spoke, he presented his Pistol, but that only flash'd, as well as the Soldier's Musket. At seeing this, *Wilkinson* stept up, and struck one of them on the Head with the Pensioner's Gun, which broke with the Blow; and more Company coming up, the Coach got off, and our Party retreated. *Wilkinson* was for returning; *God damn 'em*, says he, *let's go back and kill 'em all*; but we would not agree to it. Then he threw away the broken Gun at the End of *Tyburn-Lane*, where it was afterwards found, and is now in Court.

Mr *Herbert*, Surgeon. I view'd the Body of the Deceased. He had several Wounds in his Back, and one which entered under the Left Shoulder, and passed into the Lungs, and was mortal. There was a large Quantity of Blood in the *Thorax*, and he had several Contusions in his Head.

Capt. *Steward*. Next Day I found the Deceased lying dead in the Road, his Pockets were turned out, and this Knife and Key lying by him——Here is the broken Stock, and the Barrel of the Gun, that was found at the End of *Tyburn Lane*; and it is the same that the deceased Pensioner took out with him.

Capt. *Langley*. I was attack'd in a Coach by five Men near *Hide-Park-Corner*; I drew my Sword to defend myself, three of them fired at me. I received a Wound in my Left Shoulder by one of their Pistols, and seven Wounds with their Swords; but, two Soldiers coming up to my Relief, I got off.

Lincoln. *Lock* swore before Justice *Blackerby*, that we attacked the Coach, while he was easing himself in a Ditch.

Mr. *Blackerby*. I kept *Lock's* Deposition five Days; and, when I examined him again, he did not vary in one Particular.

Mary

Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder. 253

Mary Wells. *Wilkinson* lodged at my House; and he went to Bed that Night (the 4th of June) between 12 and 1 o'Clock.

The Jury found them both guilty. *Death.*

Robert Wilkinson, of *Pancras* was a 3d Time indicted, for assaulting *William Ship* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and robbing him of two Gold Rings, Value 20 Shillings, and four Shillings in Money, November 26, 1721.

William Ship. On the 26th of Nov. last, between five and six in the Evening, I was attacked at the End of *Fig-Lane* by three Men, *Shaw* and *Burridge* (who are both executed) and the Prisoner. *Shaw* passed by me first, the Prisoner took hold of my Horse's Reins, and *Burridge* clapt a Pistol to my Teeth, and said, *Ye Dog. if ye offer to stir, I'll blow your Brains out.* Then he robbed me of two Gold Rings and 4 s. — The Rings were afterwards found upon the Prisoner.

Mary Wells. The Prisoner being at my House, these Rings were brought to him by *Tom Milkfop.*

Wilkinson. I have nothing to say to this, but, that it is hard a Man should be hang'd upon his own Information.

The Jury found him Guilty. *Death.*

Robert Wilkinson, of *Pancras*, was a fourth Time indicted with *Richard Oakey*, for assaulting *William Graham* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Whip, Value Eighteen-pence, a Coat Value 5 s. and seven Shillings and eight Pence Half-penny in Money, April 8, 1722.

To this Indictment *Wilkinson* pleaded guilty. But Mr. *Graham* deposing, that he knew nothing of *Oakey*, but by *Wilkinson's* Information, the Jury acquitted him.

Robert Wilkinson was a fifth Time indicted, with *Thomas Milkfop*, alias *Jennings*, alias *Ghenning*, alias *Trantum*, for that they, in Company with *Thomas Ping* (not then taken) did assault *Ralph Keat* on the Highway, put him in Fear, and take from him a Gelding, Value 10 l. a Bridle, Saddle, Whip, a Guinea, and thirteen Shillings.

Ralph Keat. Coming from *Hampstead* in the Evening, I was attacked by three Men, who took from me my Gelding, Bridle, Saddle, Whip, a Guinea, and thirteen Shillings. I verily believe that *Milkfop* was one of the three.

254 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

three. And as for *Wilkinson*, he sent for me, and own'd, that himself, *Milkfop*, and *Ping* were the three who robbed me; and he put it in his Information, which he made before Justice *Hewit*.

Court. What *Wilkinson* said will affect himself; but, is no Evidence against the other.

The Prisoners said nothing in their Defence, and the Jury found them both guilty.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. When the Coachman came to *Newgate*, he pitched upon another Man at first; but afterwards he came to me, and said, *No, I believe you are the Man*. As for the Ladies, none of them can swear to me.—I was walking to *Hampstead*, when the Gentleman [*Mr. Nugent*] asked me, who I was? And I answered, a Friend. But, seeing more coming up, I was afraid they had an ill Design upon me, and so got into the Fields. And when they took me, and charged me with a Robbery, I made no Resistance, but said, *Gentlemen, use me civilly, and I'll go with you where you please*. But they said, they could prove I had the Purse, and put it in the Grass; and so they bound me behind a Coach, and brought me to *London*.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

Richard Oakey, not being convicted this Sessions, we shall say no more of him till his next Appearance at the *Old Bailey*, which will be in a short Time. But of the other three, *Wilkinson*, *Lincoln*, and *Milkfop*, a short Account follows.

Robert Wilkinson was about thirty-five Years old when he was executed. He was so addicted to an idle, debauch'd and sottish Life, that he would never settle to any honest Business. His Temper was furly and brutish; and, if he had any Ambition, it was that of being a *Bear-Garden* Chief. There seldom was a *Boxing-match* at *Hockley in the Hole*, but *Bob* was one of the Combatants; and though he was but low in Stature, yet, as he was very strong-limb'd, and a daily Practitioner, he often carried the Prize. And no Man could be more elevated than he, with the horse Acclamations of *Carmen* and *Butchers*; though he shared their Compliments but in common with his Fellow Brutes, the *Bull-Dogs*. By such Exercises he so improv'd his

his natural Savageness, that he was capable of any Mischief; and, therefore, no body wondered at his commencing Footpad, or that he chose for his Companions *Carrick, Carrol, Shaw, Burr ridge, Lock, Lincoln*, and other Villains of Distinction.

For a long Time, a Night seldom passed without a Robbery committed by some of these; and they had made themselves so familiar with Cruelty, that what they took from those they plundered, was commonly the least Injury they did them.

Yet *Wilkinson* would confess but two or three Facts that he was guilty of. He said, he was concerned in robbing an Ale-house in *Ivy-lane*. That he, *Shaw*, and *Burr ridge*, on this Side *Highbury*, robb'd two Gentlemen on Horseback, of two Watches, and about Forty Shillings in Money. And, another Person by the End of *Fig-lane*.

It was reported that, when they robb'd this Person, *Wilkinson* knock'd him backwards into a Ditch, and was going to strangle him; but (the poor Man begging hard for his Life, and telling them, that they had nothing to fear from him, for he knew none of them) one of *Wilkinson's* Comrades prevented him from putting his Design in Execution. But this, *Wilkinson* constantly deny'd.

What Confessions he made were just after his Condemnation; for, towards the last, he would confess nothing. He even deny'd, that he knew any thing of the Murder of *Peter Martin*, the *Chelsea* Pensioner, and behaved himself in a very morose Manner. The Chaplain, therefore, refused to administer the Sacrament to him; but he was under no great Concern on that Account; for he said, if he might not go to Heaven as the rest did, he hop'd to find the Way by himself.

He had heard that Fasting was a good Expedient for that Purpose, and therefore, he neither eat nor drank for three Days and three Nights before his Execution. But, what Success this had, the Chaplain saith not.

At the Tree of Death, he spoke thus to the Mob: *I was no Way concerned in the Murder of Peter Martin.— I knew nothing of Lincoln, till he was apprehended.— I don't value hanging in Chains, and therefore I have no Business*

256 Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder.

Business to tell Lies, and own myself guilty of Things I am innocent of.

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, September 24, 1722.

James Lincoln was something younger than *Wilkinson*, and seemed to have more Humanity. He confessed, that he had committed several Robberies between *London* and *Hampstead*, commonly on Foot, and sometimes with no other Weapon than a Stick; but never got above four Guineas at a Time.—That he and his Comrades robb'd ——— *Fielding*, Esq; near *Hide-Park* Wall, of a Watch and some Gold. And that they had form'd a Conspiracy to rob the Duke of *Newcastle* of his *George*, as he returned from Court, and waited for him three or four Nights at the End of *Queen-street*; but his Grace not coming as they expected, they spent their Time to no Purpose.

He said he would gladly make Restitution to all he had robbed, if it was in his Power; but he had nothing to restore.

At the Place of Execution he, as well as *Wilkinson*, denied that he was concerned in the Murder of the Pensioner. He said, however that he forgave *Lock*, who had taken away his Life. He added, that he died a *Roman Catholick*.

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, September 24, 1722.

The Ordinary of Newgate gives the following Account of THOMAS MILKSOP.

“ He was about twenty-three Years old, born in the
 “ *Old Bailey*, put Apprentice, he said, to a *Vintner*,
 “ where he lived very pleasantly, but learned some things
 “ he thought not proper for Boys to be acquainted with.
 “ He said, though his Friends required him to keep the
 “ Paths of Modesty and Sobriety, yet he went from the
 “ Love of diverting Company, to the Love of jovial Fel-
 “ lows, and from thence to vicious Acquaintance. He
 “ said, he fancied *Wright* and *Burridge* (executed) and used
 “ to accompany them. He robbed a Lady and her Ser-
 “ vant beyond *Highbate*, of near 20 s. &c. ventured once
 “ to rob a Man in a Garden, and got away before the
 “ Man dare [dared] to make any Noise. He added, that
 “ when

Robert Wilkinson, &c. for Murder. 257

“ when *J. Reading, J. Shaw, &c.* were living, he wanted not Money, could command a Horse for every Expedition, but has of late been so bad a Plunderer, that he could provide nothing but a Pistol and Bullets. He confessed the Robbery he was convicted of, (with many others) but said, he shot not at (*Roberts*) the Coachman, till he lash'd him with his Whip to the Heart, and then he shot with a Design to miss his Life*. He said, when he was taken, he thrust the Purse into the Grass, to save the Money, rather than to conceal the Robbery.

“ He desired I would especially take Notice, that, tho' he had a Wife and a Child, she never was apprized of his Robberies, he always composing himself at Night before he returned to her; and *expressed* himself with *Dissatisfaction* †: That, notwithstanding [all this] he cohabited with other Women, and once with a Man's Wife, for which he asked Pardon of God and Men; and seemed to be entirely penitent: He said he found nothing prosper but Virtue, nor was there any Satisfaction but in religious Duties: Qualifying himself for the Sacrament with much Care.

“ At the Tree, *Milkop* hoped (he said) none would reflect on his innocent Parents; hoped God would pardon his great Sin, in shooting his Pistol, (not at the Coachman, but) into the Coach he robb'd, by *Fig-lane*, before ever he spoke; and also abusing a single Woman by *Cane-Wood*, whom he first robbed of an Apron, Necklace, &c.

He was hanged at Tyburn, on Monday, September 24, 1722.

* It appears by the Evidence at the Trial that he did not shoot at Roberts at all, but at the Passengers, nor did Roberts so much as strike at him with his Whip.

† Did he compose himself, in order to appear dissatisfied? No, you mistake the Chaplain's Meaning; for the Passage is to be understood thus,—Composing himself,——and expressing himself with Satisfaction.

Thomas

Thomas Wilson and Samuel Cole, for a Robbery, September, 1722.

THOMAS WILSON, and *Samuel Cole*, of *Paddington*, were indicted for assaulting *John Woodstock* on the Highway, and putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Coat with Silver Buttons, Value 30s. *August 29, 1722.*

They were a second Time indicted for assaulting *William Owen* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Cane, a Hat, a Wig, a Coat, and a Silver Watch, *August 27, 1722.*

They were a third Time indicted for assaulting *John Corwell* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Hat, a Wig, and Fifteen-pence, *August 6, 1722.*

To these three Indictments *Wilson* pleaded guilty.

John Woodstock. Betwixt *Paddington* and *Marybone*, about eight at Night, on the 29th of *August*, I was attacked by two Men, one of them held a Pistol to me, while the other rifled me, and pulled off my Coat: *Wilson* has own'd himself to be one of them, but I know nothing of the other, but by *Wilson's* Information.

William Howard. On the 30th of *August*, I bought these fifteen Plate Buttons of *Wilson* for ten Shillings and seven Pence; they weighed two Ounces and four Pennyweights.

William Owen. Coming from *Hampstead* about eight at Night, I was assaulted by two Men, who broke my Head, and took away my Hat, Wig, and Cane, and then they swore they'd cut my Throat, if I did not strip. So I pulled off my Coat, and gave them, and my Watch was in the Lining of it. *Wilson* has confest the Fact, and as for *Cole*, I can't swear to his Face, but I think I know his Voice again.

———*Wady.* I keep an Ale-house, but I work at Watch-making. On the 28th of *August*, about eight in the Morning, *Wilson* came to me, and said, a Friend of his had got a Watch to sell for a Guinea and a half. Now the Watch was worth 6*l.* which made me a little afraid that

Wilson and Cole, for a Robbery. 259

that they did not come honestly by it. So I asked him the Question, but he said I had no Occasion to fear coming into Trouble about it, for if any Thing happened I knew where he lived, and I might soon find him. However, I did not care to buy it, but lent him a Guinea upon it. Then he confest, that he and Cole got it of a Man, whom they met and beat in the Fields.

— On the 30th of August, he and Cole came together, and drank a Pot. I asked Wilson, if he was not afraid of being hang'd. He said he expected no other, but he'd bring me a good many Watches first. The next Day Wilson came again, and said he wanted to borrow two Shillings more of the Money I owed him for the Watch. *Why, says I, what makes you want Money already; have not you been upon the old Story?* Yes, says he, *I and Cole robbed a Man of a Coat, with Silver Buttons. But, are you not afraid of being taken?* says I, No, says he, *here is my Safeguard*, and then he shew'd me a Pistol, and he told me, that he and Cole would come again at Noon for the rest of the Money.

So I went to Justice Ellis and got a Warrant, which I delivered to a Constable. And, the Prisoners coming according to Wilson's Appointment, the Constable took Wilson, and carried him before the Justice, and Cole followed him. In the Justice's Room, Wilson shot at me, but mist me; upon which his Pistol was seiz'd, and, Cole being search'd, another Pistol was found upon him.

John Corwell. As I was going over Lamb's conduit-fields, the two Prisoners were sitting upon the Conduit, and Cole rose up and knock'd me down, and Wilson took my Hat and Wig, and Five-pence, from me, and then he knock'd my Wife down.

Court. Are you sure Cole was one of them?

Corwell. No, I don't know Cole, any otherwise than by Wilson's Information.

Wilson. Cole knows nothing of these Robberies. I worked with him at Port-Mahon formerly. He is a Founder, and I am a Sawyer, and, meeting him in Holbourn, we went to drink together, and I gave him a Pistol to put in his Pocket, for Fear it should go off, and so he went with me to Wady's, and there an Officer came and took me, Cole asked him what Justice he was going before? and

260 *Wilson and Cole, for a Robbery.*

and the Officer told him, and so he follow'd us to Justice Perry's Door, and there *Wady* took him.

Wady. The same Night that Mr. *Corvell* was robbed, I met Mr. *Wilson* and *Cole* together, near *Paddington*.

Cole. I have been in *St. Bartholomew's* Hospital for three Months, and was not in a Condition to commit these Robberies.

The Jury acquitted *Cole*, and found *Wilson* guilty. *Death.*

After Sentence, Thomas Wilson gave the following Account of himself.

I was born in *London*: My Parents were honest, industrious People, though in mean Circumstances; and it had been well for me, if I had followed their Advice and Example; but I was of such a surly, obstinate, and ungovernable Temper, that neither kind Usage nor Severity had any good Effect upon me. I shewed an early Inclination to Wickedness, by keeping Company with Blackguards, by swearing, lying, pilfering, and doing any kind of Mischief I was capable of. My Parents often corrected me for these things, but it proved to no Purpose; for, though sometimes I promised Amendment, it was never with a Design to mend, but only to avoid a Whipping, when I had said or done something to deserve it. Thus I went on, till I was about twelve Years old, and then I began to lie out a-Nights, and though I seldom escaped Punishment for this, yet, instead of reforming, I still grew worse, and often lay out for several Nights together. I thought by this Management, to get the Mastery of my Parents; and that, when they found they could not reclaim me, they would let me go on my own Way. But not being able to bring this about, I run quite away when I was thirteen, and went to Sea, and sail'd to the *Baltick*. I soon found I had changed for the worse; for, in the few Months I was on board, my Behaviour was such, that I was fourteen Times whipt and pickled, and six Times hung up by the Heels. This Treatment made me wish myself at home again; so that as soon as the Ship returned I went directly to my Parents, and with as much Submission as my

my sullen Temper would admit of, I promised to behave better for the Time to come.

They receiv'd me kindly ; for, as I had suffered so much, they were in Hopes I had seen my Errors, and would reform in earnest. In a little Time I was bound Apprentice to a Sawyer at *Fleet-ditch*, which I was well enough satisfy'd with, for the Work was much easier than what I did on Ship-board, and I met with good Usage from my Master. But, when I had served him four Years, I grew weary of this regular Life ; and, though I had met with so much Hardship at Sea, nothing could now content me but another Voyage ; and in this mad Humour, I left my Master, and entered myself on board a Merchant-man, bound for the *Streights*.

When I was a-shore at *Lisbon*, I drank excessively of new Wines, which threw me into a violent Flux ; and at the same Time I contracted a much worse Distemper, by conversing with leud Women ; so that there was little Hopes of my Life. But, however, in my Passage home, by the great Care of the Surgeon of the Ship, I recover'd beyond Expectation. Soon after my Arrival in *England*, I courted a young Woman, whom I really loved, and in a little Time I gained her Consent, and married her. But, her Friends having heard what a scandalous Character I bore, they would not suffer her to live with me, but took her away, to prevent her sharing in the Miseries which they believed my ill Courses would reduce me to. Till this Time, which was about two Years ago, though I had lived a profligate Life, I had never been guilty of any Felony ; but the Loss of her, whom I was indeed very fond of, made me almost distracted, and quite careless of what became of myself. I fell into the worst Company, and engaged with them in several Robberies, of which I shall now give the best Account I can ; that those whom I have injured may, at least, have the poor Satisfaction of knowing who robbed them ; and, that innocent Men may not be suspected of the Crimes I am guilty of. — Some of my Companions were, on my Information, committed to *Newgate* ; and the others are either dead, or fled from Justice.

In the Robberies we committed, we commonly made use of short Sticks, loaded at the Ends with Lead ;
though

262 *Wilson and Cole, for a Robbery.*

though we did not often strike with them, except the Passengers were unruly, or we thought ourselves too weak to face them manfully; And, when this was the Case, our Custom was to come behind them, and knock 'em down before we spoke. Sometimes indeed we abused them after we had robbed them; and so we served a Footman whom we attacked between *St. Giles's-pound*, and *Marybone*; for, after he had delivered his Watch and Handkerchief, without making any Resistance, we knocked him down, and left him senseless.

The only Time that I robbed with a Pistol was in Company with one *Gesby*, who is since fled toward *Gi-braltar*. We assaulted a Man between *St. Giles's-pound*, and the half-way House, and took from him about eight Shillings, and two remarkable old Pieces of Silver, which I sold in *Fleet-street*.

Not long after this, being got very drunk, I was resolv'd to try my Fortune alone, though without a Pistol. I concealed myself in a Ditch near *Pancras*, to watch for my Prey; and I had not lain long, before a Man pass'd by with a little Bundle under his Arm. I immediately follow'd and knocked him down, and took away his Bundle, and his Hat and Wig; but as I was going to rifle his Pockets, my Foot slipp'd, and I fell backwards into the Ditch; and, before I could well get out again, the poor Man recovered himself, and ran away. I was in hopes, as the Bundle felt heavy, that I had got a good Booty; but when I came to examine it, I found nothing but four Pounds of Snuff in Leaden Pots, and two or three other Trifles, of little Value. However I met with a better Prize the same Night; for the Snuff-merchant had not been gone long, before another Man came by, whom I attacked in the same Manner, and robb'd him of a Silver Watch.

Two Days after this, I and another robb'd a Man and a Woman between *Highgate* and *Holloway*: We took two Shillings and some Halfpence from the Man, and a fine Hat, and a Holland Apron from the Woman. We had hardly parted from them when we fancied somebody was coming in pursuit of us; and thereupon we took to our Heels, and run through Hedge and Ditch, and so cross the Fields towards *Kentish-Town*, without giving ourselves

ourselves Leisure to look back, till we were almost out of Breath, and then we found ourselves out of Danger, for no body followed us, and we had been frightened by nothing but our own guilty Consciences: But that Terror quickly wore off, for we fell to robbing again the same Night.

Before we robbed Mr. *Cowell*, I was apprehensive that he knew me, and therefore endeavoured all I could to persuade my Companion not to attack him; but he was obstinate, and I, being unwilling to pass for a Coward, consented. I would afterwards have thrown the Hat away, for Fear of a Discovery; but he would not yield to that neither.

The greatest Booty we ever got at once, was when we robbed Mr. *Owen* of his Coat, Hat, Wig, and Watch, which altogether were worth about 10*l*.

We robbed *Thomas Ackersly* of a Haut-boy and Flagelet, as he was coming from *Kentish-Town*; and I afterwards threw the Haut-boy away by the Road side. I could not be easy without mentioning this, because it is a Fact for which two Men were try'd this Sessions, and one of them was found guilty.

Thus far *Wilson* gives an Account of himself, and the Ordinary adds, " Though he had an uncommon Roughness in his Aspect and Deportment, as well as a natural Surliness in his Temper; yet, when the Prospect of Death was immediately before him, he appeared very desirous of making his Peace with God, and informing himself in the *Requisites* to Repentance; never, that I know of, absenting from the Prayers, but preparing himself with much Care, for the Reception of the Holy Sacrament, before he died."

A Copy of the Paper delivered to me [the Ordinary] by THOMAS WILSON, the Sunday Morning before he died.

" I, *Thomas Wilson*, desire it may be known, that I was in a Horse-way, that lies between *Highbate* and *Hornsey*; where meeting a Man and Woman, they enquired the Way to *Upper-Holloway*: We directed them cross the Fields; mean-time we drank 2 Pints of Ale, to hearten us, then followed them, and robbed
" them

264 Catherine Ward, *for* privately Stealing.

“ them of two Shillings and some Half-pence, the Woman’s Apron, her Hat, and her colour’d Handkerchief. We left them without misusing them, though there were Thoughts of doing it. My Companion that robbed with me is gone to *Holland*, upon hearing I was taken up ; though I should not have impeach’d him, but his Friends liv’d in *Holland*. Another Robbery we committed was by a Barn, in the Foot-path near *Pancras Church*, of a Hat, Tye-Wig, and Cane, and some Goods [which] he was carrying ; but, we heard he had a considerable Sum of Money about him, but he ran away, and I ran after ; but I being drunk he escaped, and I was glad to get off safe. We robb’d two other Men near *Copenhagen-House*, of a Coat and Waistcoat. I committed many Street-Robberies about *Lincoln’s Inn*. For these and all other Things, I pray God to pardon me ; especially I pray Pardon for shooting the Pistol off before Justice *Perry*, at my Friend’s Adversary ; glad I did not kill him.

“ N. B. On *Friday* last, *Thomas Phelps* was taken, and charged with the said Robbery of the Man and Woman, who enquired their Way to *Upper-Holloway*, as above. *Thomas Wilson* confessed at the Place of Execution, that he never saw *Thomas Phelps*, and that he is innocent of the said Robbery.”

’Tis easy to perceive, that *Wilson’s* Paper contains little besides a Repetition of some of the Robberies mentioned in the preceding Account. Indeed one Account varies from the other in some Circumstances ; but it is uncertain, and not very material which deserves the most Credit.

Catherine Ward, *alias* Priest, *for* privately Stealing, *Sept.* 1722.

CATHERINE WARD, of *St. Martin’s, Ludgate*, was indicted for privately stealing 3s. 6d. from the Person of *John Purser*, *August* 4, 1722.

John Purser. You must know, Sir, that I am a Hackney-Coachman, and as I was driving Home about 11 at Night, the Prisoner called, *Coach!* and thereupon I came

William Smith, for privately Stealing. 265

came down, and was going to let her in, but the Toad flung her Arms about my Neck, and hugg'd me as the Devil hugg'd the Witch. She soon grew familiar with my Breeches, and then she run away. She had hardly got twenty Yards, before I missed my Money, and run after her, and charged her with picking my Pocket. *G—d d—n ye for a Rogue, says she, do you charge me with taking your Money? I have got but a Penny about me.* The Watch coming up. she offer'd to strip herself naked before them all, and let them search where they would. But one of the Watchmen forced her Mouth open, and took 3s. 6d. out of it.

Prisoner. About one in the Morning I was going to Market to buy black Cherries, and took 3s. 6d. with me, which I put in my Mouth, for Fear of meeting with rude Fellows, who might pick my Pocket, and I had nothing in my Pocket but a short Pipe, a halfpenny worth of Tobacco, and a Penny for my Morning's Draught.—So, as I was going along, this Man was feeding his Horses on *Ludgate-Hill*, and, says he, *Where are you going so soon, my Dear? To Market, says I, to buy some black Cherries. But why in so great a Hurry? says he, Come, if you'll go my Way, I will give you something besides a Ride.* And then he laid his Hand upon my Belly, and said, as how he loved to feel of a big belly'd Woman; and then he would have put me into the Coach; but I was frightened out of my Wits at his Rudeness, and so, with hard struggling, I got from him, and run away, and he run after me, and charged me with picking his Pocket.

The Jury found her guilty to the Value of 10d. Transportation.

William Smith, for privately Stealing, Sept.
1722.

WILLIAM SMITH, (a Black) of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was indicted for privately stealing from Mary, the Wife of John Leak, a gold Ring, and two Guineas, August, 16, 1722.

Mary Leak. Seeing the Prisoner go by our Door, I invited him to come in and drink, (for we had formerly been

VOL. I.

N

Fellow-

266 William Smith, *for privately Stealing.*

Fellow Servants) in the Country four or five Years, and so he came in, and my Mistress invited him to Dinner ; and after Dinner my Mistress went out, and then he asked me, where the Ring was that I used to wear, for he said he had heard I had lost it. I told him, No, it was not lost ; and to satisfy him I would let him see it : well, do then, said he ; and so I went up, and fetched down an old Glove, in which I had got the Ring and two Guineas, wrapt in a Bit of Holland ; and I took 'em out and shewed 'em to him, and wrapp'd 'em up again, and put 'em in my Pocket. With that, Sir, he threw me down upon the Floor by main Force, and struggled with me till a Woman came in, and then he got up and run away. He had not been gone long before I missed my Glove, and the Ring and Money ; and I acquainted my Master with it, and the House was soon in an Uproar. In about an Hour's Time the Prisoner came back, and took my Master behind the Door to speak with him ; and, when the Prisoner was gone, the Glove and the Bit of Holland were found on the Floor, just by where he stood talking.

Henry Busbell, Keeper of the Gatehouse. When I came home, I heard there had been a Robbery in my own House. My Servant (*Mary Leak*) said, that the Prisoner (who had been her Fellow-Servant in the Country four or five Years) came in, and threw her down, and she had lost her gold Ring and two Guineas. She said he lodg'd opposite to the *Gatehouse*, and had a Wife at *Charing-Cross*. While we were talking, the Prisoner came over, and being charged with picking her Pocket, he took me behind the Kitchen Door, and turn'd his Pockets inside out, and I saw nothing in them ; but, when he was gone, we found the Glove near the Place where he stood.

Prisoner. As for throwing her down by Force, there was no Force in the Case ; for she was always willing enough. I have lain with her twenty and twenty Times before now : And, when I kept a *Sutler's Booth* in the Camp in *Hide-Park*, she would never let me rest, but was always running after me upon that same Account. And that Afternoon that she pretends I robb'd her, she made me do the Thing with her twice. But, having lately pick'd a Quarrel with me, she has carried on this Prosecution in Spight.

Several

Margaret Wright, *for* privately Stealing. 267

Several Witnesses gave the Prisoner the general Character of an honest Fellow, tho' he was a little given to Whoring; and the Jury acquitted him.

Margaret Wright, *for* privately Stealing, Sept.
1722.

MARGARET WRIGHT, of St. Giles's in the Fields, was indicted for privately stealing two half Guineas, from the Person of *John Tyfiere*, Sep 8, 1722.

John Tyfiere. In de *Newport-street*, near de *Seven Dial*. I meet vid de Prisoner, and say to her, *How you do Shile!* O! mine Dear, she say, *I be very much glad to see you: Vat will you treat me now?* Dat I will, I say, vid all mine Art; but you no go vid me, I will go before, to the *Three-Tun Tavern*, and you shall come dare, and ask a for me. Vell, she say, I will come. But I no tink dat she vould; so I go to de *Tree-Tun*, and call for aon Pint of de Vine, and some Tobac; and vile I vas a smoaking mine Pipe, in come *Mettres Peggy*. I had got tree Shilling in von Pockate, and two half Guinea in de oder Pockate. She vas vary busy about mine Breeshes; and ven I go to pay de Reckoning, I no find de Money, for de Bith had pick a mine Pockate.

Court. Are you sure you did not give her the Money?

Tyfiere. Give her de Money! No, I give her noting, and noting I had got to give her; for she take every ting out of mine Breeshes but mine Vash, and I vas force to leave dat behind me for de Reckoning. Den I call de *Lanlord* up Stair, and ve make a dis Voman strip off all her Cloaths upon de Tabel, and I feel all about, and searsh her avery vare, but no find de Money.—Vell den, de *Coonestable* come and carry us before de *Shustice*, and he send her to de *Presong*.

Prisoner. As I was going to see for my Husband, at the *White-Hart* in *Leicester-fields*, I met this *French Man* in *Newport-street*, and he asked me, to take a Glas of Wine? I thought at first I had known him; but, when I came to the Tavern I found myself mistaken. And there he offer'd such unseemly and shameful Things to me, that I strove all I could to get away from him; but he

268 Margaret Fisher, for privately Stealing.

said, if I would not do as he desir'd, he'd fit me for it; and then he charged me with picking his Pocket. But, tho' he made me strip myself to the Skin, and search'd me all over, he could find nothing about me but what was my own.

The Jury acquitted her.

Margaret Fisher, *alias* Saile, for privately Stealing, September, 1722.

MARGARET FISHER, of St. Margaret's Westminster, was indicted for privately stealing, 13 Guineas, from the Person of Daniel Macdonald, Sep. 4, 1722.

Daniel Macdonald. And leek yer Loardship, I had just taken my Wages, thirteen Guineas in Goud, and was gawn along King-strate, in Westminster. Then I mat wi' this fow Quean at the Bare, and she spe. There I was gawn, I taud her hame. She said, gen I wad ga wi' hur tull Joanny Davis's Hoose, she wad gi' me a Drame, Sir, for, in Troth, she tuck me for a poor Gawkey, boss-headed Chiel, and leek yer Loardship. Sa she tuck haud o' my Haind, and lad me a Gat I kenna' reet weel. And whan we came tull Joanny Davis's Hoose, she caud for muckle Beer and Brandy, and gard me bung as a Swobe, and leek yer Hoanour. I staid there wi' hur a pratty while; and thane, Sir, I pit my Haind intull my Brieks, to feel for Money to pay the Rackoning; but the deel a Bawbie cou'd I find, for it was aw tint. And whan I speird about it, they glow'd, and taud me, gen I wanna' tack my sel away, they wad gar me ga, wi' a Deel to me; and sa Sir, they dang me fu' fair, and turn'd me oot at the Back Door intull the Strate, and I rambled aboot, and cou' na' find the Hoose agen; and the Watchmen mat wi' me, and carried me intull the Roond-hoose. And thare I taud 'em hoo I hade been roab'd. The neist Moarning I gade and soond oot Joanny Davis's Hoose, but she was rin away and the Prasfoner too. But at Neet, about saven a Cloke, I mat wi' this ampuident Betch at the Bare, and tack her up. I ken weel enuh that she must ha' my Goud, for na Saul alse was wi' me but Joanny Davis, wha

Thomas Rodin, *for Sodomy.* 269

wha brote what we cawd for.—Let her dence it an she can—Somebody (but I kennä' whaw it was) oferd me sax Guineas in my Haind to make the Maiter up, but I wanna' tack it.

Prisoner. As I was returning from the Camp, I met the Prosecutor and a Coachman. The Coachman asked me to drink, and we went to Mrs. *Davis's* House; but I was not near the Prosecutor, for I sat on t'other Side of the Room, and when I was searç'd, nothing was found upon me.

No body appeared to the Prisoner's Reputation. The Jury found her guilty of the Indictment, and she receiv'd Sentence of *Death*; but had the good Luck to escape hanging for she pleaded her Belly, and a Jury of Matrons being impannell'd, they found her quick with Child.

Thomas Rodin, *alias Reading, for attempting Sodomy, October, 1722.*

THOMAS RODIN, was indicted for a Misdemeanour, in assaulting a Person unknown, with an Intent to commit the unnatural and detestable Sin of *Sodomy*.

Henry Clayton. I and the Prisoner lodged in one Room, at *Peter Wright's*, a Shoemaker, at the *Three Shoes* next Door to the *Harrow* in *Long-Alley* in *Moorfields*. My Landlady keeps a Baudy-house, and lets out Lodgings. Some Time in *March* last.—I forget the Day,—there accidentally comes in a Stranger to lodge, the Prisoner drank with him, and at half an hour past ten they went up to Bed together; and I saw the Prisoner lying with him in the Nature of carnal Copulation, as a Man lies with a Woman.

Court. How could you be sure of that?

Clayton. I did not put my Hand between them; but it was a Moon-light Night, and I was a bed in the same Room, and could see what they did plain enough.

Court. Were they in Bed?

Clayton. No, they were upon it.—The Stranger at first said, he would not do it then, for he was too drunk. The Prisoner bid him pull his Breeches off, which the Stranger

270 Thomas Rodin, *for Sodomy.*

not doing readily, the Prisoner struck him several Times. —I believe he might give him fifteen Blows,—and then the Stranger let down his Breeches, and the Prisoner turn'd him on his Face, and fell on him.

Court. It's very surprising that a Man should make such an abominable Attempt upon a Stranger; and that a Stranger should so soon comply; and that they both should do this before Witnesses.

Clayton. Why, the Stranger was drunk, and the Prisoner was so far from being ashamed of such a Thing, that he gloried in it; for I heard him say afterwards, that he took more Pleasure in lying with a Man, than with the finest Woman in the World; and, that he had not touch'd his Wife these nine Months.

Court. How long was it before you spoke of this?

Clayton. I spoke on't the next Day.

Court. And why did not you prosecute sooner?

Clayton. Because I had lodged there seven Months, and was got 13*l.* in my Landlady's Debt for Gin, and other Matters; and I was afraid to proceed till I had clear'd that Account. But as soon as that was done, I indicted my Landlady at *Hick's-Hall*, for a Baud, and she moved it with a *Sissarara* [*Certiorari*] and there I preferred a Bill against the Prisoner.

Prisoner. I and my Wife keep *Stocks-Market*: I sell Fruit, and she sells Greens. I was one Day at the *Green- Dragon Alehouse* in *Moorfields*, when *Clayton* came in and quarrell'd with me, and call'd me *Molly* and *Sodomite*.—whereupon I indicted him at *Hick's-Hall*; and he met me next Day, and said, *I'll do your Business for you, and spoil your going to Hick's-Hall.*

—*Wright.* This *Clayton* is a scandalous Villain. He and *Angelica Latbam* (one of his Whores, who has got several Husbands) abused the Prisoner, and called him Pick-pocket and *Sodomite Dog*; for which the Prisoner indicted him at *Hick's-Hall*; and thereupon *Clayton* charg'd the Prisoner with this Fact. But the Prisoner is a poor, honest, ignorant Man, and he and his Wife lodg'd twelve Months in my House, and he always behaved himself well, and kept good Hours; for his Business at the Market requiring him to be up very early in the Morning, he commonly went to bed by seven or eight o'Clock,

Neal and Pincher, for Robberies. 271

o'Clock, and I never knew him to be up so late as ten. And that Night, as *Clayton* charged the Prisoner with this Fact, my Husband was at Work by the Prisoner's Bedside, so that no such Thing could be done but he must have seen it.

The Jury acquitted the Prisoner.

Edmund Neal, and William Pincher, for Robberies. December, 1722.

EDMUND NEAL, and WILLIAM PINCHER, of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, were indicted for assaulting *Joseph Dormy* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Linnen Cap, value Sixpence, and Three-pence three Farthings in Money, Nov. 13.

Joseph Dormy. As I and my Wife were going by *Haberdashers-hospital* at Hoxton, Pincher knock'd me down, and Neal roll'd me about on the Ground, and tore my Breeches to pieces in searching my Pockets, and took three Pence three Farthings from me.

Mrs. Dormy. I was going a little before my Husband when the Prisoner came up and knock'd him down and beat him. I turned back, and begg'd them not to abuse him, because he was very antient. Upon that, Neal stept up and knock'd me down too, called me Bitch, and threatened to murder me if I made a Noise; but I not being able to forbear crying out, he beat and abused me unmercifully, struck out two of my Teeth, wounded me in the Head, and almost killed me. I bled very much, and cry'd for Mercy; but the more I cry'd, the worse they used me.

Richard Bayes, Headborough. Hearing a Cry of Murder! I ran out with my two Dogs to assist the Distress; and, coming up to the Prosecutors, the old Man was but just got up, and his Wife was still on the Ground. She was very much abused, and in a bloody Condition. I enquired which Way the Rogues were gone. The old Man pointing towards the Fields, I pursued with my Dogs, and found Pincher lying on the Ground, and feigning himself to be drunk. Some others by this Time were come to my Assistance. We bid him rise, and he seeming not

272 *Neal and Pincher, for Robberies.*

to mind us, we endeavoured to help him up, but he was very unwilling that we should.—*Let me alone,* says he, —*I am choak'd, I am strangled,*—*What do ye want? Are you come to rob me? If you are,*—*Take all I have, but don't abuse me.* At last we got him up, and tax'd him with the Robbery, and at that Instant *Edmund Neal* came up, and hearing what we said. *Why,* says he, *I know this Man very well, he's a very honest Fellow, and I don't believe he'd do such a Thing for the World.* By this, I presently suspected him to be the other's Comrade, and so we secured them both.

Court. *Joseph Dormy*, was there any Light by which you could see the Man who robb'd you?

Joseph Dormy. Yes, it was a clear Moon-shiny Night, I saw them plainly, and I am positive the Prisoners are the Men.—My Cap was found upon one of them (I forget which) in *New Prison*.

The Jury found them guilty. *Death.*

They were a second Time indicted for assaulting *Solomon Nichols* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Steel Tobacco-box, Value 3 pence, a Knife, Value 3 pence, a Tinder-box, Value 6 pence, and a Penny and two Farthings. † *October 13.*

Solomon Nichols. I went out expecting to receive forty or fifty Shillings, but was disappointed. And returning home by *Hoxton*, three Men jump'd over the Bar, and came up to me. *Pincher* darted his Hand in my Face, and another knock'd me down. I told them I had no Money, and desir'd they would not abuse me. They rifled my Pockets, and took a Tobacco-box, a Tinder-box, a Knife, and two Half-pence, and two Farthings from me. While they were searching me, *Neal* gave me a slap in the Face, and bid me turn my Head another Way, and not look at him. I begg'd 'em not to hurt me, and I would not concern myself about them. When they had taken all they could find, they left me, and I went to the *Hampshire-Hog*, at *Hoxton*, where I met with *John Dickman*, and told him how I had been served. We concluded that those who robb'd

† *This Robbery, (as will appear by the Evidence) was committed the same Night as the former, and therefore the Month is Mistaken in one of the Indictments.*

robb'd me, would rob somebody else thereabouts that Night, and so we both went out to look for 'em. We presently heard Mrs. *Dormy* cry out, *Murder!* upon which we ran and assisted in apprehending the Prisoners, and upon searching their Pockets, we found these Things they had taken from me.

John Dickman. As I was drinking at the *Hampshire-Hog*, the Prosecutor came in, and said, he had been set upon, and robb'd, by three Villains, upon which we resolv'd to go in quest of them. We soon heard an Outcry of Murder, and thereupon pursued the Prisoners, and took them in the Field.

James Taylor. Hearing a Cry of Murder, I ran out, and found Mrs. *Dormy* all bloody, and just got up from the Ground. Several pursued the Prisoners, and I follow'd and took hold of *Neal*, who came, pretending to vindicate *Pincher's* Innocence, by saying, that he knew him, and that he was an honest Fellow. I saw some of the Prosecutor's Goods taken out of *Neal's* Pocket. He confess'd that they robb'd the Prosecutor, and *Dormy* and his Wife: That a third Person, (who had made his Escape) was concern'd with them, and that they had all three been drinking at the *Yorkshire-Grey*, in *Oldstreet*, and there had agreed to go a robbing together.

This was confirmed by Mr. *Bays* the Headborough, *Matthew Lingworth*, *Thomas Fowler*, and others.

The Prisoners deny'd all, and protested they knew nothing of these Robberies or any other.

The Jury found them both guilty. *Death.*

Edmund Neal's Account of himself.

" I am now 30 Years old. I was born in a Market
 " Town in *Warwickshire*, my Father was a *Farrier*, and,
 " being reputed to be very skilful in his Business, he
 " was employed by most of the Gentlemen in the County.
 " He often rode about to their Houses, and commonly
 " attended them in their Hunting and Horse-racing, and
 " seldom fail'd of carrying me with him; so that I was
 " almost as well known as himself. In a little Time I
 " grew pretty familiar with several young Sportsmen,
 " who were much addicted to drinking, swearing,
 " and talking leudly. As I fancy'd these were genteel
 " Accomplishments, I took a pride in imitating my young
 " Masters,

274 Neal and Pincher, for Robberies.

“ Masters, and they were mightily pleased in seeing how
 “ apt I was to learn. And now I began to think my-
 “ self something of a Gentleman, though I was hardly
 “ able to read.

“ But, to my great Mortification, I was obliged to go
 “ Apprentice to a *Taylor*, which of all Employments I
 “ had the greatest Aversion to. I had often made myself
 “ merry in ridiculing those of that Trade, and now it
 “ was their Turn to take their Revenge, and divert them-
 “ selves in laughing at me, which they did without Mer-
 “ cy. I found this was very hard to bear, though I
 “ knew I had very well deserved it; but what made me
 “ still more uneasy, was, that a young Woman, whom I
 “ had kept Company with, made a Jest of me too, on the
 “ same Occasion, and would never afterwards entertain
 “ me. or let me walk Abroad with her as formerly.

“ But, notwithstanding all this, I continued four Years
 “ in the Business, for by Degrees my Uneasiness wore
 “ off; and it wore off the sooner by means of a young
 “ Man who was lately come from *London*, and work’d on
 “ the same Shop-board with me, and whose Company I
 “ was very much pleased with; for he used to tell me
 “ a great many pleasant Stories. Among other Things,
 “ he gave me an Account of his own Intrigues. —
 “ As how he kept Company with a fine Woman in *Lon-*
 “ *don*, who maintain’d him like a Gentleman, with what
 “ she got by Coaxing and Cheating her Cullies; that after
 “ some Time they took Lodgings together, and lived like
 “ Man and Wife; but that at last, while he was absent,
 “ she pack’d up all his Effects with her own, and carried
 “ them clear off. He told me too, that, before he lived
 “ with her, she had been transported to *Maryland*; that
 “ a Merchant kept her as his Mistress, and how she robb’d
 “ him of a great deal of Money, and then run away,
 “ and, disguising herself in Man’s Apparel, return’d safe
 “ to *England*. And he added, that I was a Fool to fret
 “ myself about being slighted by a poor Country Girl;
 “ for I might find clever Women enow that would be
 “ glad to keep me Company.

“ My old Master dying, I was turn’d over to another,
 “ in whose Service I took much greater Liberties than I
 “ had while I lived with the former. I got acquainted
 “ with

“ with several idle Fellows and loose Women : I often kept
 “ Company with them the greatest Part of the Night at
 “ Alehouses, and then let them into my Master’s House,
 “ where I treated them at his Expence. For, though my
 “ Master lock’d the Door, and took the Key in his
 “ Pocket when he went to Bed, there was a private Win-
 “ dow thro’ which I and my Companions could come in
 “ or go out, at any Hour of the Night, without his
 “ Knowledge.

“ By these and other dishonest Methods of consuming
 “ his Substance, it was not long before I brought on his
 “ Ruin, and my own follow’d, though not immediately.

“ My Master failing, and being forced to abscond, to
 “ avoid starving in a Jail, I was now left to shift for my-
 “ self. I was in hopes my old Comrades, to whom I
 “ had been so generous with what was not of my own,
 “ would have entertained me in their Turns ; but I
 “ found myself miserably mistaken, for, as soon as they
 “ knew I had nothing more to give them, they all de-
 “ ferted me. This made me almost distracted. I had
 “ but two Shillings in the World, and had behaved my-
 “ self so ill of late, that nobody that knew me cared to
 “ employ me.

“ Thus destitute, I took a melancholy Walk into the
 “ Fields, where I happen’d to meet with a young Wo-
 “ man, who falling into Discourse with me, told me, she
 “ was going to *London*, and asked me to go with her ; for,
 “ she said, at *London*, there was a fine Livelihood for every
 “ Body, but the Country was only fit for Plough-boys and
 “ Hog drivers.

“ I was easily persuaded, and so we set out together.
 “ I found her very kind, and ready to assist me on the
 “ Road ; for my two Shillings would not hold out to the
 “ end of our Journey. When we came to Town, we
 “ took up our Lodging at an Alehouse, where we were
 “ civilly treated as long as her Money lasted ; but, when
 “ that was gone, we were turned out of Doors.

“ Upon this, my Companion and I parted, and I found
 “ myself in a worse Condition than ever, for I had neither
 “ Money, Business, nor Acquaintance ; but, after I had
 “ wander’d up and down a pretty while in a starving Con-
 “ dition, I met with some Work at a Brewhouse in Old-

“ street,

276 Neal and Pincher, for Robberies.

“ *street*, where I continued a few Weeks and then went
 “ to another in *Thames-street*. In this Employment I
 “ got a Livelihood, indeed, but thought it a very uncom-
 “ fortable one; for tho’ I had suffered so much by Idle-
 “ ness, I could not reconcile myself to hard Labour, and
 “ therefore I left my new Master, and resolved, if possible
 “ to get a Place in some Alehouse, where I might live
 “ with more Ease and among merry Fellows. I offered
 “ my Service to several Victuallers without Success, ’till
 “ with much ado I got to be a Tapster at *Sadler’s Wells*.
 “ No Place could have been more agreeable to me than
 “ this; for I delighted in nothing so much as in Musick,
 “ Dancing and Reveling. But I had not the Luck to con-
 “ tinue long in it, for, being a Stranger to Complaisance,
 “ I often disgusted the Company with my rustick Beha-
 “ viour, and therefore my Master discharged me.

“ This disheartened me so, that despairing of settling in
 “ a Publick-house, I went to live with a Hog-man in
 “ *Wood’s-Close*. In this Place I continu’d much longer
 “ than in any of the other. I was honest and diligent,
 “ and gain’d the Good-will of my Master; but he falling
 “ under Misfortunes, I once more had a Livelihood to
 “ seek.

“ Not meeting with Business on Shore, I enter’d myself
 “ on Board the *Gosport* Man of War, in which I suffer’d
 “ great Hardships, and especially when we came a-
 “ mong the Western Isles of *Scotland*, where our Pro-
 “ visions were so bad, and the Weather so extream Cold,
 “ that I expected to perish; but I fared much better when
 “ we sail’d from thence, and cruiz’d between *France* and
 “ *Ireland*, to prevent the Pretender from landing either in
 “ the South of *Ireland*, or West of *England*; though at
 “ best I was far from being pleas’d with a Sailor’s Life,
 “ and was glad (when the Rebellion was over) to find
 “ myself among the Number of those who were dis-
 “ charged.

“ It was not long after my Return to *London*, before I
 “ got into the Service of another Dealer in Hogs. He
 “ made no Complaints of my Behaviour, and I believe
 “ he would even now declare that I was a very faithful
 “ Servant; for when I first went to him, he laid Money
 “ in several Places on Purpose to try my Honesty; but I
 “ never

“ never touch’d any of it, and after that he trusted me
“ with sometimes twenty or thirty Pounds together.

“ But though I was seldom very negligent of my Bu-
“ siness in the Day, yet I commonly spent the best Part
“ of the Night in some Alehouse, for I still was addicted
“ to drinking and keeping loose Company.

“ *Will. Pincher* was my Fellow-servant; he had been
“ unfortunate as well as my self, and his Temper and
“ Inclinations were not very different from mine. And
“ this Agreement in Circumstances brought us to be very
“ intimate.

“ One Night being got to the Alehouse together, and
“ falling into Discourse about the Hardships we suffer’d
“ in being obliged to undergo so much Drudgery for a
“ sorry Maintenance, we concluded ourselves to be a
“ Couple of the most unlucky Fellows in the World, and
“ therefore resolved to go out and beat every one we met
“ for being happier than we. This was all we intended
“ at first; but upon drinking t’other Pot, and considering
“ more o’the Matter, we thought that when we had beat
“ them, it would be but little more trouble to take their
“ Money, and so we determin’d to do both.

“ Accordingly we went out half drunk towards *Hoxton*,
“ and committed the two Facts of which we are con-
“ victed.——But I believe all this was done by Pro-
“ vidence, and may be for my Advantage in another
“ World*——Tho’ I think it’s very hard, that, of the
“ five who were condemn’d this Sessions, my Companion
“ and I should be included in the dead Warrant, and the
“ others be reprieved.”

Thus far *Neal*.——The *Ordinary* adds, that “ While
“ *Neal* lived in his last Service, he used to go sometimes
“ to Church—but having forgotten all his Reading, he
“ could not profit by the Sermons he heard.”

That is, an illiterate Man can learn no good at Church,
and therefore he may as well keep away. But this must not
be taken in a too general Sense; for doubtless the *Ordinary*
designs nothing more than to joke upon some of his
Reverend

* And consequently Robbing must needs be a blessed Em-
ployment.

278 Mary Bodkin, *for privately Stealing.*

Reverend Brethren, *who know not how to instruct the Ignorant.*

Edmund Neal was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, December 31, 1722.

William Pincher's Account of himself.

- " I was born in *Norfolk*, within ten Miles of *Lynn*.
" When I was about six Years old, my Father being sent
" for a Soldier, a *Malster* in *Lynn* took me into his
" House, and brought me up at his own Charge. I be-
" haved myself well, and to his Satisfaction for eight
" or nine Years; but then, falling into loose Company,
" I neglected his Business, and spent most of my Time in
" Alehouses. By such Means I lost not only his Favour,
" but even the good Opinion he had of my Honesty.
" So that being afraid to trust me any longer in his House,
" he turn'd me out of Doors to shift for myself.
" I pick'd up a little Money among my Acquaintance,
" and went to *London*, where, after living an unsettled
" Life for a considerable Time, I was taken into the Ser-
" vice of a Hog-man, and might have done well in that
" Employment, if I could but have confin'd myself to a
" regular Life; but I had got such a Habit of sitting at
" Public-houses, that I spent more than my Wages, for
" it often cost me Half-a-crown a Night.
" This bringing me under some Difficulties, the Devil
" put me upon Robbing, as the only Way to remove
" them; but I quickly found myself deceiv'd; for Jus-
" tice overtook me, and condemn'd me to suffer that
" shameful Death my Crimes have deserv'd."

Mary Bodkin, *for privately Stealing.* De-
cember, 1722.

MARY BODKIN, of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, was in-
dicted for privately stealing half a Guinea, and
twenty five Shillings from the Person of *Morgan Morgan*,
October 18.

Morgan Morgan. Being just come out of the Country,
I went to a Relation's House to lodge. I drank part of
two or three Quarters of Brandy there, and then, it be-
ing

Mary Bodkin, *for privately Stealing.* 279

ing between six and seven o'Clock at Night, I went out to see for some of my Countrymen ; but before I met with any of them, I found myself not well, and so turned back, in order to go again to my Lodging ; but as it was dark, and I was a Stranger in *London*, I mist my Way, and wandered up and down, enquiring of one and another 'till I met the Prisoner, and she brought me to my Lodging, and then I mist my Money.

James Melley. The Prisoner and this old Man the Prosecutor, being both pretty well in for't, came to the *Vine-Tavern* in *Holborn*. I shew'd them into a Box, they call'd for a Pint of Mountain and Sack, and some Bread and Cheese, which I carried them. The old Man was mighty sweet upon the Prisoner, putting his Hands round her Neck, and hugging and bussing her as if he would eat her up. When they had drank the Wine, they call'd for the Reckoning, which I told them was 14 Pence. The Prisoner put her Hand in his Pocket, took out his Money, and gave me Half a crown to take what was due. I stepped out, and presently return'd with the Change, and then went out again. But, having a Suspicion of the Prisoner, and being willing to observe her Transactions, I look'd thro' a Window, and saw her put two or three Pieces of Silver in her Pocket-Apron, and heard the Prosecutor ask her what she had done with his Money ? She told him she had put it into his Pocket. Then I perceived her put another Piece of Money into her Bosom, and something into her Mouth. Upon this I went in, and told the old Man that she had got some of his Money ; but he was very drunk, and seemed unwilling to mistrust her. He said he knew her well enough, for she was a Relation of his, and was going to see him to his Lodging, and so they went together.

Prisoner. I don't deny that I was in the old Man's Company at the *Vine*, but I took none of his Money ; and the Drawer swears this against me out of Spight, because I once hinder'd him from having Six pence given him.

Court. The Prisoner is indicted for stealing this Money from the Prosecutor privately, and without his Knowledge ; but it appears by the Evidence, that she took it openly,
and

and with his Knowledge, and therefore she must be acquitted.

And the Jury acquitted her.

Charles Weaver, *for Murder, January,*
1722-3.

CHARLES WEAVER, of the Parish of St. John, Wapping, was indicted for the Murder of *Eleanor Clarke*, Widow, by giving her with a drawn Sword one mortal Wound in the left Part of her Body, near the Shoulder; of the Length of half an Inch, and the Depth of seven Inches, on the 6th of *December* last, of which Wound she instantly died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Statute of Stabbing: And a third Time was indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

Thomas Watkins, a Waterman. *Edward Morris* and the Prisoner hired me at *Strand Bridge* to carry them to the *Red-house* at *Deptford*: I accordingly carried them thither. When we came on Shore *Eleanor Clarke*, the Deceased; met with *Edward Morris*, and asked him if he was going to *London*? he said, Yes; but before he went, he had a little Business to do with the Woman at the *Prince's-head*. So they all went to the *White-hart Alehouse*, where they staid a little while, and then came all three into my Boat. As I was carrying them to *London*, when we came near the *Horns*, the Deceased said to the Prisoner, *Why don't you give Mr. Morris his Money?* — *You went down to Deptford to do him Service, and make Matters better, but you have made them worse.* The Prisoner thereupon took some Money out of his Pocket, as if he intended to give it to Mr. Morris; but, instead of so doing, he put it into his Pocket again, and said, *He shall not have it till to-morrow.* When we came near *Execution-dock*, the Deceased said again, Weaver! *Why don't you give Morris his Money?* — *'Tis like your Irish Tricks.* Upon this, the Prisoner damn'd her for a Bitch, and swore he would throw them both over-board; and indeed he endeavour'd to do it, but I prevented him, by leaning on the other Side of the Boat, to keep it from overturning. Then he drew

drew his Sword, and swore he would kill us all three. The Deceased said, *Is the Man Mad?*—The Prisoner made Passes at us all; and *Morris* laying hold of him, I perceived the Deceased leaning over the Boat, and bleeding. I endeavour'd to run the Boat ashore, but another Waterman jump'd in, and seiz'd the Prisoner.

Price Sturgil, Waterman. Being in my Boat, near *New crane*, I saw the Prisoner brandishing his Sword in another Boat, and I was afraid he would have over-turn'd it. He made a Pass at the Waterman, and another at *Mr. Morris*, upon which I made up, and jump't into the Boat, where I found the Woman bleeding; and she died immediately.

Edward Morris. Having some Business at *Deptford*, I asked the Prisoner to go with me; and told him I was in danger of being arrested. He presently agreed, and said, I should put on his Soldier's Cloaths, and he himself would take upon him to be my Serjeant. So we hired a Boat and went to *Deptford*, where we accidentally met the Deceased, who was our Neighbour and Acquaintance. My Business was with one *Jane*—, to whom I ow'd some Money. We went to drink at the *White-heart*, where I laid down 5 s. 6 d. for *Jane*.—But the Prisoner catch'd up the Money, and said she should not have it. This was the Money which the Deceased called upon him to return to me; telling him, that I had all the Day treated him very handsomely; and upon this he curs'd and damn'd, and drew his Sword, and made Passes at us; and so the Deceased was wounded.

A Surgeon. Hearing of the Accident, I went immediately and found her dead in the Boat. On examining the Wound, I perceived the Sword had pierced through the Intercostal Muscles, and both Lobes of the Lungs, which was the Cause of her Death.

The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and affirmed that the Deceased received the Wound by *Mr. Morris*, to whom he had lent his Sword. But, in Answer to this, *Mr. Morris* and *Watkins* the Waterman deposed, that tho', when they went to *Deptford*, *Mr. Morris* had on the Prisoner's Coat and Sword, yet, at their coming from *Deptford*, the Prisoner took the Sword again from *Morris*.

The

282 Charles Weaver, for Murder.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty of the three indictments, and he received Sentence of *Death*.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account of Charles Weaver.

“ He said he was 30 Years of Age, born in the City of *Gloucester*, where he was put Apprentice to a *Goldsmith*, and served near 4 Years; but spending beyond his Circumstances, he [ran away from his Master, and] went into the Service of the late Queen. He said, that the Captain he was under, going over with Soldiers out of the *Savoy* to *America*, to quell the *Indians*, who had taken up Arms against the *English* Plantations; this *Weaver* [meaning himself] went with him. Being arrived at the *West-Indies*, they mounted all their Cannon, and what the Governor also had belonging to his Residence, and wanted only Numbers of Men to have subdued the *Indians* at once; but they, collecting together vast Numbers, laid Ambuscades in the thick Woods, which were to be pass'd thro', and destroyed several of the *English*; some of the *Indians* being armed with Guns, tho' most of them were naked. But after a great many of them were slaughter'd, they durst not appear any more, but kept close in thick Woods, where they could run much faster than any *Englishman* could follow; after which they [who?] went [farther] up into *America*. But as the *Indians* are unaccountably malicious, where they have a Quarrel, they slew several belonging to the Plantations, sometime after, in a very treacherous and cruel Manner, sending their Lips, Ears, Noses, &c. for presents,

“ After he had continued here near two Years, he returned into *England*; and from thence [hence] went into *Spain*, where he was in some Fights, and received Wounds when the Earl of *Peterborough* was General. He added, that he received such a Kindness from a *Spaniard*, as he never receiv'd from any *Englishman*, and intended to have spent his Days in that Country, if he might have been allow'd so to do. But being with the late Duke of *Ormond*, when *Vigo* was taken, he had for himself several hundred Pounds, and [so unwilling was he to leave *Spain*, that he] brought it into *England* as soon as possible, intending to set up at *Gloucester*; but, the Money insensibly wasting, he betook himself

[once

" [once more] to the Wars, and was a second Time at the taking of *Vigo*, about two or three Years ago.—

" He added, that he thank'd God, that during the whole Course of his Life he never wrong'd or defrauded any one of a Half-penny ; but had behaved himself like a Gentleman [in not serving out his Apprenticeship] and a Soldier [in murdering *Eleanor Clarke*] having a Soul above such vile Ways of getting Money ; [notwithstanding he stole 5 s. 6 d. from *Edward Morris*] but was sorry that others had not dealt so honestly by him, but had defrauded him of five Guineas, which was sent to him from a Friend in the Country, and also of a good Coffin which a Gentleman had employ'd a Person to buy for him.

" His Wife with Child being kill'd about a Fortnight ago by a Dray that ran over her, as she was going to see her Husband in *Newgate*, added very much to his Misfortunes.—

" He much lamented his having always lived in such a Way [so much like a Gentleman] that he had wholly forgot to read, which incapacitated him from performing his Duty *, adding that he had greatly neglected the Church of God. and had scarce heard one Word of the Scriptures for several Years before he was confin'd in *Newgate* ; but he hoped that his Misfortunes, like those of the Prodigal Son, had reclaimed him, and that he should attain to the Portion of the Righteous, by dying the Death of the Wicked.

" This Prisoner also said that *John Junks*, otherwise *Levee*, [who was likewise under Condemnation] having unexpectedly a Present made him of a Coffin, he knew not for what Reason ; [except it was, that he might be buried in it] he began to fit it to his Feet at first [not to make it fit, but to try how it did fit] passing several Jest's upon it ; but he, being offended at *Junks's* Behaviour, said to him, that he need not be

* See what comes of People's neglecting their Horn-books !
—An illiterate Man cannot be honest and humane !—
But, however, by what follows, it seems there is this to comfort him.—That Tyburn-Road is the Way to Paradise.

" so

284 Richard Oakey, &c. for a Robbery.

“ so witty upon, or ridicule that *Wood*, for it would be
“ able to hold him fast, while he was torn to bits by
“ Worms——

“ *Charles Weaver* was very devout and serious at the
“ Time of his Death, and spoke to the People, denying
“ his Offence.”

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Friday, February 8,
1722-3.

Richard Oakey, John Levee, and Matthew
Flood, for several Robberies, January,
1722-3.

RICHARD OAKEY, John Levee, alias *Junks*, and
Matthew Flood, of Pancras, were indicted for as-
saulting *William Young*, Esq; on the Highway, putting
him in Fear, and taking from him a Gold Watch, Value
30*l.* two Seals, Value 4*s.* a Gold Chain, Value 4*l.* and
a Ring, Value 15*s.* on the 10th of December, 1722.

To this Indictment *Matthew Flood* pleaded guilty, but
the others not guilty.

Mr. Young. As I was coming along in my Chariot,
with Colonel *Cope*, on the 10th of December last, we were
stopt by three Men. One stopt the Horses, one stood at
the Side of the Chariot, and a third came in and took my
Watch, Chain, two Seals, a Ring, and other Things from
me. They used us very civilly, considering what Sort of
Gentlemen they were; but I cannot swear to either of the
Prisoners.

Joseph Blake, alias *Blue/skin*. I and the Prisoners, *Levee*
and *Flood*, were a Robbing together about 6 o'Clock in
Hampstead Road. I went a little before, to see who was
in the Chariot. When they came up, *Flood* laid hold of
the Horses, *Levee* went into the Chariot, and I stood at
the Chariot Door, and received two Gold Watches with
Seals and Chains, and two Rings which *Levee* took from
Mr. Young and Col. *Cope*, and handed out to me, and I
bid him do the Gentlemen no hurt. He and *Flood* had
each one Pistol, and I had two. The Gold Watches were
both sold to one *Mr. Greatrix* in *Southwark*, for 14*l.*
and the Money shared equally among us three. I gave
one

Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies. 285

one of them Eighteen pence, and the other a Shilling for their Parts in the Rings.

Jonathan Wild. Some coming (I suppose from the Prosecutors) to me, about the Robbery, I made it my Business to search after the Prisoners; for I had heard that they used to rob about *Hampstead*; and I went about it the more willingly because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me thro' the Head. I offered ten Pounds a Head for any Person who would discover them; upon which a Woman [*John Dyer's Wife*] came and told me that the Prisoners had been with her Husband, to entice him to turn out with them, and if I would promise he should come and go safely, he would give me some Intelligence. I gave her my Promise, and her Husband came accordingly, and told me that *Levee* and *Blake* were at that time cleaning their Pistols at a House in *Fleet-Lane*. I went thither, and seized them both. I heard the same Day that *Flood* was apprehended in *Southwark* for another Fact, and sent to *Bridewell*, where I found him safe. The Person, who gave me Intelligence where to find *Blake* and *Levee*, told me, that he had two Rings to sell, and I, supposing that they might be of use in detecting the Prisoners, lent him 12 s. upon them, and here is one of them,

Mr. Young. This is the Ring I was robb'd of.

John Dyer. *Blake*, *Flood* and *Levee* desired me to take a Walk with them; we went to *Black-Mary's Hole*, where we drank some Brandy.—*Levee* pulled a Ring out of his Pocket and gave it to *Blake*, and *Blake* gave it to me, and it is the same Ring that *Jonathan Wild* produced just now.—They asked me to go a Robbing with them. I refused at first, but one of them swore if I did not, he would put me into his Information if he should happen to be taken. So I went with them to *Hide Park*, where they stopt a Coach, and then I ran away from them.

The Prisoners all deny'd the Fact, and vehemently exclaim'd against *Jonathan Wild*; but called no Witnesses to prove their Innocence, or give them a good Character.

The Jury found them all guilty of the Indictment.
Death.

I cannot imagine how the Jury came to find *Oakey* guilty; for he is not so much as mention'd in the whole Trial.

Mr. Young swears that he was robb'd by three Men. *Blake* swears

286 Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies.

swears that those three were *Flood*, *Levee* and himself and that the 14*l.* for which the Watches were sold, was divided among the same three. *Jonathan Wild* swears that he took *Blake* and *Levee* in *Fleet-Lane*, and found *Flood* in *Bridewell*. And *Dyer* gives an Account of his being in Company with *Blake*, *Levee*, and *Flood*; and neither of them speak one Word of *Oakey*.

To clear up this Difficulty, there is no other Way that I can think of, than to suppose there is some Mistake in Transcribing or Printing; that *Oakey* was either acquitted, or his Name erroneously added to this Indictment. The latter seems to me the most probable, because *Oakey*, at the same Time, stood indicted with *Levee* for another Robbery.

John Levee, alias *Junks* and *Matthew Flood* (I will not add *Richard Oakey*) of *Pancras*, were a second Time indicted for assaulting Colonel *Cope*, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Gold Watch, Value twenty Pound, a Ring, Value twenty Shillings, and twenty two Shillings in Money, Dec. 10.

To this Indictment, as to the former, *Flood* pleaded Guilty, and the Evidence against the other, being to the same Effect as in the last Trial, the Jury found him Guilty.

Richard Oakey, and *John Levee*, were indicted for assaulting *Simon Betts*, on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Muslin Turn-over, and 2 Guineas, on the 26th of November last.

Simon Betts. As I was going by the End of *Fig-lane*, near *Pancras* Church, on the 26th of November at Night, with a Link in my Hand, I was set upon by three Men, one of them snatched the Link out of my Hand, another bid me stand, and a third swore, if I spoke one Word, he would shoot me through the Head. Then they dragged me down *Fig-lane*, into a Field, where they robbed me, and one of them struck his Pistol into my left Eye, and beat it quite out.

John Levee. I own that I committed the Robbery; but *Oakey* was no Way concerned in it.—He's as innocent of the Matter, as your Lordship on the Bench.

Joseph Blake. I and the Prisoners, *Levee* and *Oakey*, were standing at the end of *Fig-lane*, when the Prosecutor

was

Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies. 287

was coming along. I laid hold of him, *Levee* took his Link, and we all brought him into a Field, where he was robbed; but, making some Resistance, he was knock'd down with a Stick. It was *Oakey* that took the Money, and said *it was rich**; but he told us of no more than one Guinea, so that he *sunk half the Cole upon us*†. We left the Prosecutor in the Field, and went to a Sort of Cook's-shop, where we had half a Goose for Supper, and shared the Money.

Oakey. I know nothing of this Fact. I was never guilty of any Robbery in my Life, nor have I ever had Acquaintance with *Blake* or *Levee*.

In Contradiction to this it was deposed, that *Oakey*, *Blake*, and *Levee*, had often been seen together, and that *Oakey* was an old Offender, and had been an Evidence against two of his Accomplices ||, one of whom was hanged, and the other transported.

The Jury found both the Prisoners guilty of the Indictment.

An Account of John Levee, Richard Oakey, and Matthew Flood.

John Levee, otherwise *Junks*, (the former being his right Name) was born in St. Clement's Parish, his Father (he said) was a French Gentleman, came over with King Charles the Second, at the Restauration, and had the Honour to instruct three Dukes (the King's natural Sons) in the French Tongue, during which Time he lived in *Pall Mall*. Some Years after this he commenced Wine merchant, and dealt to France for several Thousands a Year. In these Days of Prosperity, his Children hardly ever went out without a Footman or two to attend them. But afterwards, meeting with great Losses, he failed, and was obliged to leave his Family, and retire to *Holland*. On this Misfortune, his Son *John* was taken under the Care of the French Society, who, when he was very young, put him to a Captain of a Man of War. *John* was several Years at Sea, but never in any considerable Engagement. Indeed he was

* That is, it was Gold.

† Concealed half the Money from us.

|| At Kingston Assizes, they were tried for a Burglary in Southwark.

288 Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies.

on board the *Essex*, when the *Spanish* Ships were attacked in the *Mediterranean*, but that Victory was so easily obtained, that the Ship he was in had very little to do. At his Return into the *British* Channel, he was turned over to the *Elizabeth* Man of War, and sailed to the *Baltick* under Sir *John Norris*. But, the *Muscovite* Ships not daring to face the *English*, and (as he said) the Admiral judging it impracticable to attack them in their Harbour of *Revel*, they came to no Engagement.

Soon after his coming to *England*, some of his Friends recommended him to a Merchant in *Tower-street*, who would have taken him into the Compting-house: For, though he was not acquainted with the Method of Book-keeping, he could write a tolerable Hand, and understood a little Arithmetick; so that he was well enough qualified to copy Letters, make Waste-book Entries, and draw out Bills of Parcels, if he had been but willing; but, the Misfortune was, he had no great liking to any honest Employment, and therefore would not give himself the Trouble of making a Trial at this, or any other that his Friends could propose to him.

Thus disposed, he one Night fell into some Company at an Alehouse in *Holbourn*, where, among other Discourse, it was said, *that any brisk young Fellow might easily make his Fortune, and live like a Gentleman, by going upon the Highway.* Jack swore he was of the same Opinion, tho' at that Time he thought they only spoke in Jest. But, as they found him a forward Youth, they soon convinced him they were in Earnest, and took him in for a fresh Hand. This was what he wanted, for, though he had a Devilish hankering after Mischief, he did not think it prudent to begin by himself.

His chief Companion was *Blue-skin*: They committed several Robberies together in the *Kent* and *Sussex* Roads. In particular, at the Beginning of *October* last, about six in the Evening, they stopt the *Camberwell* Coach near *Stoke-Newington*, as it was driving from *London*. There was one Woman, and four or five Gentlemen in it. The Gentlemen desired them not to frighten the Lady, because she was with Child. Upon which they forbore to search any of the Company, but contented themselves with holding a Hat in the Coach, accepting of what was given them.

By

By the Quantity that was put into the Hat, (which *Blue-skin* held) *Levee* thought they had got a considerable Sum of Money, but, coming to examine it, he found most of it Copper. He had some Suspicion, that *Blue-skin* had been too sharp for him, for *Blue-skin* had play'd him such a Trick before.——But what vexed them both was, they afterwards heard, that in that Coach there was near three hundred Pounds, which they had mist, by not making a thorough Search.

In the same Road they stopped another Coach, in which was only one Woman, who had a Basket of Cakes. *Blue-skin* searched her, but found no Money about her, and so they contented themselves with taking some of her Cakes; though even these the Woman would not tamely part with, but vigorously defended her Property against them both, by beating and scratching them as long as her Strength would hold out. Had a Man used them in that Manner, they should (as *Levee* said) have treated him very scurvily; but, as it was a Woman, they did her no Hurt, but retreated pretty quietly, though not without Loss of Blood, and the Marks of her Courage in their Faces.

They went out three or four Times on *Black-beath*, but, finding no Business there, they quitted that Road for another, where they expected better Success.

On a Sunday Night, in the same Month of *October*, they met a Coach coming from *Kensington Gravel-pits* towards *London*. In this Coach were two young Ladies and a little Miss. Our two Adventurers, stopping the Coach, ordered the Coachman and Footmen to descend, and go on the other Side the Ditch, and then robbed the Ladies of about ten Shillings in Money, two Necklaces, a Girdle Buckle, and a little Image of a Man. This Image the Child had for a Play-thing: they thought it had been solid Silver, but, it proving to be only mixt Mettle, they sold it for a Trifle in *Newton's-lane*. *Levee* said, they repented of not searching the Coachman and Footman, for upon Recollection, (when it was too late) they had Reason to believe, that those Men were not without Watches.

On the first or second of *December* last they robbed a single Gentleman in a Coach in *Hampstead Road*. He had

290 Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies

no Watch, but they took about thirty Shillings from him, which was all they could find. For as for Apparel, tho' never so good, they were Men of too much Honour, (as *Levee* said) to meddle with it.

About a Week after this, in the same Road, they met a Butcher on Horseback, and, falling into Discourse with him, he said he had sold two Lambs. They told him they were glad of that, for they wanted Money. The Butcher made some Resistance, but they over-powered him, and robbed him of twenty-eight Shillings, and then took his Great-coat, not for the Value of the Thing, (for, as *Levee* said before, they scorned to rob Men of their Cloaths) but only because the Fellow was saucy, and would not deliver at the first Word of Command; and, indeed, they intended to use him very roughly, but that *Levee* happened to see a Jew's Coach coming along, and was apprehensive, that those that were in it might know him, and therefore persuaded his Companion to make off.

On the 10th of *December* in the Evening *Levee*, *Blake*, and *Flood*, went out on *Hampstead* Road, and *Levee*, being before the other two, met a Man on Horseback, but just as he laid hold of the Horse's Bridle, his Foot slipped (for they were all three on Foot) and the Man rode away, *Levee* endeavoured to fire after him, intending to have killed the Horse (or perhaps the Man) but could not make his Pistol go off*. Soon after three Men came riding along full Speed. It seems they had met the Man who had escaped so narrowly, and heard from him that three Footpads were upon the Road, and therefore, to avoid them clapt Spurs to their Horses. *Levee* and his two Comrades thought it impracticable to stop them all three, and, if but one escaped, he might soon raise a Hue and Cry; so they let them all pass unmolested. They were scarce out of Sight before Mr. *Young's* Chariot came along, and was robbed in the manner already related in the Trial. This Mr. *Young* was the same Gentleman, who (as we have seen above) was robbed in a Chair by *Molony*, *Carrick*, and *Carrol*.

* The Ordinary says, *Levee* fired a Pistol after him, but the Pistol missed Fire.

Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies. 291

Levee said that when he went into the Chariot, and rifled Mr. *Young* and Colonel *Cope*, they might easily have taken him, for he had no Arms, having given his Pistol to *Blue-skin*, who stood on the other Side of the Hedge. But this (if it was so) was more perhaps than the Gentlemen knew; and if they had known it, yet *Flood*, with a Pistol in his Hand, was holding one of the Horses, and *Blake*, who had two Pistols, was not so far off, but he could soon have come to their Assistance; the Gentleman indeed might have seized *Levee*, but, having no Arms (for it does not appear that they had any) they would have run the Hazard of being murdered.

But, after all, this Account of *Levee's* does not seem to be Fact. For, at the Trial, Mr. *Young* deposed, that one of the Footpads stood (not behind the Hedge, but) at the Chariot-Door: *Blake* swore, that he himself was that Man, and, that though he had two Pistols, yet, besides those, *Flood* and *Levee* had each of them one.

Levee declar'd too, that he would have sent a Cornelian Ring, which he took from one of the Gentlemen, to a Corner-house in *Bloomsbury-square*, as the Gentleman had desired, but that his Companions would not agree to it.

A little while after they had robbed this Chariot, they met a poor Man on Horseback in the same Road, and, because it was then a Moon-light Night, they carried him behind a Haycock, and rifled him, but found no more about him than two Shillings and some Half-pence. Vex'd at having taken so much Pains to so little Purpose, they were going to bind him; but, he complaining he was very sick, they not only returned him his Money, but helped him again upon his Horse, and led him into the Road.

One Night *Levee* ventured out by himself, and took 28 s. from a Gentleman in a Coach, betwixt the Turnpike and *Tyburn*.

In *April* last he, and *John Casey*, and *Arthur Hughs*, picked a Quarrel with *Michael Honeyburn*, in a Skittle-Ground at *Pimlico*, and robbed him of his Watch, for which *Casey* and *Hughs* were hang'd. Their Trial is in Page 104.

292 Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies.

Besides these Robberies *Levee* confessed, he had committed a great many more, the Particulars of which he could not remember : That he sometimes robbed alone, but oftener in Company with *Blake*, *Flood*, *Oakey*, and others.

He said, however, that he never used any Man cruelly, except *Simon Betts*, whose Eye was by him struck out with a Pistol. A Man who could be capable of such a Barbarity must certainly be of a very Savage Disposition, notwithstanding his pretending to Lenity in other Cases.

He endeavoured to extenuate the Villany of this Action, by affirming, that *Betts* had rashly struck him with an Oaken Stick.—Perhaps it was not prudent for *Betts* to resist in such a manner, when he found himself in the Power of three Rogues ; but he had certainly a Right to do it, and his Behaviour on that Occasion can be no Excuse for *Levee*'s Brutality.

Let us close this Account in the Words of the Ordinary of Newgate.

“ As to the Behaviour of this unhappy Man, it was different from itself ; [that is, it was not always alike] for at first he was undaunted and bold ; but afterwards was as calm, as serious, and as earnest in his Devotions, as any one I ever saw in that Condition. He said before he died, that he hoped he had fought a good Fight, as formerly against innocent Men, [was that a good Fight ?] so now against Satan and Evil Spirits. The Sacrament he received with a great deal of Devotion, and excited his Companions to do the same.

At the Place of EXECUTION.

“ After he had evinced a strange Anger and Passion, that his Hands must be tied like the others, and that his Cap must be pulled over his Face, he was forced to submit to the same Fate with the rest.”

Richard Oakey was born in *London*, and put Apprentice to a *Taylor* ; but, before he had served two Years of his Time, he acquainted himself with two or three young Thieves, and grew so fond of their Company, that in a few Months he renounced the Thimble entirely, and entered himself a Member of their Society. They commonly went together, and for several Years applied themselves to one Branch of Business, which was that of cutting, or pulling

pulling off Women's Pockets in the Night, and a little Practice made them very dexterous. A Woman could hardly guess at their Design before her Pocket was gone, for one of them would suddenly take up her upper Petticoat, and another trip up her Heels at the same Time; and then, as they were commonly pretty well dress'd, they seldom run for it, but only step over the Way, and walk'd on a moderate Pace, as if they knew nothing of the matter, by which Management they were seldom suspected.

In this manner, *Oakey* said, he believed he had been concerned in robbing a hundred Women, tho' he was then but a Boy.

In due Time the Gallows deprived him of those Companions.—But it was not long before he got another, who was a common Night-walker. And though, when with her, he followed the same Business as formerly; yet he took a different method of performing it: For this *Maux* would stumble against the Woman he designed to rob, or, if a Coach was passing by, come behind her, catch fast hold of both her Arms, and cry out, *Lord!—have a Care, Madam!—the Coach will run over you!*—And he at the same time would cut off her Pocket.

But this Course continued not long; for *Oakey's* new Partner unluckily giving a modish Distemper to one of her Bullies, it enraged him so, that meeting with her again at the Baudy-house she belonged to, he beat her to such a Degree, that she died of the Bruises. An Out-cry of Murder was so frequently heard in that House, that the Disturbance on this Occasion was little regarded by the Neighbours: and the People of the House, for fear of coming into Trouble themselves, concealed her Death, and buried her privately; so that none of her Relations ever knew what was become of her.

Oakey, being once more left without a Companion, was resolv'd to try his Fortune by himself. He still kept to his Occupation of snatching Pockets, in which his long Experience had made him a great Proficient: And indeed considering he had none to assist him, there were but few Dealers, in the same Way, that met with equal Success.

But having thus proceeded for two or three Months,

294 Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies.

he fell into Company with a Couple of House-breakers, who persuaded him that their Branch of Business was more profitable than his. *Here*, says one of them (whose Name was *Harvey*) *you go upon a queer Lay * in the open Streets, while People are passing to and fro, for the Sake of a lousy Pocket, in which you hardly ever find any Thing but a Key and a Thimble, or perhaps two or three Penn'orth of Ha'pence; but we Slum a Ken when all's Boman †, and get more in one Night, than you do in a Month.*

Oakey could not resist the Force of such a convincing Argument, but immediately entered into Partnership with his new acquaintance. They succeeded in their first Attempt, which encouraged Oakey to go upon a second, and accordingly they broke open a House near the *Mint* in *Southwark*, and stole several Pieces of Callimanco, to the Value of 22 l. But Oakey happened to be taken, and, loving nobody so well as himself, impeached his two Comrades. They were soon apprehended, and at *Kingston* Assizes were tried and capitally convicted on Oakey's Evidence. *Harvey* was executed, but the other obtained a Reprieve for Transportation.

This was such a Discouragement to Oakey, that he swore House-breaking, and returned to Street robbing; but did not confine himself as formerly to the single Article of snatching Pockets; for, taking in one who was known by the Name of *Will* the Sailor, to be his Assistant, they ventured upon robbing Men as well as Women. *Will* wore a very long Sword: It was his Part, when they met a Gentleman alone, to pick a Quarrel with him, and while they were engaged, it was Oakey's Business to run away with the Gentleman's Hat and Wig ||.

Some Difference arising between Oakey and *Will*. they parted, and Oakey fell in with *Reading*, *Haws*, *Milkfop*, *Lincoln* and *Wilkinson*, all of whom have since been executed, as we have seen above. He was concern'd with them in about twenty Robberies, tho', at his first Admittance,

* *A dangerous Adventure.*

† *Break a House when all's safe.*

|| *The Ordinary says, that Will. the Sailor pick'd Quarrels with single Gentlemen without Swords, that Oakey might run away with their Hats, Wigs, or Swords.*

Richard Oakey, &c. for Robberies. 295

tance, *Nat. Harvis* told him, he was a Size too little for a Hero, and fit for nothing but to clean Pistols, and sell the Goods they stole.

In *Sept.* last, he was indicted with *Wilkinson*, for robbing *William Graham* on the Highway *, *Wilkinson* pleaded guilty ; but the Prosecutor swearing, that he knew nothing more of *Oakey*, than what *Wilkinson* had inform'd him of, *Oakey* was acquitted.

As, after his Condemnation, he had no Hopes of avoiding the Gallows, he apply'd himself closely to a Preparation for Death. He never neglected coming to Prayers in the Chapel, and would likewise rise three or four Times in a Night with the other Prisoners, to pray and sing Psalms.

When he came to *Tyburn* he said, that nothing gave him so great a Concern, as that, when, about eight Months ago, he robb'd a Woman of a Pocket, in which he found 16 or 17 Guineas, a Coral, two Gold Rings, and a Will, with some other Papers of Consequence, he burnt the Will and those Papers ; by which villainous Action, he feared, the Woman would be a very great Sufferer.

“ *Matthew Flood* (says the Ordinary) was born in the Parish of *St. Paul's, Shadwell*, of honest and reputable Parents, and was put Apprentice to a *Lighterman*, but his Master agreed to his going from him some Time ago. He had been but about three Months on the Highway with *Blake, Levec, &c.* but acknowledged he justly deserved Death, if the Pardon he expected did not arrive. He appeared very serious and thoughtful, setting about his Duty, and receiving the Sacrament with a particular Concern, the Morning before he suffered.

“ At the Place of Execution he said, he intended to have spoken to the People concerning one *James Repts*, convicted of stealing some Malt by his own Confession, his Mark being set to it [his Confession being taken in Writing] but [*Flood*] finding he had not Spirit to speak, he begg'd earnestly that I would take Notice of it ; for that he had one who is Transported took the four Quarters of Malt from a Barge near *Temple-stairs*, and sold it to a Man who keeps an Ale-house over against *Chelsea-College*.

* Page 253.

O 4

These

These three Criminals were executed at *Tyburn*, on *Friday, Feb. 8, 1722-3.* *Levee* then being twenty-five Years old, *Oakey* about the same Age, and *Flood* about thirty.

Edward Fox, *for a Rape, Jan. 1722-3.*

EDWARD FOX, of *St. Sepulchre's*, was indicted for assaulting, ravishing, and carnally knowing *Susannab Mitchell*, an Infant of ten Years of Age, *Dec. 17.*

Susannab Mitchell. As I was coming from the Necessary-house in a back Yard, between 12 and 1 o'Clock, the Prisoner came and took Hold of me, and push'd me up against the Dust Cart; and stopping my Mouth with one Hand, he took up my Coats with the other, and then put his Hands behind my Back, and put something—I don't know what they call it—to the Bottom of my Belly, and it hurt me very much.

Court. Did not you consent to his using you in that Manner?

S. Mitchell. No, I did not. And, after he had done so, he threatened if I told any body of it, he would cut my Tongue out.

Mrs ———. The Girl is my Servant. I lodge in the House where the Prisoner was Apprentice. On the *Sunday*, after this was done, I perceived something that ought not to be, upon the Girl's Linnen, and examin'd her how it happened to be in that Condition? She said she could not tell. I acquainted a Friend with the Matter, and we searched her, and found she had been much abused and damaged, and was very sore and raw, and had a Running upon her, I threaten'd to whip her if she would not tell the Truth; and, at last she confessed, that the Prisoner had done it.

A Midwife. I examin'd the Girl, and found she was very much abused; and, 'tis my Opinion, she has been lain with, and her Body penetrated.

A Surgeon. The Girl has certainly been injured; for there was a great Inflammation of the Parts; and, I believe her Body has been a little Way entered; but I don't think she was at all infected.

Ano-

Another *Surgeon* deposed to the same Effect, excepting that he said it was his Opinion, the Girl had not been entered at all.

There being a Mistake in the Indictment, the Prisoner was acquitted by the Jury, but was ordered to remain in Custody till the next Sessions; and the Witnesses were bound over to prosecute him upon a new Indictment. And accordingly,

In March, 1722-3.

Edward Fox was indicted, for assaulting, and carnally knowing *Sus. Mitchell*, an Infant under ten Years of Age, Dec. 17.

Sus. Mitchell. The Prisoner, pushed me up against a Cart, and enter'd my Body; and afterwards threatned, if I told any Body of it, he would cut my Tongue out; and therefore I was afraid, and did not speak of it, till my Mistress found it out by my Linnen.

The Midwife. The Girl had been much abused in a carnal Way, and, it is my Opinion, she had been entered.

Two Surgeons. The Girl had indeed been much injured; but it is our Opinion she never had been penetrated.

The Jury acquitted the Prisoner.—It seems one of the *Surgeons* had alter'd his Opinion since the former Trial.

Charles Maccarty, for a Rape, Jan. 1722-3

CHARLES MACCARTY, of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, was indicted for ravishing *Elizabeth Hall*, an Infant of the Age of ten Years, Jan. 5.

Thomas Anderson. The Prisoner was employ'd to make Fires in the House of Capt. Kirby, at Blackwall. A Gentleman desiring to see the House, I went with him to see the House. As we enter'd one of the Rooms, we saw the Prisoner with the Girl betwixt his Knees, in a very indecent Posture; but, upon their perceiving us, they both went away together. We going afterwards through three more Rooms, into a fourth, we there saw the Prisoner and the Girl come out of a Closet together.

Rebecca Bradford. I was called to search the Girl, and found she had received a great deal of Damage by the Pres-

296 Edward Fox, for a Rape.

These three Criminals were executed at *Tyburn*, on *Friday, Feb. 8, 1722-3*. *Levee* then being twenty-five Years old, *Oakey* about the same Age, and *Flood* about thirty.

Edward Fox, for a Rape, Jan. 1722-3.

E D W A R D F O X, of *St. Sepulchre's*, was indicted for assaulting, ravishing, and carnally knowing *Susannah Mitchell*, an Infant of ten Years of Age, *Dec. 17*.

Susannah Mitchell. As I was coming from the Necessary-house in a back Yard, between 12 and 1 o'Clock, the Prisoner came and took Hold of me, and push'd me up against the Dust Cart; and stopping my Mouth with one Hand, he took up my Coats with the other, and then put his Hands behind my Back, and put something—I don't know what they call it—to the Bottom of my Belly, and it hurt me very much.

Court. Did not you consent to his using you in that Manner?

S. Mitchell. No, I did not. And, after he had done so, he threatened if I told any body of it, he would cut my Tongue out.

Mrs ——— The Girl is my Servant. I lodge in the House where the Prisoner was Apprentice. On the *Sunday*, after this was done, I perceived something that ought not to be, upon the Girl's Linnen, and examin'd her how it happened to be in that Condition? She said she could not tell. I acquainted a Friend with the Matter, and we searched her, and found she had been much abused and damaged, and was very sore and raw, and had a Running upon her, I threaten'd to whip her if she would not tell the Truth; and, at last she confessed, that the Prisoner had done it.

A Midwife. I examin'd the Girl, and found she was very much abused; and, 'tis my Opinion, she has been lain with, and her Body penetrated.

A Surgeon. The Girl has certainly been injured; for there was a great Inflammation of the Parts; and, I believe her Body has been a little Way entered; but I don't think she was at all infected.

Ano-

Edward Fox, for a Rape.

297

Another *Surgeon* deposed to the same Effect, excepting that he said it was his Opinion, the Girl had not been entered at all.

There being a Mistake in the Indictment, the Prisoner was acquitted by the Jury, but was ordered to remain in Custody till the next Sessions; and the Witnesses were bound over to prosecute him upon a new Indictment. And accordingly,

In March, 1722-3.

Edward Fox was indicted, for assaulting, and carnally knowing *Suf. Mitchell*, an Infant under ten Years of Age, Dec. 17.

Suf. Mitchell. The Prisoner, pushed me up against a Cart, and enter'd my Body; and afterwards threatned, if I told any Body of it, he would cut my Tongue out; and therefore I was afraid, and did not speak of it, till my Mistress found it out by my Linnen.

The Midwife. The Girl had been much abused in a carnal Way, and, it is my Opinion, she had been entered.

Two Surgeons. The Girl had indeed been much injured; but it is our Opinion she never had been penetrated.

The Jury acquitted the Prisoner—It seems one of the *Surgeons* had alter'd his Opinion since the former Trial.

Charles Maccarty, for a Rape, Jan. 1722-3

CHARLES MACCARTY, of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, was indicted for ravishing *Elizabeth Hall*, an Infant of the Age of ten Years, Jan. 5.

Thomas Anderson. The Prisoner was employ'd to make Fires in the House of Capt. Kirby, at Blackwall. A Gentleman desiring to see the House, I went with him to see the House. As we enter'd one of the Rooms, we saw the Prisoner with the Girl betwixt his Knees, in a very indecent Posture; but, upon their perceiving us, they both went away together. We going afterwards through three more Rooms, into a fourth, we there saw the Prisoner and the Girl come out of a Closet together.

Rebecca Bradford. I was called to search the Girl, and found she had received a great deal of Damage by the Pres-

298 Sarah Wells, *for* returning from, &c.

sure of the Parts ; and 'tis my Opinion, she had been lain with.

Court. to the Girl. Do you understand the Nature of an Oath ?

Eliz. Hall. Yes.

Court. What do you think would be the Consequence ? What would become of you, if you should take a false Oath ?

Eliz. Hall. I don't know.

Court. Then you may stand down Child.—The Fact is not proved upon the Prisoner ; and therefore the Jury must acquit him.

And he was acquitted.

Sarah Wells *alias* Callico Sarah, *for* returning from Transportation, Jan. 1722-3.

SARAH WELLS was indicted, for that whereas on the 14th of January, in the 6th Year of the King, at the Sessions then held at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Bailey*, she was capitally convicted of privately stealing a Silver Watch from the Person of *Robert Hoe*, and thereupon received Sentence of Death, which was afterwards changed for that of Transportation. She was (without any lawful Cause for so being) found at large in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*, before the Expiration of the Term of Years, for which she was ordered to be transported.

To this Indictment she pleaded guilty, and once more received Sentence of Death : But pleading her Belly, the Jury of Matrons found her quick with Child ; and thereupon her Execution was respited.

We shall here insert her Trial for privately stealing the Watch from *Robert Hoe*.

In Jan. 1719-20.

Sarah Wells of *Aldgate*, was indicted for privately stealing a Silver Watch, Value 3*l* and 3*s*. 6*d*. in Money, from the Person of *Robert Hoe*, Dec. 16, 1719.

Robert Hoe. I had been drinking on Board a Ship, where I got pretty merry, and coming from thence to the End of *Rosemary-lane*, I enquir'd the way to the *Exchange*. The Prisoner (who, it seems, is well known by the Name of *Callico Sarah*) came up to me, and said, she

she was going that Way, and would shew me. And so I went with her ; but, instead of putting me into the right Way, she carry'd me farther from it. I told her, I was afraid she was wrong ; No, she said, she was right, and knew where she was well enough. And so I found she did ; for she was just at her own Door. I began to suspect her, and feeling in my Pockets, I missed my Watch and my Money ; upon which I charged her with robbing me. She made no Words, but put my Watch into my Hand, and would have gone away ; but, as I had lost my money too, I held her fast, and told her I would have her before a Justice. She cry'd out, *Everett ! Everett !* and presently *Everett* open'd the Door, and fell upon me, and beat me, and then took her into the House. The Noise had raised a Mob, and a Constable came ; but it was an Hour before he could get Entrance into the House. When she was taken, she said, *Damn him for a Son of a Bitch ; I wish I had not given him his Watch again ; for it would have helped to maintain me in Newgate. But if I had known how to have convey'd it off, he should never have had it.*

Prisoner. I had been to see my Child at Nurse ; and, just as I came back to my own Door, the Prosecutor follow'd me, and struck me several Blows, I don't know for what Reason ; I cry'd out *Murder !* and then he would have got away ; but I held him till the People gathered about, and Mr. *Everett* came out to assist me. I told him how I had been served ; and thereupon he fell upon the Prosecutor and beat him.

But she calling no Witnesses to prove this, nor any to her Character, the Jury found her guilty of the Indictment. *Death.*

She pleaded her Belly ; but a Jury of Matrons being impannel'd, they found her not with quick Child.— However, she was afterwards transported.

William Burk, *for* Robberies, Feb. 1722-3.

WILLIAM BURK, of St. Dunstan's Stepney, was indicted for assaulting *William Fitzer*, in an open Field near the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking

300 William Burk, for Robberies.

taking from him a Jacket, Value 20 s. a Tobacco-Box, and a Knife and Fork, Feb. 11.

He was a second Time indicted for assaulting *James Westwood* in an open Place near the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Coat, Value 8 s. a Rule, Value 1 s. and 10 s. in Money, Feb. 9.

First Indictment.

William Fitzer. On Monday, Feb. 11, I had been at *Mile-End*, and stopp'd at *Stepney* to drink a Pint of Beer. I went from thence between seven and eight at Night, and in the first Field, near the *Back-Lane*; I met the Prisoner, with a great Hedge-Bill in his Hand; he cut me in the Head with the Bill, and said, that I was the Man he wanted, and he must have my Jacket. He stood over me with the Bill in his Hand, while I pulled my Jacket off, and then he took it from me, and bid me be gone, and not speak a Word, for he had five Accomplices in the Fields; and, if I made a Noise, I was a dead Man. So I left him, and on the *Wednesday* following I heard he was taken, and that the Constable had found my Knife and Fork upon him,—and here they be.—The Prisoner took these and my Tobacco-Box along with my Jacket.

Robert Andrews. My Father *John Andrews*, and I, having been at Work at Mr. *Langerwood* the Rope-maker, where going Home on *Wednesday* the 13th of Feb. between seven and eight at Night; and, in the second Field next to the *Back-Lane*, near the Halfway House, the Prisoner came up to us with a Hedge-Bill in his Hand, swearing and damning, and bidding us stand; and, without any more to do, he chopp'd my Father down with the Hedge-Bill: I thought my Father had been murdered, and catching up his Stick, I made at the Prisoner. He struck me several Times, and gave me a Wound in my Arm; but at last I closed in with him, forced him up against a Bank, over-power'd him, and took the Hedge-Bill from him. My Father getting up, and a young Man coming by at the same Time, and assisting us, we secured the Prisoner, and carried him to a Constable.

This Evidence was confirm'd by *John Andrews* the Father

Jeremiah Perkins. It was I that assisted the two last Witnesses in taking the Prisoner; and I saw the Constable take

take this Knife and Fork out of his Pocket, which the Prosecutor has sworn to.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty. *Death.*

The second Indictment.

James Westwood. As I was going Home from Work, on *Saturday Night* the 9th of *Feb.* about seven o'Clock, I was met by the Prisoner, with a Hedging Bill in his Hand, he caught me fast by the Collar, and, holding the Bill over my Head with one Hand, he put his other Hand into my Pocket, took out 10s. and asked me, *If that was all I had?* I said, *Yes.* Then he bid me pull off my Frock, for, he said, he must have that too; and, while I was stripping, he held his Bill over me, and hurried me, so that I was afraid he would have cut me down before I could get it off. I told him I was but a poor Man, and it was hard to take my Frock too. He said, he knew me, and it would be best for me to go away quietly; for if I made any Stir, or dared so much as once to look back, he had five Accomplices in the Field, and I would certainly be a dead Man.—After he was committed to *Newgate* I went to him, and desired him to let me have my Frock again. He told me, that he could not let me have it then, but if I would come another Day, he did not know what he might do.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

An Account of William Burk.

William Burk was brought up at the Charity-School in *St. Catherine's* near the *Tower*; for his Parents were so poor, that they could not pay for his Education. The natural Perverseness of his Temper, was considerably improved by the foolish Fondness of his Mother, who humour'd him in every Thing that lay in her Power. So much Indulgence at Home made him think the Discipline of the School an intolerable Severity; and, indeed his untowardly Disposition made it necessary for his Master to treat him less favourably than he did the rest of the Boys. However with much ado, he continued going to this School till he was eleven Years old; but, then having play'd some uncommon Pranks, for which he was rewarded with a more than usual Correction, he resolved to run away at all Adventures. And, accordingly next Morning, instead of going to School, he went to the Water-Side,

302 William Burk, for Robberies.

Side, to try if he could not get a Place on Board some Ship. At last he met with a Man who conducted him to Capt. *Hofier*; a Bargain was soon made, and *Will.* was immediately carry'd down to the *Nore*, and put on Board the *Salisbury* Man of War.

His Mother was half distracted for the Loss of her Son; but some how, hearing where he was, she followed him, and used her utmost Endeavours to bring him away; but *Will.* was inexorable, and swore he'd never go back with her.

In about a Fortnight they sailed for *Jamaica*; and by the Way (it being in the latter Part of *Queen Ann's* Wars) they took two *Spanish* Galleons. The first Engagement was long and bloody; and, as *Will.* was forced to bustle about in the midst of it, he received some Hurt: but not so much as to disable him. The other Victory was gain'd more easily; for, tho' the Galleon carry'd 74 Brass Guns, and 650 Men, the *Salisbury*, which was but a 60 Gun Ship, took her, without the Loss of one Man. There was a Woman indeed (and the only one they had on Board) who would needs peep out to see the Fight; but, her Curiosity cost her dear; for a Chain-Shot immediately took off her Head and Shoulders. The common Sailors had 15 *l.* a piece for their Shares of the Prize-Money; but, among the Officers, the Dividend was so considerable, that they had no Occasion to go to Sea again.

Burk continued three Years in the *West-Indies*, in which Time, as he was a very diligent Youth, he took all Opportunities of pilfering any Thing that came in his Way, if it was not too heavy for him. This, of all Employments was what he most delighted in; for he would bestow more Pains to steal what was not worth 2 *d.* than was necessary to earn a Shilling honestly.

There was a Woman in *Jamaica*, who kept a Tavern. She had been transported from *Newgate* several Years before; but was now grown rich by marrying a Planter, who soon left her a Widow; she wanted a white Servant, and prevailed with the Captain to let *Will.* be with her, to wait upon her Customers, during the Time he staid in *Jamaica*.

Thieving.

Thieving excepted, there was no Business more agreeable to *Burk*, than this, and he might have continued in it a considerable Time, if he could but have been honest; but that was too hard a Task for him; he could not forbear *sinking the Cole* upon his Mistress: But, as she was a knowing Woman, she soon detected him. This was the first Time he had been caught in his Roguery, and, being terribly afraid of a severe Punishment, he fell on his Knees, and begged her to forgive him, and not to acquaint his Captain with it. She (who had often been in the like Case herself) knew not how to deny his Request; but, as her own Experience had taught her that Promises of Reformation are but little to be depended on, she could not trust him in her House any longer.

But, however, *Burk* upon this Escape began to think of living honestly, and, shipping himself on board a Merchant-man, made a Voyage to *Maryland*. A Merchant there, who had a large Plantation, and besides kept a Storehouse of *English* Goods, offered to take him for a Servant, and give him twelve Pounds a Year; but the Captain would not consent to it.

His next Voyage was to the Coast of *Guinea*, and in this he went through great Dangers and Hardships; several of his Ship-mates were decoyed away, and murdered by the Natives, and he himself escaped but narrowly. In returning homeward, their Ship was much damaged by Strefs of Weather; so that they were near five Months in performing a Voyage, which otherwise they expected to have made in two. In the mean Time they were almost famished with Hunger; for their Provisions were so near expended, that each Man would eat at a Mouthful all that was allowed him for forty-eight Hours. Thus they fared till nothing was left but a small Quantity of Flower, Part of which, once in four Days, was made into a Kind of Hasty-pudding, and divided in Morfels among the Ship's Crew. And once or twice, before they arrived at *Bristol*, they were forced to fast five Days together.

But, notwithstanding this ill Success, *Burk* ventured upon another Voyage in the *Guinea* Trade. They had a great Number of Negroes on board. These, resolving to struggle for that Liberty, which no Man had a Right to take from them, formed a Conspiracy to make themselves
Masters

Masters of the Ship ; but, being betrayed by one of their own Nation, their Design miscarried ; though it was not without much Difficulty that the *English* over-power'd them.

Burk, returning again to *England*, entered himself in the *Worcester* Man of War, and sailed up the *Baltick*, and afterwards to *Archangel* in the North of *Russia*. In these Voyages he suffered much by the Extremity of the Cold, and by many other Hardships, which he was forced to endure, before he landed again in his native Country.

But now, quite weary of a Sea-faring Life, and unwilling to work on Shore, he applied himself to robbing Passengers in or near *Stepney* Fields : But, if what he said of himself may be credited, he did not continue long in this Course ; for, in committing the fourth Fact, he was apprehended.

As to his Behaviour in *Newgate*, take it in the Chaplain's own Words :

“ Before his Execution, as he had lain so long a Time,
 “ and as we had largely and distinctly explained to him the
 “ Nature and Duty of the Sacrament *, six several Times,
 “ it was thought best to put him upon receiving it ; so
 “ that he might have at least two Days before his Execution,
 “ to put in Practice his good Resolutions inspired by
 “ the Sacrament ; and might not be hurried away directly
 “ from Refreshment of the Lord's-Supper, to the Place
 “ of Execution ; Men being always terrify'd and shock'd,
 “ more or less, at the instant Sight of a shameful Death.
 “ But yet he, at first, seem'd unwilling to receive the Sacrament,
 “ unless the Morning he was to be executed ; because it had been usual then to give it to Malefactors :
 “ At other Times he said he intended not to receive it at all ;
 “ being wholly unfixed in his Thought : However, being asked,
 “ how he could fancy, that if his Prayer that had been offered for so many Weeks together, had no Efficacy as to the Pardon of his Sins, he could imagine that his Prayers for only two or three Days, would have any Effect ? And being told, that God looks more at
 “ the

* By——the Duty of the Sacrament,——the Chaplain does not mean the Sacrament's Duty, but the Prisoner's Duty to receive it.

“ the Sincerity of the Heart, than the Numbers of the
 “ Prayers; and that *not our Performances*, but the Blood
 “ of Christ must atone for our Sins, he readily agreed,
 “ that it was best for him then to receive it; nor had he
 “ named the contrary, but that some of his Friends put
 “ him upon it.

“ As the Time of his Death drew near, he seemed
 “ more and more earnest in his Devotions; but complain-
 “ ed that certain Persons had endeavoured to persuade
 “ him he should be Reprieved, which might have proved
 “ fatal to his Welfare, had he given Credit to them.

“ Being told of the Cruelty of his Heart, that could
 “ induce him to dash out any Man’s Brains, and send him
 “ into another World unready and unprepared, he several
 “ Times cried in a lamentable Manner, saying, that if
 “ there was any Mercy in Store for him, it must pro-
 “ ceed from the Merits of Jesus Christ, his Saviour and
 “ Redeemer.”

To this Account the Chaplain adds a Dying Speech.—
 I believe I have studied the Chaplain’s Performances more
 than any Man living; for I have even read some of them
 twice over, in order, if possible, to discover a Meaning in
 them.—Perhaps I cannot much boast of my Success in
 this Particular.—But then, I may venture to affirm, that
 I have made myself perfectly acquainted with his Manner
 of Writing; and if he is not the Author of the Speech he
 ascribes to *Will. Burk*, there is no trusting to a Judgment
 resulting from repeated Observation.

“ The Speech of the Malefactor, at the Place of Execu-
 “ tion, was as follows, *viz.*

“ *Good People,*

“ **I** Was never concerned but in four Robberies, which
 “ chief Indictment was forced from me, for the anxi-
 “ ous Concern which I bore to my Wife. I desire all
 “ young Men to take Warning by me, and not be con-
 “ cerned in Women’s Company, it being the entire Ruin
 “ of me; which had I took the Advice of my loving
 “ Wife, I had not relapsed to this unhappy End: There-
 “ fore I had desired that my unhappy Misfortunes may
 “ be an entire Satisfaction to the World, and not be their
 “ total Overthrow.”

He

306 Benjamin King, *for a Misdemeanour.*

He was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Monday, April 8*, in the 22d Year of his Age.

Benjamin King, *for a Misdemeanour, February, 1722-23.*

BENJAMIN KING, was indicted for a Misdemeanour, in soliciting and persuading *Edmund Cheesbrook*, to take upon him the Name of, and personate *Elias Russel*, of *Bromley*, Esq; without his Knowledge or Consent, and make a fraudulent Transfer of 500 *l.* Original *South-Sea* Stock, to one *Francis Fisher*.

Edmund Cheesbrook. 'The Prisoner asked me, if I would transfer *South-sea* Stock? "How can I do that (says I) "when I have none in myself, and am unacquainted with "those that have any; and besides, am ignorant of the "Manner of doing it? Phoo! (says he) all that signifies "nothing. — I am acquainted with the Clerks at the "*South-sea-house*, and can procure ye the Names and "Places of Abode of several Persons who have got Stock; "and likewise an Account of how much their Stock is. "And as for the Manner of it, 'tis easily understood, "and may be done with little Danger of being discover'd, "and especially as Business is there transacted in a Hurry." By his Persuasions I at last consented to be concerned with him in such an Affair. And it was not long before he brought me an Account, that one Mr. *Hales* had 1000 *l.* Stock; but I did not transfer it, because upon Examination we found it was but about 300 *l.*

After this he brought me an Account of the Stock of *Elias Russel*, of *Bromley*, Esq; which was about 1700 *l.* and ordered me to employ a Broker to sell it. I accordingly employed one Mr. *Fenton*, who sold 500 *l.* of it to one Mr. *Fisher*, or his Broker; and I went to the *South-sea-house*, and transferred that 500 *l.* to Mr. *Fisher*, and signed the Books by the Name of *Elias Russel*, the Prisoner being then present. This being done, Mr. *Fenton* and I went to the *Fleece* Tavern in *Cornhill*, where he paid me for the said Stock, as near as I can remember 490 *l.* in Bills and Cash. As soon as *Fenton* was gone, the Prisoner came in, and he and I shared the Money and Bills equally

Benjamin King, for a Misdemeanour. 307

equally between us, as we agreed before-hand. And, by the like Management, I sold the rest of Mr. *Russel's* Stock at three Times.

Mr. *Morrison*, a Clerk to the *South-sea* Company. I was acquainted with the Prisoner *King*, and meeting him at the *Lock and Key* in *Smithfield*, he asked me, what Stock some Persons had in the *South-sea* Company's Books?

Council. Who were those Persons?

Morrison. Mr. *Hales* and Mr. *Russel*.

Council. And did you inform the Prisoner?

Morrison. Yes,—I gave him a particular Account of Mr. *Hale's* Stock, which is still in my Memory. But I can't remember so exactly how much I told him Mr. *Russel's* was.

Council. Recollect yourself.—When was it you met him at the *Lock and Key*?

Morrison. In *July* last.

Council. How came you to meet him?

Morrison. He came to me, and said, he had just parted with a Friend of his, one Mr. *Elias Russel*, who had Stock in the *South-sea*; but this Mr. *Russel* living in the Country, and being obliged to go out of Town that Morning, had not Time to enquire after that Stock, and therefore had desired him to do it, and send him a particular Account of it. And, after this, I went to the Prisoner at the *Lock and Key*, at which Place we had agreed to meet, and gave him an Account of some Stock upon a Piece of Paper: but I cannot swear positively, that it was an Account of Mr. *Russel's* Stock.

Council. Upon your Oath, Sir, was it not Mr. *Russel's* Stock?

Morrison. I believe it was.

The Prisoner called a great many Witnesses to establish his own Credit, and invalidate the Evidence of *Cheesbrook*. But the Jury being satisfied with the Proof against the Prisoner, they found him guilty of the Indictment: And the Court sentenc'd him to pay a Fine of 400*l.* to stand once in the Pillory at the *Royal-Exchange*, and to suffer twelve Months Imprisonment.

Luke Nunny and Martin Nunny, for Murder,
April 1723.

LUKE NUNNY and MARTIN NUNNY, of St. Mary Matfelon, alias Whitechapel, were indicted for the Murder of William Brampton; Luke Nunny by giving him, with a Knife, one mortal Wound betwixt the Ribs, of the Length of one Inch, and the Depth of five Inches, of which Wound he instantly died, March 31. And Martin Nunny by abetting, comforting, and maintaining the said Luke.

They were a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

John Howell. On Sunday Morning, the last Day of last Month, between one and two o'Clock, as I was going along White-chapel, I saw the two Prisoners assaulting and beating James Young; and while they were at it, the Deceased came up, and made a Stop to look on: Luke Nunny without any Provocation given him, struck the Deceased a Blow with his Fist. The Deceased upon this, moved his right Foot forward, and made an Offer to strike again, tho' he did not strike, but recovered himself, and stood as before. Then Luke came to him a second Time, and pushed at him with his Hand. The Deceased immediately said, *I am stabb'd! I am a dead Man!* And then fell down against my Legs, for I stood just by him. A Light coming by, I look'd at the Deceased, and saw the Blood running from his Side. He pointed to Luke, and said, *That's the Man that stabb'd me!* The Prisoners both made off, but I and some others pursued, and took them.

James Young. As I was going along White-chappel, about one or two in the Morning, I saw the Prisoners talking with a Man near the Kennel. The Man struck Martin Nunny with a Stick. Martin asked him what he meant by that? Upon which the Man went away, and both the Prisoners fell upon me, and knock'd me down. I recovered my Legs, and defended myself as well as I could; but they knock'd me down a second Time, and beat me violently. And when I got up again, I heard a Man say that he was a dead Man, and then I saw the Prisoners

Prisoners run away into an Alley ; but I and others followed, and took them at last in a House.—*Martin* indeed was very drunk, but *Luke* appear'd to be sober.

Robert Tuckwell, Constable. As I was upon the Watch, I heard *Murder* cry'd out. I ran out immediately, and was not above four Minutes in getting to the Place where the Fact was done ; but the Deceased was quite dead. When the Prisoners were apprehended they had no Hats on. But two Hats were taken up by where the Deceased lay, and they own'd them to be theirs.—And here is a Knife too that lay very near the Deceased. I took it up, and went to the Prisoner's Mother's House, where I found a third Brother a-bed. I asked him if he knew any Thing of a Knife that either of his Brother's had ? He exactly described this Knife to me, and as soon as I shew'd it to him, he swore it was his Brother *Martin's*, and *Martin* himself soon after own'd it to be his, and said, he brought it from *Yarmouth*.—When the Prisoners were committed, they swore, *Damn it ! if they were hanged, they should not be the first nor the last.*

William Hambleton, Watchman. Coming into *Moses and Aaron Alley* in *White-chappel*, I was told that, Murder had been committed by the Prisoners, and so I assisted to apprehend 'em. We took *Martin* below Stairs ; his Face was all bloody. But *Luke* was run up ; I followed and found him leaning with his Elbow upon the Stair-head, as if he knew nothing of the Matter, tho' as soon as I went to lay hold on him he fell upon me, and beat me violently. But, others coming up, we made him quiet—*Martin* was drunk, but *Luke* was not.

Joseph Atkinson, Jun. Surgeon. I open'd the Body of the Deceas'd, and saw that the Wound had pass'd betwixt the fifth and sixth Ribs, and penetrated into his Heart ; so that there cannot be any Doubt of its being the Cause of his Death.

The Prisoners Defence.

Luke Nunny. One *Edward Chapman* began to quarrel with me and my Brother ; but after he had struck my Brother he went away, and presently after two Sailors came by and said to us, *What are ye no drunker yet ?* We desired them to mind their Business, and so we went forward ; but they followed, and fell upon us. There-
upon

310 Luke Nunny, &c. for Murder.

upon I call'd for the Constable and Watch, and in the mean-time this Accident happen'd ; but I cannot tell how, nor who did it.

Martin Nunny. For my Part I know nothing at all of the Matter, any farther than that I was drunk, and fell into a Scrape.

The Jury acquitted *Martin Nunny*, and found *Luke Nunny* guilty of both Indictments. *Death.*

An Account of Luke Nunny.

Luke Nunny was about 20 Years of Age at the Time of his Execution. His Father was a Shoe-maker by Trade ; a very sober Man, and well beloved by his Neighbours ; but, meeting with Misfortunes, he was obliged to leave his Shop and work privately.

He did not however neglect to give his Children the best Education his Ability would allow of. He brought up his Son *Luke* to his own Business, but without binding him Apprentice.

Luke was to religiously disposed while he was but a Boy, that the Ordinary says *he had strange Inclinations to serve God*: But this great Zeal was of no long Continuance ; for as he grew up, he frequented loose Company, and more and more addicted himself to Sottishness and Debauchery, 'till at last he seem'd to have lost all Signs of Grace.

Few Mechanicks are greater Travellers than those of the *Gentle-Craft* ; *Luke* had often heard some of them tell Stories of their Rambles and Pranks in the Country, and was vex'd he could tell none of himself ; for he had never been above seven or eight Miles out of *London*. This made him weary of living always at Home, and impatient of seeing a little of the World as well as others. At last, recollecting that he had some Relations in the West of *England*, he resolved to travel down thither. But, a little before the Time intended for putting this in Practice, he went with his Brother *Martin* to a House in *Southwark*, where, meeting with an Acquaintance of theirs, they staid drinking till it was late, *Martin* got pretty drunk, and *Luke* was disorder'd, tho' not very much ; but a little matter would make him unaccountably quarrelsome and mischievous, for he was naturally of a surly Disposition. In their Way Home they were abusive

abusive to almost every one they met, and, coming into *White-chappel*, hard by their own Dwelling, they began that Quarrel, which ended in the Murder of *William Brampton*, as fully appears in the Trial

I shall close the Account of this Prisoner with a few Passages extracted from the *Ordinary's* Paper.

“—He had not an Opportunity of seeing the World at all (living always at home) which he believed was some Disadvantage to him ; for, had he gone into a good religious Family, he would have been promoted and forwarded in Goodness, and been by his Master constantly put in mind of his Duty.—But, *being* unfortunately settled in a bad House (as his Parents had laid some Foundation of Religion in him) *their* [whose] Badness *would* probably have shock'd him, and put him upon reflecting on the Nature of a vicious Course of Life, as thinking he would be *more* apter to dislike any Lewdness abroad than at home, where he was born and bred, and had always been accusom'd to think right, having never seen any other.”

Who, that compares this Paragraph with *Burk's* dying-Speech†, can doubt that the Author of one composed the other? The Truth is, that incomprehensible Stile, by which the Chaplain so wisely distinguishes himself from all other Writers, as inimitable.

I will not affirm what he means in this Place, or whether he means any Thing, but thus the Paragraph appears to me :

“ *Luke Nunny* was born at Home, and bred up there by religious lewd Parents, who made a right Way of thinking familiar to him, and never suffered him to see an ill Example. This he believed was a great Disadvantage to him, for he thought if he had gone into another pious Family he should have mended his Manners ; or if he had lived in another lewd House, he should have been a better Christian than he was ; for tho' he had no Dislike to Wickedness at Home, he should have hated it abroad ; and, tho' he was

† In Page 305.

312 Luke Nunny, &c. for Murder.

“ averse to Religion, while under the Eye of his Parents,
 “ he should have been fond of it; among Strangers.

The Chaplain goes on thus :

“ He neither denied nor acknowledged the Crime he
 “ was convicted of ; but said, if he killed the Man, he
 “ was ignorant of it, nor knew who struck the Blow
 “ when the Man fell down dead ; but, if he lost his
 “ Life through him when disguised in Liquor, he said,
 “ sure it was the greatest Crimes.——

“ But,——he very freely confest he did the Murder,
 “ and very earnestly besought God to pardon so crying a
 “ Sin, and to take Pity upon him, a poor Object, and
 “ undone Wretch.——

“——Asking him at the Place of Execution, whether
 “ he was guilty or not of the Crime he was to suffer for
 “ [*A very necessary Question as you'll find by the Sequel, tho'*
 “ *he had already freely confest it.*] He said, he knew not
 “ whether he was guilty or not : That he was so drunk
 “ at the Time, that he could not account for any Thing
 “ that happened ; that he had no Knife, and never
 “ was in the Company of the Deceased before, and that
 “ one of the Company had affirmed the Knife to be
 “ his. He was very earnest in his own Way of Devotion,
 “ and [*tho' he answer'd what I asked him in the Man-*
 “ *ner I have told ye, yet*] he took no Notice of any
 “ Questions put by me, or any other.——

“ Before he died, he endeavoured to prepare himself
 “ for receiving the Sacrament, in such a Manner as
 “ might be to his Profit and not to his Ruin, striving to
 “ understand the Nature of it, and the Benefits and
 “ Advantages that flow from it, when rightly under-
 “ stood, and worthily receiv'd.——Tho' he would
 “ not join in Prayer or Communion.——[for he]
 “ died of the Communion in the Church of Rome.”

He was executed at Tyburn, on Saturday, May 25,
 1723.

Richard

Richard Trantham, for a Burglary, April,
1723.

RICHARD TRANTHAM, alias *Trantum*, of *Stepney*, was indicted for breaking and entering the House of *John Folwell*, and stealing 54 lb. of *Bologna* Silk, Value 70*l.* one Silver Tankard, Value 6*l.* 10*s.* one Silver Salver, Value 5*l.* and other Things, July 21, 1721, in the Night.

The Fact was proved, the Prisoner offered nothing material in his Defence: And the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment. *Death.*

The Ordinary's Account of Richard Trantum.

“ He was about thirty Years of Age, of a grave and sober Deportment; tho’ as he lay so long, and the Fact was committed some Time ago, he was in Expectation of receiving his Majesty’s Reprieve for 99 Years; but yet he no Way neglected the Performance of his Duty; and excited *Nunny* frequently to join with him in particular Forms of Prayer. As he was furnished by his Friends with a considerable Number of Books, he had the better Opportunity of reading instructive Things to his Companions under his Misfortunes. Frequently too, he checked those Strangers who were for a short Time in the Place of Condemnation, when they used any vile, or leud, or indecent Discourse; nor was any Person disguised in Liquor in the Condemn’d-hold, during the whole Time that he was continu’d there, as I was assured. —

“ He was most serious and most attentive, the Sentence that was by Law pass’d upon him having made a much greater Impression upon him than on his Companion [*Luke Nunny*] in his Misfortune, who, nevertheless, affirmed, that he was as diligent and attentive as was in his Power—[for] altho’ he appeared to those, who took Notice of him, to be altogether supine and careless; yet, as often as I [who was one of those that took Notice of him] talked to him of a future State, and of the Nature of his Soul, and of Eternity, he expressed a great Desire to become a Child of God; saying,

Vol. I. P ing,

314 Richard Trantham, *for a Burglary.*

“ ing, he thought himself very happy that no disorderly
“ Persons were under Condemnation with him, *but only*
“ *one Man* [Trantum] *who was always sober.*

“ The Morning of his [Trantum's] Execution, I ad-
“ ministrated the Sacrament to him; and his Deportment
“ there was very grave, composed and commendable. Af-
“ terwards being desired by some Gentlemen to question
“ him, touching, some Robberies of which he was sus-
“ pected, I took him into my Closet, and discovering to
“ him what I intended thereby, he, with much ready and
“ seeming Sincerity, confessed himself guilty of the follow-
“ ing Burglaries and Felonies, in particular, which [he
“ said were all] he could now [then] call to mind.

“ A House near the Water-side in *George-street, York-*
“ *Buildings.*

“ The House of the Rev. Mr. *Raymond*, Curate of St.
“ *James's, Westminster.*

“ A Merchant's House in *Winchester-street.*

“ Brigadier *Groves's* House near St. *James's.*

“ A Stone-cutter, [Mr. *Dance's*] House in *Chiswell-*
“ *street.*

“ And Mr. *Folkwell's*, in *Spittle-fields,*

“ and owned to have taken thence to the Value of ninety
“ Pounds; but did not *describe the Amount* of what he
“ took out of another House; this last was the Offence
“ he was convicted of.

“ He was conveyed in a Mourning Coach to the Place
“ of Execution, and the other Criminal in a Cart.——

“ At the Place of Execution he own'd the Fact of which
“ he was convicted, and begg'd Pardon and Forgiveness
“ of Mr. *Folkwell*, and others whom he had in any sort in-
“ jured, and exprest much Concern that it was out of his
“ Power to make Restitution to the many People he had
“ wrong'd; for that what he was possess'd of would be ve-
“ ry inconsiderable among so many; and therefore he
“ should chuse to leave the little he had to his Wife,
“ who has one Child already, and is big with another.
“ He recommended to the Spectators to be warn'd by
“ his unhappy Fate, and pray'd, that no Reflections
“ might be cast on his honest Parents for his untimely
“ Death, as they had in *no* sort countenanced him in
“ those Practices that terminated in his untimely Death.

He

Charles Banner, for Sodomy. 315

He desired the Prayers of the People, and then I left him to his private Devotions.

“ His Body when cut down was put in a Hearse, to be buried in *Mitcham* in *Surrey*, he having a House there :
“ ——— Thus far the Chaplain.”

Richard Trantum was executed at *Tyburn*, with *Luke Nunny*, on *Saturday, May 25, 1723.*

Charles Banner, for a Sodomitical Attempt.
April, 1723.

CHARLES BANNER was indicted for assaulting *Nicholas Burgefs* (a Lad of fifteen Years of Age) with an Intent to commit the unnatural and detestable Sin of Sodomy, *March 12, 1722-3.*

Nicholas Burgefs. On the 12th of last Month, about twelve at Night, as I was going along *Wood-street*, about my Father's Business, the Prisoner overtook me, and fell into Discourse. When we came to the *Cross-Keys* he run me up against the Gate, call'd me his Dear and his Precious, and unbutton'd my Breeches, and acted several indecent Things. He invited me to go with him to some Ale-house or Tavern, but I refused. Then he asked me where I lived, and said, he hoped I would meet him again another Night. I told him my Father belong'd to the Post-Office, and that I was employed to carry Letters for my Father every Post-night.—So then we parted; and about twelve o'Clock the next Post night, the Prisoner came to me at the Post-house, clapt me on the Shoulder, and said, he would wait for me in the Street. So I went out with my Father's Letters, and the Prisoner came up to me in the *Poultry*, and we went together to the same Place we had been at before, in *Wood-street*.—I had acquainted my Father and some other Friends with the Prisoner's Behaviour, and his appointing me to meet me again, and they dogg'd us to the Place: and, just as the Prisoner began to renew his Indecencies, they came up and seized him.

Mr. Burgefs. My Son acquainted me with the Prisoner's Attempt upon him, and the Appointment for another Meeting, I took two Friends with me, dogg'd them to

316 Alexander Day, *for Felony, &c.*

the Place mentioned, and, coming suddenly upon them, we seized the Prisoner, but I believe a little too soon.

This was confirm'd by the other Witnesses who assisted in taking the Prisoner.

Prisoner. I never was guilty of any such Indecencies as the Boy has sworn to, nor did I ever see him before that Night as they took me up, and then I was only standing to make Water.

Court. It's very odd the Boy should inform his Friends of such an Appointment, and, that you should afterwards, by meer Accident, be found with him at the very Place and Time appointed.—Have you any Witnesses to the Fact, or to your Character?

Prisoner. I expect several,—but here is one.

Witness. I never heard before, that the Prisoner was even suspected of any such Behaviour as he is now charg'd with; but, that he always bore a good Character.

Court. Where does he live?

Witness. In *Swedeland-Court*, near *East-Smithfield*.

Court. Does he follow any Business?

Witness. Yes, he keeps a School.

Court. A School!—Does any Body trust their Children with him?

Witness. Yes, I do, and so do a great many more to my Knowledge; for he is looked upon in the Neighbourhood as a very honest, sober Man.

The Jury acquitted him.

Alexander Day, *alias* Marmaduke Davenport,
Esq; *for Felony and Frauds, April, 1723.*

ALEXANDER DAY, *alias* Marmaduke Davenport, *Esq;* of *St. Andrew's, Holborn*, was indicted for stealing a Parcel of Gold and Silver Lace, Value 55*l.* the Property of *Thomas Gravesstock*, on the 24th of *Sept.* 1722

He was a second Time indicted for a Misdemeanour, in defrauding the said *Thomas Gravesstock* of the said Lace.

Mr. Gravesstock. On the 24th of *Sept.* last, the Prisoner came to my Shop in a very handsome Mourning Chariot, with a Footman behind it, and said, he wanted a Sort of
Lace

Lace called *Spanish-Point*, for Trimming for a Suit of Cloaths ; but that being a Sort of Lace we don't usually keep by us, because we have no great Demand for it, I was to get some made for him. However, he said, he wanted some for present use, and, looking over a considerable Quantity, he at last fixed upon the Parcel in the Indictment ; we agreed upon the Price : The Parcel came to 55*l.* and it was carried to his House in *Queen's-Square*, in *Southwark*, where he went by the Name and Title of *Marmaduke Davenport*, Esq; This being deliver'd, he said, he wanted a great deal more, as much as would trim five Liveries ; but he could not tell the Quantity, till he had consulted his *Taylor*, therefore I was to call again at his Lodgings in two or three Days, and, accordingly I went on the 27th. As I was going along, I saw the Prisoner talking very familiarly with Mr. *Hinchliff*, a *Merchant*. I went on to the Prisoner's Lodgings, and he came thither soon after me. Among other Discourse, he talked of Gold Equipages, and shew'd me one, which, he said, he was to make a Present of to a Lady.—He open'd a Drawer, and pull'd out a Paper, which had Silver Lace, and Silver Shoulder-Knots in it. The Quantity was so large, that the Liveries would have been as rich as the Duke of *Newcastle's*. I was to furnish him with what more Lace he wanted, and then to bring in my Bill and be paid ; but next Day he was gone off.

Mr. *Markham*. The Prisoner came to my Shop, and fix'd upon a handsome Gold Equipage for a Lady, Value 50*l.* which he desired me to carry to his Lodgings. I went with it myself, and found him at Home ; he invited me to drink a Dish of Tea, which I did not refuse. At the Tea-Table he told me, that he wanted a Gold Watch and Chain, and several other Things, and, among the rest, a Gold Chain for his Squirrel ; and, that as soon as I had furnish'd him with all he had spoke for, he would pay me for the whole. The Squirrel had then got a Silver Chain on ; my Curiosity led me to look upon his Collar, and I was not a little surprized to find that it was one I had sold a Lady about six Months before. This gave me a little Suspicion of my 'Squire, and made me resolve to examine into his Character before I trusted him any farther. I went directly to the Lady

318 Alexander Day, for Felony, &c.

that had bought the Collar of me, and enquir'd the Character of *Marmaduke Davenport*, Esq; She assur'd me, she could not recollect that she knew any such Person. *Not know him, Madam!* says I, *that's very strange indeed! why, Madam, I have seen at his Lodgings the Collar of a Squirrel, which I sold your Ladyship half a Year ago.* And then giving her the best Description I could of the Prisoner's Person, she said,—*Now I know who you mean! His Name is not Marmaduke Davenport, but Alexander Day, and he is one of the greatest Bites and Sharpers about Town.* This was enough for me, I presently employ'd Officers who arrested him, and so very luckily recovered my Gold Equipage.

Ralph Greathead. The Prisoner's Man came to me, and enquir'd for a Pair of good Coach-Horses. I shew'd him a Pair, He went and brought his Master (the Prisoner) to see them. The Master lik'd them very well, and asked the Price, which I told him, and he said, it was reasonable enough. Then he desired me to furnish him with a good Coachman; for he had left his old Coachman at his Country-seat; but he would have a lusty Man, that the old Coachman's Livery might fit. I accordingly procured him a lusty Coachman; but, the Livery being try'd upon him, was rather too little.—The 'Squire paused a while, and then said, *Well,—I'll e'en send for my own Coachman out of the Country.* But his Man *Lewis* assuring him, that the Livery might be let out for a small Charge, the Motion was agreed to, and, the Thing was done: And, having procured a Chariot, he took the Coachman and Horses into his Service.

I was indeed a little doubtful of my 'Squire; but, I thought I should soon learn something of him, by means of the Coachman, who was a very honest Fellow; and, accordingly the first Night after he had been out with the Coach, I asked him to what Places he drove his Master? He told me the first Place he drove to was the Duke of *Montague's*, the next to Mr. *Law's* in *Hannover Square*, and from thence to a Coffee-House in *Covent-Garden*. This I thought pretty well, and I was satisfied: But, after the Squire had had the Horses about nine Days, he ordered the Coachman to drive to a Tavern in *Red-Lion-Square*; he alighted at the Door, went in, and called
for

Alexander Day, for Felony, &c. 319

for half a Pint of Mountain, which he drank at the Bar, and then told the Bar-keeper, that some Gentlemen had appointed to sup there that Night; but, as none of them were yet come, he would step a little Way, and be back again in two or three Minutes; and so, without paying for the Wine, he went out at the Back Door, and they heard no more of him till he was apprehended. The Coachman having waited till he was quite out of Patience, drove Home to my House, and told me, how he had lost his Master. When he had made an End of his Story, I was well enough pleased with having my Horses again. And the Chariot was soon after claimed by the right Owner.

Alexander Day was a third Time indicted for a Misdemeanour, in defrauding *Samuel Scrimshaw* of 72 Ells of Holland, and several Pieces of Cambrick, Value 48 *l.* Dec. 28.

Mr. Scrimshaw. The Prisoner came to my Shop in his Chariot, with a Footman behind it, and bought the Goods in the Name of *Marmaduke Davenport, Esq;*—He was to have another Parcel the next Day, and then I was to be paid for the whole——But when the next Day came, the Squire was not to be found.

He was a fourth Time indicted for defrauding *George Kendrick* of 25 *lb.* of Congo, and other Tea, to the Value of 26 *l.*

Mr. Kendrick. The Prisoner's Man came to me for Samples of Tea, and afterwards brought Orders for 25 *lb.* of Congo, and other Tea. I put up the Goods, and carried them to his Lodgings. The Squire was at Home, and spoke to me for a Parcel of another Sort of Tea, and said, as soon as I sent it in, he would order his Steward to pay me for both; but, before the second Parcel was sent, the Squire had remov'd his Lodgings, and I could neither find him nor his Steward to pay me for the first.

He was a fifth Time indicted for stealing 23 Yards and half of rich Brocade, Value 26 *l.* 15 Yards of Cherry powder'd Padusoy, and 15 Yards of white Padusoy, Value 8 *l.* the Goods of——*Hinchliffe* and Company, September 28.

He was a sixth Time indicted for defrauding *Mr. Hinchliffe* and Company of the said Goods.

320 Alexander Day, for Felony, &c.

Mr. *Hinchliffe*. I was not at Home when the Prisoner called at the Shop; but, I heard as soon as I came in, that one *Marmaduke Davenport*, Esq; had been there in his Chariot, and left Word for me to come to his Lodgings in *Queen's-Square*.——I went to the Place, and found a Chariot standing at the Door. A Servant went in to tell the Squire of my coming, and, in the mean Time I had a little Talk with the Squire's Landlady, and she told me, that he was a *Yorkshire* Gentleman. The Footman then returning introduced me to his Master; and, after some Discourse about a Pack of Dogs, and other Affairs of little Importance, we came to the grand Business. He let me know, that he wanted a considerable Quantity of such and such rich Silks, and desired me to send him several Pieces, that he might see which he liked best. But upon my telling him, he might much better please himself at my Shop, where I had a great Variety, than by having a few Pieces sent to his Lodgings; he agreed to go, and so took me with him in his Chariot.

As we went along he talk'd much of his Father, Sir *Marmaduke*, and several Persons of Distinction; he said, he was about to marry one of Counsellor *Ward's* Daughters, and was therefore going to furnish a House in Town, for which he should want a large Quantity of Mercery Goods.

Being come to my Shop, he look'd upon a Parcel of rich Damasks for Bedding and Hangings, to the Value of near 1000*l*. I told him, that the Ladies were generally thought to be most skilful in chusing such Things, and asked him, if he had no Lady of his Acquaintance to assist him? He said, *Yes, there was his Kinswoman, my Lady Davenport, and if I would send the Silks to his Lodgings, he would prevail with her to come thither and view them*.—However, he fix'd upon a rich piece of Brocade, and two Pieces of *Paduasoy*, (the Goods mention'd in the last Indictment) and took them away with him in the Chariot.

But, I was willing to have a little Satisfaction concerning my Squire, before I trusted him with so large a Parcel as he had look'd out; and therefore, sending a Servant to excuse my Delay in observing his Orders, I made Enquiry at Counsellor *Ward's*, and was informed, that the

the Counsellor had no Daughter going to be married; but, indeed he had one Daughter who was already married to one Mr. *Davenport*. This Account prevented my sending the rest of the Goods, and, going to look after my Squire about the first Parcel, he had made an Elopement, and I could hear no more of him, till he was taken at *Clapham*, on Suspicion of Robbing the *Bristol-Mail*.

I was afterwards informed, that the Prisoner and Mr. *Davenport*, who had married the Counsellor's Daughter, accidentally meeting at a Coffee-House, the Prisoner insinuating himself into Mr. *Davenport's* Acquaintance, and, pretending to be of the same Name, and that their Coats of Arms were the same, he prevailed with him to call him Cousin.

Prisoner. I am far from denying that I had the Goods, that all these Gentlemen charge me with; but, I never stole them. They were Goods I wanted for my present Occasions. I bought them fairly, and with no other Design than to pay for them honestly, which I should have done, if I had not been disappointed. I have now an Estate of 200 £ a Year in the County of *Durham*, tho' indeed it is mortgag'd for 1200 £.

Court. Have you any Witneses to prove this, or to speak to your Reputation?

Prisoner. No, I expected several, but none of them are come.

Court. Sure, if you had been what you pretended to be, some of your Friends would have taken the Trouble of coming hither on such an Occasion as this?

The Jury acquitted him of the two Felonies, and found him guilty of the four Misdemeanors.

The Court fined him 200 £. that is, 50 £. on each Indictment; sentenced him to stand twice in the Pillory, once in *Covent-Garden*, and once on *Ludgate-Hill*; to suffer two Year's Imprisonment, and to give Security for his good Behaviour for two Years more.

322 Sally Salisbury, for an Assault, &c.

Sally Salisbury, *alias* Sarah Priddon, for an Assault, with an Intent to Murder the Hon. J—— F——, Esq; April, 1723.

IN February 1722-3, the Grand Jury for the County of *Middlesex*, found a Bill of Indictment against *Sally Salisbury*, for assaulting and wounding the Honourable J—— F——, Esq; with an Intent to Murder him, on which Indictment she was to have been try'd at the Sessions then held at *Justice Hall*, in the *Old-Bailey*. But upon an Affidavit made, that she was sick, and could not be brought down to her Trial, without Danger of her Life, her Trial was deferr'd till the next Sessions in *April*, 1723. to which Time it was fix'd by a Rule of Court.— And accordingly,

On *Wednesday*, April 24, 1723.

Sarah Priddon alias *Sally Salisbury*, was indicted, for that she, on the 22d of *December*, 1722, in the 9th Year of his Majesty's Reign, violently, and without Malice fore-thought, upon the Honourable J—— F——, Esq; made an Assault, and with a Knife, then held in her left Hand, stabb'd him in the left Part of his Body, near the Breast, and between the fourth and fifth Rib, and thereby gave him a Wound of the Length of one Inch, and Depth of three Inches, of which Wound he long languished.

And that in the Manner aforesaid, she struck and wounded the said Honourable J—— F——, Esq; with an Intent to kill and murder him against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity, and the Statute in that Case made and provided.

The Council for the King having opened the Indictment, and Charge against the Prisoner, proceeded to open the Evidence to this Effect.

That at the *Three-tun Tavern* in *Chandois-street*, in *Covent-garden*, the Prisoner came to Mr. F——, and without receiving the least Provocation from him, took up a Case-knife, and stabbed him in the Breast, giving him so dangerous a Wound, that, had it not been for the timely Assistance of the Surgeons, he had then died; and,

not-

notwithstanding their utmost Endeavours, his Life was long despaired of.

Joseph Thorp, the Drawer. Mr. F—— came to my Master's House, the *Three-tun Tavern* in *Chandois-street*, in *Covent-garden*, on the 22d of *December*, about twelve at Night. He called for a Pint of Mountain, and said, he was very cold, and wanted to warm himself. The last Company being gone out of the House, except two or three grave Gentlemen, who were drinking a Glass of Wine with my Master in the Room behind the Bar; most of the Family being gone to Bed, and I myself a going, that I might rise the sooner to bottle off some Wine that was to be sent into the Country next Morning: I desired Mr. F—— to excuse my Attendance; but, he telling me that he intended to stay no longer than to drink that one Pint, I filled him a Glass, and went away. The Company then going from behind the Bar, I went to Mrs. *Ditton*, the Bar-keeper, told her that Mr. F—— was cold, and there was but little Fire in the Room where he sat, and desired her to let him come into that Room behind the Bar. She bid me tell the Gentleman, she should take it as an Honour if he'd be pleased to let her have his Company. I went to Mr. F——; and found him asleep, with his Cloak wrap'd round him; but, taking the Liberty to awake him, I deliver'd Mrs. *Ditton's* Message, and he went into the Bar-room where she was. As I was very inclinable to go to Bed, I desired Mr. F—— to let me know if he had any further Commands. He bid me fill him another Glass, which I did, and he then telling me, that he had no further Commands, I went to Bed.

About two in the Morning the Maid called me, and said, Mrs. *Salisbury* (the Prisoner) was come, and wanted a Pint of *Frontinac*. I arose, drew a Pint, and carried it, with a *French Roll* and a Knife, into the Room where the Prisoner was in Company with Mr. F——. I filled her a Glass, and then, shutting the Door, I retired towards the Fire. Some Discourse past betwixt them about an Opera Ticket, which, as I apprehended, Mr. F—— had given to some Person, without the Prisoner's Knowledge; but as I could not distinctly hear all they said, I did not thoroughly understand the Matter. Mr. F—— was then sitting open-breasted, close by the Prisoner; she had

324 Sally Salisbury, for an Assault, &c.

had in her Hand the Knife that I had brought in with the *French Roll*.—'Tis usual to carry a Knife with a Roll.—And, as they were talking about this Opera Ticket, she made a Motion with her Hand, like a Push, at Mr. F—: I did not presently know what was done; but he, rising up, clapped his Hand upon his Breast, and said, *Madam, you have wounded me!* Hearing that, I stepped up to him, and took off his Hand, and saw the Blood run out, upon which I went immediately and fetched a Surgeon. Somebody else called Mr. Colthart, and, upon his coming, the Prisoner satisfied the other Surgeon for his Trouble, and desired Mr. Colthart to dress Mr. F—. Mr. Colthart probed the Wound, and then cut it a little more open. the Prisoner seeing that, shrieked out, and said, *O Lord! what are ye doing?* And then fell into Fits. In a little Time she recovered, and the Surgeon going to dress the Wound, she went out of the Room, but came in again before he had done, and asked Mr. F—, how he did? And what he would have? He answered, *Very bad, and worse than you imagine.* She replied, *Jacky, you are not so bad as you think for.*—We happened to have in the House a little Broth, that was made for my Master: It was brought to Mr. F—, and he drank some of it. The Prisoner going towards the Kitchen, I heard her say, *I'll make the Case better than it is to Mr. F—, because he is much dispirited.*

There was a Pint or two more of *Frontinac* drank in the Company, but I think Mr. F— drank none of it. Then two Chairs were called, one for him, and the other for the Prisoner, and they went away together; but whether or no they went to his Lodgings, I cannot tell; for I did not hear the Orders given to the Chairmen.

The King's Council. Was not there a Glass of Wine thrown in somebody's Face, before Mr. F— was wounded?

Thorp. There was.—The Prisoner threw it into Mrs. Darby's Face.

K. Council. For what Reason?

Thorp. An Opera Ticket had been given to the Prisoner's Sister.—It was supposed that Mr. F— gave it her:—It seems Mrs. Darby knew of this, but did not acquaint the Prisoner with it; and therefore the Prisoner threw the Wine in her Face.

K.

K. Council. In what Temper was Mr. F——, at the Time the Wound was given?

Thorp. In a very good Temper.

K. Council. And in what Humour did the Prisoner appear to be?

Thorp. She seemed to be very angry.—They were talking about an Opera Ticket, and, upon Mr. F——'s saying, *I gave it!* the Blow was immediately struck.

Mrs. Ditton. Mr. F—— came to our House about twelve at Night, and, in about a Quarter of an Hour afterwards, the Prisoner, and her Sister, and another Woman more, came in a Coach. Mr. F—— saluted the Prisoner when she first came in, and she called for a Pint of Frontiniac. The Drawer being a-bed, the Maid called him up*. He drew the Wine, filled out a Glass, and gave it to the Prisoner to drink to Mr. F——. I having been at the Opera, the Prisoner asked me, if I had ever seen the King before, and how I liked him? I answered, that I had never seen him before, and that I liked him very well. Then she asked me, who it was that gave her Sister the Opera Ticket? *I believe,* says I, *Mrs. Darby can tell you;* and with that she threw a Glass of Wine in Mrs. Darby's Face. I suppose it was because Mrs. Darby had not told her who it was that had given the Ticket to her Sister. The Prisoner asked me next, if I did not see a certain Gentleman at the Opera. I said, *Yes.* And did not he come to my Sister, and talk to her? says she. I answered, *No, he did not.*

The Prisoner's Council. Don't you think that Mrs. Salisbury apprehended that this Gentleman had some Design upon her Sister?

Mrs. Ditton. I believe she thought so, and that was the Reason she did what she did.

K. Council. And what was that?

Mrs. Ditton. Some Words past between her and Mr. F——, about an Opera Ticket; but, as I was on the other Side of the Room, I could not hear distinctly all that was said. Two other Persons were in the Room, but the Prisoner and Mr. F—— were sitting together, and she

* *The Drawer swore he was call'd up about two o'Clock; but, according to this Evidence, it was before one.*

326 Sally Salisbury, for an Assault, &c.

had the Knife in her Hand, and in the Discourse, upon Mr. F——'s saying, *he gave it*, I saw the Motion of her Hand towards him, though the Motion was so very quick, that I did not see the Blow given; but, as soon as I perceived that he was wounded, I went immediately for a Surgeon. The Surgeon came, and dressed the Wound; and, while it was dressing, the Prisoner went out of the Room.

—— After the Wound was dressed, the Prisoner came into the Room again. Mr. F—— *complaining* of the Pain of the Wound, she said to him, *Jacky,——do you forgive me?* And he answered, *Yes, I do, and can die with Pleasure by your Hand.* Then, says she, *If you do forgive me, come and salute me;* and he did as she desired. And when he was going away, she said she would go home with him, and take care of him.

Mr. Colthart, the Surgeon. About four o'Clock in the Morning I was called up to assist a Gentleman who was wounded at the *Three-tun* Tavern. When I came there, I found Mr. F—— sitting in a Chair, with his Head leaning backwards. His Pulse was very low, and he fetch'd his Breath with great Difficulty. I spoke to him about his Breathing, and he said, he could hardly breath at all. The Wound was between the third and fourth Rib. He bled inwardly, and therefore I took an Instrument to dilate the Wound, that the Blood might discharge itself outwardly. The Prisoner upon that shrieked out, and said, *For God's sake don't cut him!* I answered, *I am going to save his Life.* Then she fainted, and fell upon the Floor. When I had dressed him, she called me, and asked me, what I thought of the Wound? I told her it was a dangerous one, and more dangerous than she might apprehend. She answered, *I was the Person that gave it; and if he dies, I don't desire to live a Minute longer.* And then, turning to the Gentleman, she said, *Mr. F——, you have had a Cold this two or three Days, and if you bleed a little, it will be the better for it.* Next Morning I went to Mr. F——'s Chambers; the Prisoner was there; and, upon my telling her the Wound was dangerous, she desired to have the Advice and Assistance of other Surgeons. And accordingly she sent for Mr. Palmer.—— After this the Lord F——, out of a tender Concern for his

Sally Salisbury, for an Assault, &c. 327

his Brother, sent for Dr. Mead, Mr. Bouffiere, and Mr. Green. But, notwithstanding all the Care and Art that could be used, Mr. F— lay in a dangerous Condition for two Months.

The Prisoner's Council. We shall not take up the Time of the Court, by endeavouring to prove (in Contradiction to what has been sworn) that the Prisoner did not assault and wound the Prosecutor: We will grant that she did. But then, as to that part of the Indictment, which charges her with wounding him with Malice *prepenſe*, and with a Design to kill and murder him, we apprehend there has been no Proof. The Fact appears to have been committed in a sudden Start of Paſſion, when she knew not what she did.——She had then a great Concern upon her Mind for the *Honour* of her Siſter, whom she had *virtuouſly* educated, and whose *Virtue*, she apprehended, was in danger of being attacked; as appears from her enquiring if a certain Gentleman had not been with her Siſter at the Opera: And, at the ſame Time imagining that the Opera Ticket had been given to her Siſter by Mr. F—, to put her in the Way of being ſeduced by that Gentleman. Her Reſentment of this hurried her on to an Action, which otherwiſe ſhe would have loſt her Life, rather than have been guilty of.

But, that ſhe had no Malice, no Design by that Act, to kill or murder the Prosecutor, appears by her immediate Sorrow, by her Tenderneſs and Concern for him after the unhappy Blow was given. It even appears, that the Prosecutor himſelf had no Thought of her having any ſuch Design, when he ſo freely and readily forgave her. And further, we can call ſeveral Witneſſes to prove, that there had been for a conſiderable Time a Friendſhip and Intimacy between them.

King's Council. You may ſpare yourſelves that Trouble; for if we allow, that there was a preceding Intimacy, and what you call Friendſhip between them, it will be but of little Service to the Prisoner. There are too many Inſtances of real Friendſhip, which, by ſome Affront or Miſunderſtanding, has been turned to the greateſt Enmity, and produced the moſt fatal Conſequences. But Perſons of the Prisoner's Character can ſcarce be ſuppoſed to be capable of a ſincere Friendſhip.

As

328 Sally Salisbury, for an Assault, &c.

As to the pretended Provocation, her Apprehension of her Sister's *Honour* being in Danger, by which that sudden Start of Passion (as you call it) was raised, there has been no Proof of the Prosecutor's having given her any Occasion on that Account. Besides, the Pretence will by no means agree with the Prisoner's known Character, nor perhaps with her Sister's neither.

As for the Concern she shewed, after the Commission of the Fact, it is very reasonable to suppose, it was on her own Account, and not on his; for, had he died by that Wound, she well enough knew, what the Consequence would have been. She knew that her own Life must have made Satisfaction [as far as it could] for the Loss of his.

Mr. F——, it seems, readily forgave her.——This indeed shewed the Goodness of his Temper; but its little Sign of the Goodness of her's. It's no Argument for clearing her from a malicious Intent to murder him; and is so far from extenuating, that it aggravates her Offence, in using such a Gentleman with such Barbarity.

If Mr. F—— had unfortunately died of the Wound she gave him, as there was too much Reason to believe he would, this, in the Eye of the Law, could have been no less than Murder; for she had not received the least Provocation. Murder always implies Malice prepense, and a Design to kill; and therefore the giving that dangerous Wound, without Provocation, cannot be deemed to be done otherwise, than with such Malice, and such a Design, though the Gentleman had the Happiness to survive it; for the Consequence of an Action cannot alter the prior Intention of the Mind.

The Jury found her guilty of assaulting and wounding the Prosecutor; but acquitted her of doing it with an Intent to kill and murder him.

The Court sentenced her to pay a Fine of 100 l. to suffer one Year's Imprisonment, and to find Security for her good Behaviour for two Years more.

She died in *Newgate*, on *February 11, 1723-4*; and on the 14th of the same Month was buried at the Parish of *St. Andrew's, Holbourn*. She left behind her the Character of the most eminent Punk that ever the Hundreds of *Drury* could boast of.

Sarah

Sarah Thornton, for privately Stealing, May,
1723.

SARAH THORNTON, of St. Clements Danes, was indicted for privately stealing a Half Guinea, from the Person of John Cutter, on the 20th of April last.

John Cutter. The Prisoner met me in the Strand, and asked me to give her a Bottle of Wine. Give you a Bottle, Child, says I, why I don't know ye. — May be so, says she, nor do I know you; but it's no Matter for that; we can soon be better acquainted. Well, says I, if that's all, I am not such a Churl as to deny a Woman a Bottle of Wine. So away we went to the Crown Tavern, by St. Clements Church; and when we had emptied the Bottle, I was for going. I hope, my Dear, says she, you'll make me a small Present, for having my Company, and— and then I threw her down half a Crown, for I hate to be sneaking. I had half a Crown more, and half a Guinea in my Hand, and I put them into my Pocket. Now, my Dear, says she, let us have t'other Pint for better Acquaintance. So I sat down again; and by and by I felt her Hand in my Pocket. I caught hold of her Hand, and endeavoured to open it; but before I could do so, she clapt it to her Mouth, and, as I suppose, swallowed the Half Guinea; for, upon feeling in my Pocket, it was gone.

Court. You did not see the Money in her Hand?

Cutter. No.

The Jury acquitted her.

H—— J——, for a Rape. 1722.

H—— J——, of Alhallow's, Lombard-street, was indicted for assaulting, ravishing, and, against her Will, carnally knowing Mary Hicks, Spinster, April 29.

Mary Hicks. The Prisoner was Journeyman to my Master, Mr. Allen, a Confectioner, in Grace-Church-street. He came thither the 29th of last Month, between 9 and 10 at Night. He went into the Kitchen, where he fell asleep. Between eleven and twelve the Family were going

ing to Bed, and another Journeyman waked him, and said, he should lie with him ; but the Prisoner refused, and pretended to fall asleep again, and so he sat till the Journeyman and Boy were a-bed. A young Woman that lodged in the House was going to Bed too ; but, upon my desiring her to bear me Company, because I was not willing to be left alone with the Prisoner, she came down, and staid with me : But it was not long before the Prisoner went up into the Garret, in order, as I supposed, to go to Bed to the Apprentice. Then I and the young Woman both went up, but were greatly surprized to find that the Keys of both our Chamber Doors were taken out ; and, as we had no other fastening, and suspected some Design, we were afraid to go to Bed ; but at last, as we thought it, was the Prisoner who had taken the Keys out, we went up into the Garret and asked him for them. He said, he had left them in the young Woman's Room, and would go down and shew us the Place where they lay : So down we came, and all three went into the Room, and presently the Prisoner took the Key out of his Pocket, lock'd the Door, put the Key into his Pocket again, seized upon me ; threw me down upon the Bed, and used me in a violent Manner.

Court. What did he do to ye ?

Mary Hicks. He threw up my Coats. I strove to save myself as much as I was able for half an Hour, but then I was quite spent, and could resist no longer.

Court. But did not the other Woman help you ?

M. H. Yes, as far as she could ; but he was so violent, that, notwithstanding all that she and I could do, he overpowered us both.

Court. He did not ravish ye both, I hope ?

M. H. No ; he did not offer the Thing to her.

Court. You say there was another Man and a Boy in the House.

M. H. Yes.

Court. And could not they have heard you if you had cried out ?

M. H. Lord ! I was quite spent and out of Breath with struggling, so that I could not call loud enough to be heard.

Court.

Court. But sure you might have call'd loud enough when he first began to be rude with ye—or at least the other Woman might.

M. H. We did make what Noise we could ; but the Door was lock'd. and the Window-shutters were nail'd up, and I suppose the other Man and the Boy were fast asleep.

Court. In what Manner did he use ye ?

M. H. He forced my Body with what he had.

Court. You must explain yourself.

M. H. ——— ———

Court. What follow'd ? Did you perceive —

M. H. Yes ; — And the next Day I was so very bad that I could hardly turn myself in my Bed.

Mrs. — I was present at the same Time. She call'd out for Help, and I did what I could to prevent his Rudeness with her ; but I could do her no good, tho' I knock'd as hard as I could, and would have broke open the Door, if I had been able.

Mr. Allen. I was in the Country when this Affair happened. At my coming Home I found my Maid—or House-keeper in some Disorder, and when she saw me, she cry'd. I enquired what was the Matter, and she gave me an Account how she had been abused.

Prisoner. Whatever I did, I did not force her, nor did she next Morning shew any Resentment of the Usage that she met with over Night ; for she drank Coffee with me at Breakfast.

Court to the Prosecutrix. What do you say to that ?

M. H. I drank Coffee next Morning with the rest of the Family, but we had half breakfasted before he came up, and then it was above half an Hour before I would let him have any.

Another Evidence for the Prisoner deposed, that after he had heard of this Prosecution, he went to *Mary Hicks*, and asked her if she intended to hang the Prisoner, and that she answer'd, *No, I had rather marry him than hang him.*

The Jury acquitted him.

332 William Hawksworth, *for* Murder

William Hawksworth, *for* Murder, *May*,
1723.

WILLIAM HAWKSWORTH, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, was indicted for the Murder of *John Ransom*, by giving him with a Musket one mortal Wound on the right Side of the Head, under the right Ear, on the 29th of *May* Instant; of which Wound he died the same Day.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquest for the said Murder.

Jane Holt. The Deceased, *John Ransom*, and I, were going from *Westminster* to the *Strand*. When we came near the Admiralty-Office we met a Company of Soldiers, and one of them stept out of the Rank and took me hold by the Mouth. I said, *You Fool, What is that for?* And the Deceased said, *You Puppy, What do you meddle with the Girl for?* I made haste out of the Way, and stood at the Admiralty Corner, and looking back for the Deceased, I saw him lying on the Ground weltring in his Blood; but I can't say much of the Soldiers, or who it was that wounded him.

Mary Cottam. I live over against the Admiralty-Office, and, looking out of my Window, I saw the Soldiers coming along. One of them went out of his Rank, and pull'd a Girl. The Deceased, coming up, push'd the Prisoner to push him from her, and there was a small Blow or two past between the Prisoner and the Deceased. I cannot tell who gave the first Blow, but I think they both struck, and then I saw the Soldier take the Firelock off his Shoulder, and strike the Deceased (I think 'twas with the But-end) and the Deceased immediately fell; after which, the rest of the Soldiers marched on, over the Deceased, and some of them gave him a slight kick. Then somebody took the Deceased up, and he was carried in a Chair to a Surgeon.——But I cannot swear positively that it was the Prisoner at the Bar that knock'd the Deceased down.

Nicholas Jones. But I can.—It was the Prisoner that knock'd down the Deceased.—I saw him go six or seven Paces out of his Rank to do it. He took the Musket off his

William Hawksworth, for Murder. 333

his Shoulder, gave it a Turn, and struck the Deceased such a Blow with the But-end, that he fell down directly, and the Rear Ranks march'd over him.

John Andrews. When I heard that my Neighbour *Ransom's* Wound was likely to prove mortal, I went to the *Savoy* to enquire the Soldier's Name that struck him; and, being told it was the Prisoner, I asked him how he could be so barbarous to strike the Man with the But-end of his Musket. He answered, *I did not strike him with the But-end, but with the Barrel*

Mr. Johnson. I asked the Prisoner what Provocation the Deceased gave him. His Answer was, That the Deceased press'd upon him in his Rank, and gave him a wipe a-crofs the Cheek with his Fingers.

Mr. Harris the Surgeon. I was with the Deceased about twelve o'Clock, and he was then Speechless. There was a large Wound on the right Side of the Head, three Inches long, and his Skull was broke. I made a crucial Incision to discharge the Blood, while I got Instruments proper to trapan him, which I did, about two Hours after. The Piece of the Skull that I took out was broke: I found an Ounce and a Quarter of Blood discharged from the Blood Vessels of the *Menings* of the Brain, which were broken, and the Brain had no Pulsation. The Man died about nine that Night, and the Wound was the Cause of his Death.

Several, who knew the Deceased, deposed that he was a very good-humour'd, peaceable, quiet Man, and one whose Death was very much lamented by his Neighbours.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. The Deceased jostled me up against the Wall, and said, *What a Stir is here with King George's Soldiers?* I never stir'd out of my Rank, nor struck him with the But-end of my Musket, but with the Barrel.

Tho. Smith. As we were marching from the Prince's Guard, the Prisoner shoving against the Deceased, the Deceased gave him a back wipe with his Hand, upon which he knock'd the Deceased down, not with the But-end, but with the Barrel of his Gun, and the Deceased fell between my Feet. There is this Reason to shew that the Stroke was given with the Muzzle-end of the Piece.—The Ram Rod was broke.

John

334 William Hawksworth, for Murder.

John Dunning, and *John Andrews*, deposed to the same Purpose.

Hugh Stephens. Somebody jostled the Prisoner upon the Deceased, for which the Deceased gave the Prisoner a back wipe, and the Prisoner knock'd the Deceased down with the Muzzle-end of the Musket.

The Prisoner's Colonel gave him a very good Character, that he was a peaceable, quiet-temper'd Fellow: That he had known him four Years, two of which the Prisoner had been his Servant.

The Jury found him guilty of both Indictments, *Death*.
A short Account of Will. Hawksworth.

He was born within ten Miles of *York*. His Parents, who were honest, industrious People, intended to put him out to some Trade; but he saved them that Trouble; for, a Regiment of Soldiers being quarter'd in the Town where he lived, he enter'd himself into the Service, expecting in a short Time to be made a Captain at least.

But, after he had waited much longer than he thought necessary, and yet saw not the least Prospect of Promotion, his mighty Hopes intirely vanish'd, and he grew so out of Humour with a Soldier's Life, that he did all he could to procure a Discharge, and at last obtained one.

Being now at Liberty, but having no Business by which he could maintain himself, he was taken into the Service of a Gentleman, who at that Time wanted a Footman. Here, as he was in a religious Family, he behaved himself very soberly during the Time he continued in it; but that was not long, for, having a roving Disposition, he soon left his Master and rambled to *London*, where, finding no other Way of Maintenance, he again enlisted himself for a Soldier.

He had great Expectations of a Reprieve, 'till he saw the Warrant for his Execution, and then gave over all Hopes of Life. He was very desirous to have it believ'd, that he did not step out of his Rank when he struck the Deceased, and that the Deceased first gave him a Blow on the Face. He said the Condition of a Soldier was very hard, for if he tamely suffer'd an Assault, he would be discarded for a Coward, and if he fought when a Provocation was given him, and any Mischief follow'd, the Law would punish him.

He

Thomas Athoe, &c. for Murder. 335

He declar'd that he had no Malice against the Deceased, nor any Design to kill him, and therefore his Conscience did not accuse him of wilful Murder. But, however, he could not blame the Jury for their Verdict, because there is no other Way to judge of a Man's Intentions, than by his Actions.

The Ordinary says: "Before he died, he with a peculiar Earnestness apply'd himself to make a *Preservation* for the Reception of the Holy Sacrament, and said, he was very easy at leaving the World."

He was hang'd at Tyburn, on Monday, June 17, 1723, in the 28th Year of his Age.

Thomas Athoe the Elder, Mayor of Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, and Thomas Athoe the Younger, his Son, for Murder, June, 1723.

AT the Assizes held at Hereford, March 19, 1722-3 Thomas Athoe the Elder, and Thomas Athoe the Younger, [who by a *Habeas Corpus* were brought thither from Pembrokeshire] were indicted for the Murder of George Merchant, by beating and kicking him on the Head, Face, Breast, and Privy Members, and thereby giving him several mortal Wounds and Bruises, on the 23d of November, 1722, of which he died the same Day.

They were a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

The principal Witness against the Prisoners was Thomas Merchant, (the deceased's Brother.) They had used him in so barbarous a Manner, that, at the Time of the Trial tho' it was four Months afterwards, he was in so weak a Condition that he could not stand, and therefore the Court permitted him to give his Evidence sitting.

The Evidence against the Prisoners was to this Effect.

On the 23d of November, 1722, a Fair being that Day kept at Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, the Prisoners came thither to sell some Cattle, and there they met with the Deceased, George Merchant, and his Brother Thomas Merchant. A Quarrel arising, young Athoe and the Deceased fell to fighting; but the Deceased had the Advantage, and beat young Athoe. Upon this, old Athoe was advised by some

Petti-

336 Thomas Athoe, &c. for Murder.

Pettifogger, to bring an Action against the Deceased ; but he answered, *No, no, we won't take the Law, but we'll pay them in their own Coin.*

The Fair breaking up between ten and eleven at Night, the Deceased and his Brother left the Town. The Prisoners went to the Inn (where the two Brothers had taken Horse) and enquir'd which Way they were gone. The Ostler giving them the best Information he could, they mounted and followed them directly. The Brother stopt on the Road, at a Place call'd *Holloway's-water*, to let their Horses drink. Presently they heard a trampling of other horses behind them ; and, turning about, saw two Men on Horseback at a little Distance, but the Night was so dark, that they could not discern who they were ; tho' they were not long in doubt, for they heard old *Athoe's* Voice.——This put them under strong Apprehensions that some Mischief was intended ; for old *Athoe* when he was at the Fair, had threatned a severe Revenge, and therefore, to prevent it, they endeavoured to conceal themselves behind the Bridge, but the splashing of their Horses discovered them. The Prisoners coming up with great Sticks, *I owe thee a Pass, and now thou shalt have it*, said young *Athoe* to the Deceased, and knock'd him off his Horse. *Thomas Merchant* was serv'd in the like Manner by old *Athoe*, who, at the same Time cry'd out, *Kill the Dogs ! Kill the Dogs !* The Brothers begg'd 'em for God's Sake to spare their Lives ; bur the Prisoners had no Regard to their Cries. Old *Athoe* fell upon *Thomas Merchant*, beating him in a terrible Manner, and taking fast hold of his Privities, pulled and squeezed him to such a violent Degree, that, had he continued so doing a few Minutes longer, it had been impossible for the poor Man to have survived it. The Pain he suffered, is past Expression, ad yet it fell short of what his Brother endured. Young *Athoe*, when he had tired himself with beating him, seized him by the Privy Members, and his Yard being extended, he broke the Muscles of it, and tore out one of his Testicles ; and calling to his Father, said, *Now I have done George Merchant's Business !*——This horrible Action occasioned a vast Effusion of Blood : But young *Athoe's* Revenge was not yet glutted, — for catching

Thomas Athoe, &c. for Murder. 337

catching hold of the Deceased's Nose with his Teeth, he bit it quite off, and afterwards tied a Handkerchief so tight about his Neck, that the Flesh almost covered it.——The last Words the Deceased was heard to say were, *Don't bite my Nose off.*——He lived a few Hours in the most grievous Agony imaginable, and then expired.

When his Body was examined by the Surgeons, they declared, that, by the Bruises they found upon him, they believed the Blows he received were alone sufficient to have killed six or seven Men. He had twenty-two Bruises on his Back, three great ones on his Head, and two on his Breast.

The Prisoners in their Defence said, that they were assaulted upon the Road by the Brothers, who had long borne them a Grudge; and that what they did was in their own Defence.

The Jury found a special Verdict, upon which the Case was referred to the Determination of the whole Bench of Judges; and the Prisoners were brought up to London, and committed to the *King's-Bench* Prison in *South-wark*, where they lay till *Saturday, June, 22, 1723*, and then were carried up to the Court of *King's-Bench* in *Westminster-hall*.

In their Motion for an Arrest of Judgment at the *King's-Bench* Bar, the Point of Law debated was, *Whether a Man can be tried for a Fact, in a County in which the Fact was not committed.* The Question was decided on producing the Act of Parliament, which enacts, *That all Murders and Robberies, committed in, on, or about the Borders of Wales, shall be triable in any County in England, where the Criminal shall be taken.*

Young *Athoe* made some trifling Excuses in behalf of his Father.

Then the Court proceeded to Judgment, and both the Prisoners receiv'd Sentence of *Death*. After which they were carried back to the *King's-Bench* Prison.

An Account of Thomas Athoe the Father, and Thomas Athoe the Son.

Thomas Athoe the Elder was born at *Carew*, about three Miles from *Mannerbeer*, in the County of *Pembroke*, in the Principality of *Wales*. *Mannerbeer* was the Place of

338 Thomas Athoe, &c. for Murder.

his last Habitation (before the Murder was committed.) He rented there upwards of a Hundred a Year, and lived (as he said) in good Repute for the Space of twenty-four Years. In the Year 1721, and part of the Year 1722, he served the Office of Mayor in the Corporation of *Tenby*, which Town is two Miles from *Mannerbeer*, and six from *Pembroke*, and is joined with *Pembroke*, in the Privilege of electing one Burgeſſs to ſerve in Parliament.

His Family conſiſted of a Wife and two Children. His ſecond Child was *Thomas Athoe* the Younger, who was born in the Pariſh of *Mannerbeer*. He always lived with his Father, who had brought him up to Husbandry and Grazing.—In the Time of the old Man's Mayoralty this Son of his ſerved as Bailiff of *Tenby*.

George Merchant, the murdered Perſon, and *Thomas Merchant* his Brother were Nephews (by the Mother's Side) to *Athoe* the Elder; for their Father, *John Merchant*, a Husbandman, in the ſame Pariſh of *Mannerbeer*, married old *Athoe's* Siſter.

After the Murder was committed young *Athoe* was ſent to *Ireland*: But thoſe who were concerned in ſending him, were ſoon obliged to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to get him back again; and by good Management they ſucceeded.

As to the Behaviour of the Father and Son, in the *King's-Bench* Priſon, and at the Place of Execution, take it in the Words of *Thomas Dyche*, the Chaplain of that Priſon.

“ I preſt them both very earneſtly to make an open and full Confession of the Crimes whereof they ſtood convicted. —

“ In all my Viſitings of the Priſoners, I found the Spirit of Devotion always upon them: They behaved themſelves with that Temper, Gravity and Tenderneſs, which became them, and employed their Time very much in reading of ſuch Books as were ſuitable to their melancholy Circumſtances.

“ They expreſſed abundance of ſeeming Penitence, praying earneſtly in [and] declaring that they were in Charity with all the World. —

“ [How-

“ [However] They pretended that they had been injured
“ by the *Merchants* :

“ *First*, In their detaining an Estate from them.

“ *Secondly*, That they, the *Merchants*, had bought some
“ Cattle out of their Hands at *Weston Fair*, *October 28*,
“ 1721.

“ *Thirdly*, That the *Merchants* had opposed their Elec-
“ tions : And,

“ *Fourthly*, That Mr. *George Merchant*, the murdered
“ Person, had married a Sweetheart of young *Athoe's*.

“ Now, admitting all these Pleas of the *Athoe's* to be
“ true, will they justify the crying Sin of Murder, when
“ the Almighty has declared, that, *He that sheddeth Man's*
“ *Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed?*

“ Thus therefore, prompted by Jealousy and Revenge,
“ these Criminals committed this horrid Fact, for which
“ they have deservedly suffered the Justice of the Law.

“ In the whole Course of the Proceedings against them,
“ all the Favours they desired were granted; notwithstand-
“ ing which the County of *Pembrokeshire*, upon what
“ Grounds are unknown, took their Part, as not believ-
“ ing the Facts so bad as they were proved to be upon the
“ strongest Evidence.—

“ They buoy'd up each other with Hopes of Life, 'till
“ the Rule of Court came down for their Execution.

“ After this, they began to shew some Signs of *Prevari-*
“ *cation* ; for (I was assured at the Prison, [by] the Testi-
“ monies of several Persons) they *denied* some Circum-
“ stances which they had before *owned* : Particularly the
“ Time of Mr. *George Merchant's* Decease, which was
“ close put to them by a *Divine*, the very Morning of
“ their Execution.

“ Mr. *Chapman*, the Turnkey, also assured me, that on
“ *Thursday* Night they offer'd him a very considerable
“ Reward to be permitted to make their Escape ; but find-
“ ing they could not tempt him [prevail with him] to
“ break his Trust, they earnestly desired him to at-
“ tend them to the Place of Execution ; and that he
“ would take Care their Bodies might not hang longer
“ exposed to publick View, than the Time the Law
“ prescribed.

340 Thomas Athoe, &c. for Murder.

“ When they were ty’d up, by the Executioner, old
 “ *Athoe* cover’d his Face first, and after he was turn’d off,
 “ he bled very much at the Nose.

“ On *Friday* the 5th [of *July*, 1723], about a 11 o’Clock
 “ in the Morning, they were convey’d in a Cart to the
 “ Place of Execution. When they came to the fatal
 “ Tree, they behaved themselves in a very decent Man-
 “ ner, embracing each other in the most tender and affec-
 “ tionate Manner; and indeed the Son’s hiding his Face
 “ bedewed with Tears, in his Father’s Bosom, was, not-
 “ withstanding the barbarous Action they had committed,
 “ a very moving Spectacle.

“ When our Devotions were finish’d, the Father de-
 “ clar’d,—*That he was innocent of the Crime laid to his*
 “ *Charge, and, that he had not lifted up his Hand against*
 “ *George Merchant, the Deceased.*

“ The Son declared,—*That he had no premeditated Ma-*
 “ *lice against George Merchant, the Deceased; but that*
 “ *being assaulted, what he did was in his own Defence;*
 “ *that the Deceased having no Hair upon his Head to get*
 “ *hold of, the Damage he received must be by his Hand-*
 “ *kerchief, which was tied about his Neck in two*
 “ *Knots.* And he shewed the Spectators by pointing
 “ to his own Neck, in what Manner he throttled
 “ him.

“ On *Friday*, *June*, 28, the Prisoners received the Ho-
 “ ly Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, with great Reve-
 “ rence and Devotion; and, early in the Morning before
 “ their Execution, they did the same.

“ They begg’d of all good People to take Warning by
 “ their ignominious Death. They had some Time al-
 “ low’d to their private Devotions, and then the Cart
 “ drew away [they, not the Cart,] all the while crying
 “ out, *Lord have Mercy upon us! Christ have Mercy [upon]*
 “ *us.*

“ There was [were] two other Divines with me, to
 “ assist upon this Occasion. They [the two *Athoe*’s, not
 “ the two Divines] were brought from the Place of Exe-
 “ cution in two Hearses to the *Falcon-Inn* in *Southwark*,
 “ in order, as was said, to be buried in *St. George’s*
 “ *Church-Yard.*”

Old

Ann Price, for privately Stealing. 341

Old *Athoe* was about 58 Years of Age, and his Son wanted but one Day of being 24 Years old, at the Time of their Deaths.

They were Executed at a Place called *St. Thomas's-Watering*, a little beyond *Kent-street*, in *Surry*.

Ann Price, for privately Stealing, July, 1723.

ANN PRICE, of *Trinity* in the *Minories*, was indicted for privately stealing a Silver Watch, Value 4 l. from the Person of *Benjamin Combs*, June 20, 1723.

Benjamin Combs. As I was riding along *Leadenhall-street*, I met one Mr. *Dun*, who told me, that I owed him for a Quartern of Brandy. I had some Acquaintance with him, and so I dismounted and paid him, and called for another Quartern; then he asked me to treat him with a Half-Crown Bowl of Punch, which I readily agreed to, and so we sat down together. While we were drinking, *Dun* called in the Prisoner, who likewise was drinking in the Shop. When we had empty'd the Punch, I went to the *Standard-Tavern* in the *Minories*, and called for half a Pint of Wine, and, while I stood drinking it at the Bar, the Prisoner came in, and asked me to treat her with half a Pint, I was not willing to be thought a Churl, and so she and I went into a Room, where we had two or three half Pints; I pulled out my Watch to see what a Clock it was, and put it up again, and then paid the Reckoning and went away; for I was to buy some Hay in *White-Chapel*; but I had not gone far, before I missed my Watch, upon which I went to *Dun*, and let him know that he had used me ill, by bringing into my Company a Woman that had pick'd my Pocket of my Watch. *Dun* told me that I should have my Watch again; for he had seen the Woman since, and she had own'd to him, that she had it.

Gabriel Leahey. I went twice to the Prisoner in *Newgate*, and there she own'd to me both Times that she took the Watch; but, having trusted another Woman with it, she could not get it again.

Prisoner. I and two more went to *Dun's Shop*, and joined for half a Quartern of Cherry-Brandy, and the Pro-

342 William Duce, &c. for Robberies.

secutor being drinking Punch there at the same Time, I was invited to drink with him. When I went away, the Prosecutor follow'd me, and invited me to drink a Glass of Wine, and so we went to the *Standard-Tavern*, where we had three half Pints. While we were there, he was very rude with me, and would needs put his Hands up my Coats, and offer'd me 18 *d.* to have carnal Doings with me; but I told him, I should never consent to his wicked Desires; for I was another sort of a Woman than he took me to be: Then he pull'd out his Watch, and laid it upon the Table behind some Bottles, and the Reckoning being paid, he went away and forgot it; as it was raining then, I staid a little while after him, and finding the Watch there, I took it, and went to one *Nan Johnson*, who had been drinking with me and the Prosecutor at *Dun's*, and telling her about it. She said, she knew the Prosecutor very well, *whereof* I let her have the Watch to return him.——Besides, he arrested *Dun* for the Watch.

Court to the Prosecutor. What do you say to that?

Prosecutor. I own I arrested *Dun* for the Watch; but that was because he promised to see it forth coming, and gave me a Note to that purpose, but was not so good as his Promise, tho' I had Reason to believe, that the Watch was in his Custody.

The Jury acquitted her.

William Duce and James Butler, for Robberies, July, 1723.

WILLIAM DUCE and James Butler, of St. Martin's in the Fields, were indicted for assaulting *John Holms* on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Handkerchief, a Steel Seal, a Hat, Value 10*s.* and a Guinea in Money, April 27, 1723.

To this Indictment *James Butler* pleaded guilty.

Duce at first refused to plead, and desired to be examined in private; for as he had made several Discoveries, he said, he expected to be made an Evidence: But, the Court not admitting him, he was at last obliged to plead, and pleaded not guilty.

John

William Duce, &c. for Robberies. 343

John Holmes. On the 27th of *April*, about 10 at Night, as I was going from *London* to *Chelsea*, I saw four Men coming towards me in the first Field from *London*. The first Man and the second behaved as if they had been drunk, and so pass'd by me : The third Man, which was *John Dyer*, came up, and clapp'd a Pistol to my Breast, and demanded my Money ; upon which the other two, who had pass'd me, turn'd back, and took from me my Hat, a Handkerchief, a Seal, and then went away ; but *Dyer* stood over me with a Pistol till they were gone a little Distance, and then took a Guinea out of my Fob ; but endeavour'd to excuse himself and his Companions, by telling me they were in great Necessity, or else they had not done as they did.

John Dyer. On the 27th of last *April*, I and the Prisoners, and *Joseph Rice*, met the Prosecutor in *Chelsea-Fields* ; the Prisoners stopt him *, and I coming up, clapt a Pistol to his Breast, *Butler* rifled his Pockets, and *Duce* took his Hat ; as for *Rice* he did nothing, for he was hardly come up to us before they had robb'd the Prosecutor ; when they were gone off, I search'd the Prosecutor's Fob, and took out a Guinea, and these two Papers.

Prosecutor. These are my Papers, and were taken from me at that Time by *John Dyer*.

Dyer. *Duce* and *Butler* sold the Hat in *Holborn* for 4 s. 6 d. and *Butler* kept the Seal a Week ; but what he did with it afterwards I cannot tell. I gave *Duce* half of the Guinea that I took from the Prosecutor, but *Butler* had no Share of it.—Since this Robbery we attempted to rob Colonel *Chudleigh's* Lady in her Coach in the *King's-Road* ; but the Patrole Guard coming up, we all made off except *Rice*, and he was shot dead by one of them.

Mr. Jones. Having heard of the Attempt to rob Colonel *Chudleigh's* Lady, and what manner of Persons were concern'd in it, I thought I knew them by the Description ; for I had apprehended some such Persons once before.

So

* *The Prosecutor swore (not that they stopp'd him, but) that they pass'd him.*

344 William Duce, &c. for Robberies.

So I went to the House of *Elizabeth Angier* *, who is *William Duce's* Sister : There I found *William Duce* and *John Dyer*, one of them had a Pistol, and I think it was *Dyer*.—I apprehended them both, and carried them before Justice *Blackerby*.

Jonathan Wild. I was with them before the Justice. I found that *Duce* and *Dyer* were acquainted, for they both had got Pumps on their Feet, and the Pumps were of the same make ; whereupon I asked them, if they did not make † them at such a House. I have known *Will. Duce* from a Boy.—His Mother came to me since he was apprehended, and said, that her Son could make the greatest Discoveries ; and therefore, she hoped I would get him to be an Evidence.—I went to see him in *Newgate*, and there he himself desired to be made an Evidence, and was going to confess to me what Facts he had committed ; but I would not let him proceed, for fear I should be called upon as a Witness against him ; and (as I told him) it was too late for him to expect to be made an Evidence ; because *John Dyer* had got the start of him.

Duce. You lie like a Villain as you are, for I never offer'd to confess any thing to you, nor desired to be an Evidence ; and I don't know how I should, for I never was concerned in any Robbery in my Life ‡. And as for *Dyer*, I never had any Acquaintance with him, any farther than as he lodged at my Sister's ; I saw him there now and then.—You, Mr. Evidence !—Let me ask you one Question ?—Pray, who was it that kiss'd the Prosecutor's Hand at parting ?

Dyer. Why it was I.

Duce. I would ask the Prosecutor the same Question.

Prosecutor. It was *Dyer* that made such an Offer ; but whether he really did kiss my Hand or not, I am not certain.

* See the Trial of *Elizabeth Angier*, in Page 70. We shall hear more of her by and by.

† Make—is used in this Place to signify to steal.—But in the former Sentence, it means no more than Shape or Fashion.

‡ Sure he forgot what he said before he pleaded.

William Duce, &c. for Robberies. 345

Court to Duce. Your Question has done you no Service. — Your Knowledge of this private Circumstance, which neither *Dyer* nor *Holms* had mention'd before, is a strong Presumption that you were present when the Robbery was committed.

William Duce and *James Butler*, of *St. Pancras*, were a second Time indicted, for assaulting *John Monk* on the Highway, putting him in fear, and taking from him 12 s. on the 3d of May last.

To this Indictment *Butler* pleaded guilty.

John Monk. I am a Hackney-Coachman. About 10 in the Evening, as I was driving from *Hampstead*, at a little Bridge between *Tottenham-Court* and the Turn-pike, three Men met me. The first of them asked me, If I was hired? and if I was going to *London*? and, when I had answer'd him, another looked into the Coach, but finding nobody there, *John Dyer* the third Man, took hold of my Horse, and bid me *Stand and deliver my Money!* — *Stand and deliver*, Says I, *Why those Words are enough, to hang a Man.* I gave Half a Crown to one of them, but, it seems, that did not satisfy them for the two others jump'd up to the Coach-Box and search'd my Pockets, and took 9 s. more from me; and, while they were a doing it, they ordered me not to look at them, so I cannot swear positively to any of them but the Evidence *Dyer*. — I told them it was very hard to take all my Money from me, for I was but a poor Man, and had been working for it all Day. They told me, it should be Money in my Way another Time, and so they took the Number of my Coach, which was 324, and, then bidding me drive on, they went towards *Hampstead*.

John Dyer. It was I and the Prisoners that robb'd this Coachman, I held the Horse, the Coachman gave the Half-Crown to *William Duce*. — *Duce's* Sister pawn'd her Bed to raise the Money with which we bought Pistols to go a robbing with.

Jonathan Wild, Deposed as in the former Trial.

William Duce. I know nothing of this Robbery, nor of any other, — There is not a greater Villain upon God's Earth than *Jonathan Wild*; he makes it his Business to swear away honest Men's Lives for the Sake of the Reward, and that is what he gets his Livelihood by.

—And

346 William Duce, &c. for Robberies.

—And as for *John Dyer*, it's well known that he has been an Evidence before.—Here's the Sessions-Paper that proves it. And, by the Law of *England*, no Man is to be twice admitted an Evidence.

Jonathan Wild. As to *Dyer*, it's true, he has been an Evidence, but then he was a voluntary Evidence, and was not charged with any Crime.

Court. We know of no such Statute as prohibits a Man from being an Evidence more than once.—If the Prisoner knows of any Such, he would do well to produce it.

Duce. You may see what Credit ought to be given to *Dyer*, by what he swore about robbing Mr. *Holms*. For Mr. *Holms* swore that *Dyer* stopp'd him first; but *Dyer* swore that we stopp'd Mr. *Holms* first.

Court. There was a Disagreement as to that Particular, and the *Court* will take Notice of it in summing up the Evidence.

James Butler. I have pleaded guilty to both the Facts, and thrown myself upon the Mercy of the *Court*, but *William Duce* was not concerned in either of them.

Justice Blackerby. When *Butler* was before me, he confessed, that himself, *Dyer* and *Duce* were all concern'd in these Robberies,—I took his Confession in Writing, and it is now in *Court*.

Court. It is not material as to *Duce*, for a Prisoner's Confession affects none but himself: It will not prove another Person either guilty or innocent.

The Jury found both the Prisoners guilty of both Indictments. *Death*.

An Account of William Duce and James Butler.

William Duce was in the 25th Year of his Age, at the Time of his Death. He was born at *Wolverhampton**. His Education was very mean; he came up to *London* to seek his Fortune, but soon run into the Debt of one—*Allum*, who arrested him, and threw him into *Newgate*.

* *The Ordinary says, he was born in the 25th Year of his Age,—and that his Crimes were the Occasion of his terminating the World.*

where

William Duce, &c. for Robberies. 347

where he was confin'd about fifteen Months. During this Time of his Imprisonment, he was very diligent in cultivating an Acquaintance with most of the Felons in the Jail, and in learning all the Roguery they could teach him.

Soon after his coming out of *Newgate*, he put in Practice what had been taught him.

In *December* 1722, he and another (whom he would not name) stopp'd a Gentleman in *Chelsea Fields*, and robb'd him of three or four Guineas. With two more (whose Names he would not mention) he robb'd another Person in *St. James's-Park*, and with *John Dyer* he robb'd a Man upon *Tower-Hill*.

In *Tottenham-Court Road* *Duce*, *Dyer* and *Rice*, robb'd a Gentleman of a Gold Watch, which they did without any Trouble, for the Gentleman was drunk, and had fell from his Horse.

The fifth fact of this Kind which *Duce* was concern'd in, was that of robbing *Mr. Holms* in *Chelsea Fields*.—The Particulars appear in the Trials.—*Duce* declar'd, that *Dyer* cheated him and his other two Companions, *Rice* and *Butler*, of their Shares of the Guinea and Two-pence, which he took from *Mr. Holms*, notwithstanding that *Dyer* swore at the Trial, that he gave *Butler* half a Guinea.

Duce and two others, in the Road to *Chelsea*, robb'd three Men together; but he knew not who they were, nor remember'd what Money was taken from them.

In the same Road he and *Dyer* robb'd two Men and a Woman in a Coach. *Dyer* abused one of the Men extremely, and took away the Woman's Head-Cloaths.

The last Robbery which he committed [near *London*] was in Company with *Butler* and *Dyer*, when they robb'd the Hackney-Coachman in *Hampstead Road*. This was the second Fact that *Duce* and *Butler* were capitally convicted of, as we have seen in the last Trial——*Duce* often said, that neither himself nor *Butler* were willing to rob this Coachman, but that *Dyer* was resolutely bent upon it, demanded the Money, and took the half Crown, and cheated them of their Share, notwithstanding what he swore upon the Trial.

And

348 William Duce, &c. for Robberies.

And farther, that it was *Dyer* who contrived the Design of robbing the Lady *Chudleigh* in her Coach, in attempting which *Joseph Rice* was killed.

The former Robberies and this Attempt had made it dangerous for them to stay longer in or about *London*; and therefore, joining in Confederacy with *Jack Meads*, *Ned Wade*,—*Darker*, alias *Darking*, and other thorough-paced Rogues, they cross'd the Country to *Hampshire*, where they committed a great Number of Robberies, which were always attended with Cruelty, and sometimes with Murder.

Duce did not deny, that he joined with them in their Barbarities; but he endeavour'd to extenuate his Guilt, by pretending, that the Part he performed was not agreeable to his Inclination, but he was frequently put upon it by his Accomplices, *Darking*, *Wade* and *Mead*, who never thought themselves secure without murd'ring those they robb'd.

Their last barbarous Action was by a Wood-Side in the *Portsmouth* Road, there they fell upon one Mr. *Bunch*, dragg'd him into the Wood, and stripp'd him naked. But, not satisfied with this, *William Duce* fired at his Head, the Ball passed through one of his Jaws, and lodged in his Mouth. They thought this had done his Business, and were going to leave him, but the Man, feeling the Bullet in his Mouth, turn'd his Face downward to let it drop out. *Butler* perceiving by this that he was not quite dead, begun to charge another Pistol to dispatch him; upon which, the poor Man rais'd himself upon his Knees, and with Tears in his Eyes begg'd for Mercy, but, finding the Villain was implacable, he collected all his Strength, and ran for his Life, and, being better acquainted with the Way through the Wood than the Rogues who pursued him, he happily made his Escape, and rais'd a neighbouring Village. *Mead*, *Wade*, *Darking* and *Butler* were apprehended, and sent to *Winchester* Goal. The three former were try'd and condemn'd at the next Assizes there, but *Butler* was removed to *Newgate* by a *Habeas Corpus*, and was convicted (as we have seen) at the *Old-Bailey*.

We have taken Notice a little above, that *Duce* had one Companion in the first Robbery he committed, and two that were concern'd with him in the second, but he would
not

not mention either of their Names. On this Occasion the Ordinary gives you the following *Postscript* in the *Middle* of his Account.

“ P. S. The Reason *Duce* desired to have the Names
 “ &c. [of his Accomplices] as I observed before, con-
 “ cealed was, that those Persons *never* had been engaged
 “ with him in *any* Robbery or evil Action; that he be-
 “ lieved, by their *Leaving off that Practice* [which they
 “ had never begun] for some Time, and according to
 “ what they had long ago declared, that they would never
 “ return to such a miserable Way of living, and also
 “ with a great Degree of Concern reply’d, that should
 “ he make them publick, in all Probability it would tend
 “ to the Ruin of them and their innocent Families.

“ He also desired Forgiveness of the World, and that
 “ his Mother might not be reflected upon. He further
 “ added, that when *Joseph Rice* was kill’d, his Wife was
 “ a Stranger to their Design upon the Lady *Chudleigh*.”*

The Chaplain closes his Account with the following Nota Bene.

“ N. B. *William Duce* left a Letter with the Printer
 “ of the Dying Speeches, directed to the Evidence, *Dyer*,
 “ wherein he forgave him, as he hoped Forgiveness, ex-
 “ hortated him earnestly to Repentance, and made use of
 “ the best Persuasions he was Master of, to [bring him
 “ to] reflect upon what was passed, and to bid a final
 “ Adieu to such impious Proceedings as they had been
 “ notoriously engaged in. And,

“ To the same Effect almost he left another Letter di-
 “ rected to one Mr. R. W. whose Name he desired
 “ might be concealed, being (as he said) fully convinced
 “ he would not be guilty any more of such enormous
 “ Practices, and that now his shameful Death would ef-
 “ fectually work a compleat Conviction and Reformati-
 “ on in him.

* In Jan. 1720-1, *Duce* was tried with *Humphry*
 and *Elizabeth Angier*, for robbing *Rose Turner* of a Gold
 Ring, but they were acquitted.

350 William Duce, &c. for Robberies.

James Butler left a Paper behind him, which is thus introduced by the Ordinary.

The following Confessions J. Butler gave to a Prisoner in Newgate, who sent them to me, witnessed that it was all signed by him, viz. James Butler.

“ I was born in the Parish of St. Ann, Soho, was put
 “ Apprentice to a *Silversmith*, whom I left in six Months.
 “ I went to Sea, and was bound (being a Boy) to Capt.
 “ *Andrew Douglas*, Commander of the *Arundel* Man of
 “ War. Afterwards I went to my Father in France, soon
 “ left him, and went a Voyage to *Boston* in *New-England*,
 “ but ran away from Captain *Stew. Powel*, our Comman-
 “ der, and went to *New-York*, from whence I sailed out
 “ in the Station of a Foremast Man, on board the *George*
 “ Sloop, Capt. *Abline* Commander. I ran away from the
 “ said Sloop, and went to *Martinica*, and sailed there in
 “ the Station of a *Linguist* for the *French* Tongue in a
 “ Trading Vessel. Soon after, going in another Sloop to
 “ cruize, I had a Quarrel with the Captain, and went to
 “ *Jamaica*, and lived there a Year in Quality of a Clerk,
 “ but was then pressed on board his Majesty's Ship *Mary*,
 “ Capt. *Vernon*, Commander, belong'd to it fifteen Months,
 “ and was paid off at *Portsmouth*, Aug. 26, 1721.

“ Being soon after put into *Newgate*, when I got out,
 “ I got acquainted with *John Dyer*, *William Duce* and
 “ *Joseph Rice*, with whom on the 27th of April, 1723,
 “ I robb'd in the Fields near *Chelsea*: Then we robb'd
 “ two Men in the Road between that Place and *Bucking-*
 “ *ham-House*: Then [attempted to rob] my Lady *Chud-*
 “ *leigh's* Coach at the same Place, in which Action *Ja-*
 “ *seph Rice* was shot. We then robb'd a Coach in *Tot-*
 “ *tenham-Court* Road, wherein were two Men, a Wo-
 “ man and a Child, taking from them 10s. but *John*
 “ *Dyer* broke the Woman's Head with his Pistol, for her
 “ Tongue, and carried away her Head-cloaths. We
 “ then robb'd a Man in a Coach on the *Hampstead* Road,
 “ and took from him 10s. 6d.

“ After this I went to a Place called *Wandsworth*, and
 “ work'd with one *Cladius*, a poor honest Man, till my
 “ Wife was taken up, in order to make her discover where
 “ I was; and, hereupon [she was] sent to *Clerkenwell-*
 “ *Bridewell*,

Elizabeth Angier, for Felony. 351

“ *Bridewell*, and I was forced to leave my Place, and return to robbing.

“ *Edward Wade*, *John Meads*, *Alexander Garnes*, *Christopher Spigget*, and myself, attacked four Gentlemen on *Gravesend* Road, and *John Meads* shot their Servant in the Breast. The same Night we robb'd a Man, and the said *John Meads* shot him too in the Breast, and ordering [him] to go to *Gravesend*, after mounted on his Horse, he turned his Horse the other Way from whence he came, and shot the Man a second Time in the Face, the Bullet lodging in his Neck, so that I hear he is dead.

“ We then went to *Chiswick*, and staid one Night with *John Meads*'s Friends, and then went to get some Support. I having some Money due to me from one Mr. *Smith*, but not having wherewith (thro' our extravagant living) to reach to him, we about *Farnham* attacked the Man whom I shot very foolishly through the Cheek, who is since recover'd.

“ For these Cruelties I beg of all Men not to reflect upon any of my Relations who are not guilty with me; in particular my Wife, who, after I was married to her, hearing I had before been guilty of certain Facts, begg'd daily of me to lead a sober Life: And also Mrs. *Raddison*, I return my last Thanks to, who trusted me many Pounds, and never would make any Demands, lest they should drive me to any Inconveniencies. I desire that Mercy of God which I refused to Man. I make Attonement with my Blood. I die a *Roman Catholick*.”

Sign'd by me, in the Presence of Witnesses,

James Butler.

William Duce and *James Butler* were hanged at *Tyburn*, on Monday, Aug. 5, 1723.

Elizabeth Angier, (again) for Felony, August, 1723.

ELIZABETH ANGIER, of St. Martin's in the Fields, was indicted for stealing a Coat, a Wig, and other

352 Elizabeth Angier, for Felony.

other Goods, Value 4 *l.* the Property of *John Stulker*, in the Dwelling House of *William Richards*, March 31, 1723.

John Stulker. *John Dyer* hired a Lodging, in which I had left my Coat and Wig, and some other odd Things. There was a Woman came after him, he said she was his Sister. They went away the next Morning, and took my goods along with them.

John Dyer. When I had taken this Lodging, the Prisoner asked me, if I had got nothing that was good in it. I told her there were such and such Things; and upon that she said she would come and help to fetch them away; and she was as good as her Word. She carried off the Coat, and some other odd Matters, and I took the Wig.

Prisoner. I know nothing of the Fact.

Court. Have you any Witneses?

Prisoner. Yes, here's one to my Reputation.

Court to the Witness. What is the Prisoner's general Character?

Witness. I know no harm of her.—It's true, she was a Receiver of stolen Goods.

Court. And you think there was no Harm in that?

Prisoner. I don't deny, but I kept a Baudy-house, and sometimes a few odd Things were left in my Care: But, then, I never wronged Man, Woman, or Child.

The Jury found her guilty to the Value of 10 *d.* *Transportation.*

At the foregoing Sessions, in July, 1723.

Elizabeth Angier, of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, was indicted for privately stealing a Sword, Value forty-five Shillings, a Broad-piece of Gold, and eleven Guineas, from the Person of *Edward Sims*, Esq; May the 31st, 1723.

Prosecutor. I drank pretty hard with some Gentlemen near *Bloomsbury*, and as I was going from thence, pretty well in for it, one Woman, or two, (I hardly know which) picked me up, and conducted me to a House, where

where I found an old Woman, who, I think, was the Prisoner's Mother. They plyed me with Drums very plentifully, till I fell fast asleep, and when I awaked, I missed my Sword and my Money; but what became of them, or who took them away, I cannot pretend to swear.

There being no Evidence against the Prisoner, the Jury acquitted her.

Gerard Bourn and Jonas Penn, for a Rape,
August 1723.

GERARD BOURN and JONAS PENN were indicted, *Bourn* for ravishing and carnally knowing *Catherine Black*, Spinster, of the Age of ten Years, and the latter for aiding and assisting him in committing the said Rape.

The Girl's Mother. The Prisoners are Prisoners in *Newgate*, for Debt, and so am I too. My Girl used to be there, to assist me in going on Errands, and other Necessaries. I sent her out to fetch me a Half-penny Candle; and, as she was coming back, up a Pair of very dark Stairs, I heard her cry out twice, and going to see what was the Matter, I found the Prisoners had caused her to cry, and the Candle was broke all to Pieces. She told me that *Gerard Bourn* broke it. Several Times before this, I had seen him playing and toying with the Girl, and now I be-rogued him very handiômely, and threatned to make the Goal ring of him, if ever I knew him to meddle with her again. He said he had done no Harm to the Child, for he had only played the Rogue with her. But he had done more than I dreamt of; but the Girl was afraid to tell me how he had served her, till I found out what a Pickle she was in: For in a little Time I perceived she began to droop, and lose her Stomach, and did not care to stir, and her Linnen was very much disordered, and thereupon I examined her Body, and found her in a sad Condition indeed. I could not think what ailed her, till I shewed her to some knowing Women, and they told me she was poxt. Then I took her to Task. *Hussy*, says I,

354 Eliz. Mordant, *for privately Stealing.*

I, *tell me who it is that has been meddling with you.* She fell a crying, but at last she said, that the Prisoners had ———. That *Bourn* had lain with her three times, and *Penn* once; and that *Penn* flopt her Mouth when he did it.

The latter Part of this Evidence was confirm'd by another Witness.

The Surgeon. I examined the Child, and found her abused to the utmost Degree. The Parts were violently lacerated, contused, and inflam'd; and she was poxt in a miserable Manner.

Court. Where is this Girl?—Do you know any Thing of the Nature of an Oath, Child?

The Girl. No, Sir.

Court. Suppose now you should take an Oath, and not to tell the Truth; what do ye think would be the Consequence?

The Girl. To be sure I will say nothing but the Truth.

Court. But if you should say otherwise, what would become of ye?

The Girl. I don't know.

Court. We can't admit this Child to be sworn; and without her Evidence the Fact can't be prov'd upon the Prisoners.

The Jury acquitted them. But it appearing that the Child had been basely abused, that she cried out, and the Prisoners were immediately found with her in a dark Place, and that they had been seen to offer Rudeness to her before this Time, the Court ordered, that they should remain in Custody, till they gave Security for their good Behaviour for seven Years.

Elizabeth Mordant, *alias Shields, for privately Stealing, August, 1723.*

ELIZABETH MORDANT, *alias Shields of Stepney,* was indicted for privately stealing a *Seal-skin Pouch*, Value 1 s. and seven Guineas, from the Person of *Thomas Clark, August 31, 1723.*

Thomas:

Eliz. Mordant, for privately Stealing. 355

Thomas Clark. Having just received my Wages for a Voyage, in the Service of Merchant *Forward*, I was going along *Stepney Fields*, near the *Half-way-house*, when I met the Prisoner. She asked me to spend a Penny with her, and thereupon we went into the Yard belonging to the *Half-way-house*, sat down in one of the Boxes, and drank a Pot of Beer, and a Bottle and Pint together. I took out my Pouch, in which were both my Money and Tobacco, to fill a Pipe, which gave her an Opportunity of seeing my Gold. When I had fill'd my Pipe, I put the Pouch into my Pocket again, and staid there drinking with the Prisoner about half an Hour longer, and then paid the Reckoning; but did not miss my Gold, because I had other Money in my Pocket. The Prisoner went out at that Door next *London*. and I at the other towards *Stepney*. In a Minute's Time, I felt for my Pouch, and miss'd it, upon which I went back immediately, but could not get sight of her. I enquir'd of the People of the House, and indeed they gave me some Account of her, but I could not meet with her 'till a Month afterwards, and then I heard she was committed to *New-prison* for another Fact.

Court. Might not somebody else take your Pouch?

Clark. There was no other Person in Company, from the Time I took it out, to fill my Pipe, to the Time I miss'd it; and she sat by me in the Box.

Court. Were you sober?

Clark. Yes; —as sober as a Judge.

Court. How then could she take your Money without being perceived——Were there any Familiarities betwixt ye?

Clark. No farther than in the Way of talking and drinking together; for I thought it a Deed of Charity to give her a Pot of Drink; and I did not so much as kiss her Lips, nor touch her Petticoats; but I suppose she took my Pouch as we were rising up to go away.

Prisoner. As I was going along the *Back-lane* from *Rag-Fair*, with a Basket of Oysters, the Prosecutor took hold of my Arm, and told me I was very like a young Woman that he courted seven Years ago, and asked me to go and drink with him at the Sign of the *Ship*, but I refused;
yet

356 Eliz. Mordant, for privately Stealing.

yet he still followed me, and offered two Shillings to do the Story with me. In short, I told him, I would never consent to any such Thing, for I was another gates fort of a Woman than he took me to be, and, tho' I was poor and ragged, I was honest. Upon that, he threw down my Basket of Oysters, call'd me a hundred ugly Names, and said he had been with a Bitch that had pick'd his Pocket, and if I would not do so and so, to gratify his wicked Will, he would swear the Robbery upon me.

Prosecutor. 'Tis all false; for she had neither Oysters nor Basket, nor did I see her till just before I came to the *Half-way house*.

The Prisoner call'd nobody to prove any Thing she said, or to give her a Character.

The Jury found her guilty to the Value of Ten-pence. *Transportation.*

The End of the first Volume.



